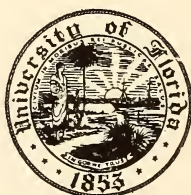



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A James Joyce *Miscellany*

T H I R D S E R I E S

THIS VOLUME WAS PREPARED UNDER THE SPONSORSHIP OF THE JAMES JOYCE SOCIETY IN NEW YORK. THE MEMBERS OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY ARE HERBERT CAHOON, PADRAIC COLUM, LEON EDEL (CHAIRMAN), MALCOLM MERRITT, FRANCES STELOFF, AND WILLIAM YORK TINDALL. EX OFFICIO MEMBERS ARE MARIA JOLAS AND JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY.

A James Joyce Miscellany

THIRD SERIES

EDITED BY Marvin Magalaner



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To the memory of

HARRIET SHAW WEAVER

EDITOR'S NOTE

TO PREPARE a book of this kind, an editor needs the cooperation of many people. This help has been generously offered and humbly accepted during the past two years. The editor wishes first to acknowledge the good will of scores of writers whose essays on Joyce could not be included in this collection for reasons of length or editorial balance. An equal debt of gratitude is owed to the late Miss Harriet Weaver and the administrators of the Joyce Estate for permitting the publication of Joyce's story, "Christmas Eve," and to them and The Society of Authors for the right to use manuscript drafts of "Gas from a Burner." The *Miscellany* is further indebted to the Cornell University Library, which has physical possession of these documents, for permission to publish them here.

The editor acknowledges gratefully the granting of permission by The University of Chicago Press and *Modern Philology* to reprint James R. Thrane's "Joyce's Sermon on Hell: Its Source and Its Backgrounds"; by the *Kenyon Review* to use William Empson's "The Theme of Ulysses"; and by *The University of Toronto Quarterly* to republish Trevor Lennam's "The Happy Hunting Ground."

For their assistance, the editor is especially grateful to Herbert Cahoon, Leon Edel, Charles E. Feinberg, and the efficient editorial staff of Southern Illinois University Press. The James Joyce Society has been willing to lend its distinguished name as sponsor of this volume.

Finally, I wish to note the support of my wife, who has helped, and the distracting activities of my son, who has delayed the publication of this book.

M. M.

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Manuscript Pages of a Joyce Broadside

Photograph of Joyce, ca. 1930

Introduction

MARVIN MAGALANER

THE impulse to explicate Joyce seems on the wane. Not that critics have run out of obscure passages to puzzle over. Quite the contrary, *Finnegans Wake* alone offers sufficient unassimilated chunks to feed a squad of researchers. But forty years after the publication of *Ulysses*, the booming Joyce industry, as Vivian Mercier calls it in a recent article, has apparently decided to consolidate its position, take inventory of the material it has produced since 1922, and branch out into relatively untraveled territory. Perhaps this turning point in Joyce studies accounts for the mellow finality of two current publications: the newly reissued critical study by Harry Levin, now augmented by a chapter on "Revisiting Joyce"; and William York Tindall's *Reader's Guide to James Joyce*.

Explication in bits and pieces, without enough evaluative consideration of the meaning of the explication in the entire context of Joyce's work, is scored by S. L. Goldberg in *The Classical Temper: A Study of James Joyce's 'Ulysses.'* This excellent book itself supplies the best argument against such fragmented exegesis by presenting an extended, beautifully reasoned thesis on the meaning of Joyce's novel. Though the approach is philosophical, the demonstration of the critic's points is concrete, precise, and eminently judicious. Too involved for presentation here, Goldberg's study of Bloom and

Stephen against a backdrop of opposites — the classical and the nonclassical temper, static and kinetic approaches to life, and so forth — illuminates the meaning and the structure of *Ulysses* with a completeness not hitherto attained. The author has probably taken meaningful explication as far as it can go.

“How did Joyce say it, and why?” These questions now hold the center of the stage. The former accounts for the large number of books that have appeared since 1958 dealing with technical details of Joyce’s method — his style, his habits of composition, his use of allusions, the chronology of his novels, the drafts of his stories, the proofsheets of his books, and the various published versions of selected sections of *Finnegans Wake*. For answers to the latter question, the biographical studies recently published alter remarkably not only what has been thought of the author but also the background of the books he wrote.

It is unlikely that many writers in English have had their literary remains exhumed and submitted to post-mortem examination to the degree that Joyce’s have been during the past few years. Almost no piece of nonepistolary prose that Joyce wrote has escaped publication. From scraps of elementary school compositions on his favorite hero to manuscript versions of discarded fiction to jottings culled from the works of Walter Pater — no item in the Master’s hand has proved too trivial for libraries to purchase and students to try to fit into a larger, more meaningful frame. Much might better have been left unearthed, for all the help it has been to significant scholarship. At the same time, however, much of the most valuable criticism has come as a result of careful study of the scraps Joyce left behind him. If Joyce is worth serious consideration as man and artist, it is certainly not because of the startling originality of what he had to say. “What oft was thought but ne’er so well expressed” better describes his contribution to modern literature. To examine the workings of the man’s creative con-

sciousness, therefore, for what it may reveal of his method of composition is highly profitable.

As the documents of Joyce's career have become available, scholars have begun to take advantage of what the record shows. Joseph Prescott's analysis of Joyce's "stylistic realism" in the last *Miscellany*, a small part of his forthcoming study of the proofsheets of *Ulysses*, is a step in that direction. In the same vein, Fred H. Higginson's publication of the six parallel drafts of one segment of the *Wake* in *Anna Livia Plurabelle: The Making of a Chapter* illustrates the advantage of being able to compare readily and intensively the several attempts of a major writer to say the same thing. Similarly, the importance of establishing the chronology of several versions of the same passage is obvious with a writer of Joyce's bizarre habits of creation. Nor is it necessary to justify the manifest value of a study of the evolution of *Finnegans Wake* — the chronology, the relationship of part to part, and the establishment of Joyce's artistic intent — as Walton Litz has done in *The Art of James Joyce*. To provide the kind of documents needed for work of this kind, Northwestern University Press has recently published Thomas Connolly's edition of an early notebook version of parts of the *Wake* under the title *Scribbledehobble: The Ur-Notebook for Finnegans Wake*. But one need not deal exclusively with the complexities of Joyce's last novel. Even comparing drafts of his early short stories — the ostensibly simple narratives of *Dubliners* — may yield unexpected results, as Hugh Kenner has suggested in *Dublin's Joyce* and the present writer in *Time of Apprenticeship: The Fiction of Young James Joyce*.

A novelist whose method demands constant association of the present with periods of the past, as Joyce's does, will tax the associative abilities of the bulk of his audience. The juxtaposition of ancient Greece and modern Dublin, of Earwicker and Mark of Cornwall, of the giants of history's dawn and Parnell, requires a familiarity with historical, musi-

cal, sociological, literary, religious and other allusion beyond the scope of any single reader. To compensate for the informational lack, the last two years have seen publication of several books designed to classify needed background. The most ambitious of these is James S. Atherton's *The Books at the Wake: A Study of Literary Allusions in James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake."* Atherton treats intelligently and systematically references to Swift, Lewis Carroll, the Bible, the Koran, *The Book of the Dead*, Shakespeare, and others. In like vein, Matthew J. C. Hodgart and Mabel P. Worthington, in *Song in the Works of James Joyce*, identify references to lyrics in Joyce's books, stressing the melodic storehouse of *Finnegans Wake*. Their introductory chapters on Joyce's method are informative, though the chief value of the work is its listing of the songs and musical motifs on which the author leaned so heavily for his effect and meaning. And Frances Motz Boldereff provides an enthusiastic, occasionally faulty, but always bizarrely unusual gloss to many difficult allusions in Joyce's last novel, under the title of *Reading Finnegans Wake*. Finally, the photographs of Joyce's Ireland reproduced by William York Tindall in *The Joyce Country* offer charming yet scholarly pictorial background for studying Joyce.

As useful as analysis of his methods of composition has proved to be, the great advance in Joyce scholarship since the publication of the last *Miscellany* has unquestionably been in biography. At last, Joyce is emerging as the human being that Herbert Gorman was unwilling or unable to create in his "supervised" life of the Irish writer. Numerous special studies have helped to fill in the serious gaps in the information that Joyce was willing to let his audience have while he lived. In *Our Friend James Joyce*, Mary and Padraic Colum describe the artist as friend, as husband, as father, and as social creature. Most valuable in this volume is the hitherto unavailable picture of the relationship between Joyce and his daughter Lucia, providing as it does an insight

into Joyce's familial emotions and his attitudes toward psychology. In a more specialized study, Kevin Sullivan describes *Joyce among the Jesuits*. This account of Joyce's Catholic education, scholarly and precise in most of its findings, has the salutary effect of distinguishing between Joyce and Stephen Dedalus in their school experiences, and thus of placing the author much more firmly under the sway of his Jesuit teachers than one would imagine from reading Gorman or projecting the impressions of young Stephen. In addition to the service rendered in this way, Mr. Sullivan presents a clear picture of the kind of education Joyce received — so very necessary for the reader who would assess the significance of the novels.

Other recent books that stress the man as much as the work include Herbert Howarth's *The Irish Writers: Literature and Nationalism 1880-1940*, and Sylvia Beach's *Shakespeare and Company*. In the former, Joyce's view of Parnell and the Kitty O'Shea fiasco is examined as one segment of a study of contemporary Irish literary attitudes. In the latter, the remarkable woman who first undertook to publish *Ulysses* in book form tells of Joyce as a customer, a man of letters, and then as an ungrateful and suspicious business man, sure that his publisher was not playing fair with him. In addition to these books, volumes have appeared in several countries testifying, if testimony were needed, to the international interest Joyce has aroused. In the United States, Louis Gillet's essays on Joyce the friend, the father, and the literary experimenter have been translated into English as *Claybook for James Joyce*. In France, Jean Paris's colorful, if somewhat disjointed, *James Joyce par lui-même* has been published in the *Ecrivains de toujours* Series and is now scheduled for translation into English and publication in the United States. In Germany, Wolfgang Rothe has written a book called *James Joyce*.

No basic change in the biographical view of James Joyce would have been possible, however, without Richard Ell-

mann's massive and splendid biography of the writer. The result of many years of investigation and intelligent reflection, it amasses so large a body of hitherto unknown (or at least unpublished) information about Joyce's life that the mind boggles at assimilating it all at one reading. For the first time since Joyce's death, it seems possible now to separate biographical fact from fiction, man from the myth.

That the new assessment is not entirely flattering to its subject is not the fault of the biographer, as many reviewers have suggested. Stuart Gilbert's earlier edition of Joyce's letters hinted at less-than-heroic qualities in the artist: his pettiness with respect to recognizing greatness in competitors, his carelessness with other people's money, his suspicious nature, and his rather bourgeois tastes in all else but literature. The documents in the Cornell University Library (newly catalogued in a handsome volume by Robert E. Scholes) show his relationship to his wife to have been tempestuous and strange. Ellmann's book verifies and gives pattern to many traits of character merely gossiped about earlier, with the result that Joyce is reborn as man first and symbol afterward. The reader finds that Stanislaus Joyce was indeed his brother's keeper during the lean early years in Trieste, working long hours so that Joyce might write, telling lies to the landlord at Joyce's instigation that the Joyces might not be evicted, squeezing out the extra coins that the tired author might enjoy another night of drinking with his friends. Joyce's role as husband and father is less sympathetically treated here than in the COLUMNS' account, and Jung's view of Joyce's mental condition — his role in Lucia's psychological deterioration — is frankly presented.

Unlike Herbert Gorman, who stressed the Dedalean aspect of Joyce, Richard Ellmann gives much more attention to the ways in which his subject approximates Leopold Bloom in attitude, daily habits, tastes, and surroundings. The Irish writer emerges as a passionate man, often frustrated; a person of plebeian appetites satisfied often at the expense

of his patrons; a person with an unrealistic valuation of his own abilities beyond literature (he wanted to open a chain of foreign language theaters in Dublin, then an outlet for Irish tweeds on the continent). Gorman's idealized artificer has been downgraded. The artist as a young man has blended with the middle-aged human being to produce a portrait at once more believable and less romantic than the stereotyped view of Stephen-Joyce. It is probable that the second volume of letters, now being prepared under the editorship of Ellmann, will continue the process of humanization begun by this fine biography.

The chief objection to Ellmann's book is the charge often made that it fails to do justice to Joyce's work — that it falls short as a critical evaluation. Those who expect elaborate critical treatment of all Joyce's complicated works in a biography that in its present form runs to many more than eight hundred pages are perhaps unrealistic in their standards. To accomplish merely the literary detective work necessary to present the facts and interpretations in this biography involves a prodigious amount of time, labor, and intelligent organization. To expect the work simultaneously to solve all critical problems definitively is unfair. Nor does it take into account the remarkable contribution to criticism of "The Dead," for instance, and of *Ulysses*, which the author makes almost incidentally, as commentary on the biographical information.

Two important roads lie open now for scholarship on Joyce. One is obviously a re-evaluation and perhaps a re-interpretation of all Joyce's writings in the light of revelations in Ellmann's biography. The other is a single, unified, scholarly edition and annotation of each of Joyce's major works under the supervision of a general editor. It is unfortunate that editions of Joyce's writings are being undertaken piecemeal, with no uniformity of conception and no central direction. *The Critical Writings* have already appeared, edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. Annotations of

the text of *Dubliners* appear, but without the accompanying text. An edition of *Chamber Music* has been published by one university press. C. G. Anderson is completing on his own an edition of *A Portrait of the Artist*. At Columbia University, one graduate student is annotating *Ulysses*; another student has recently completed a detailed annotation of the "Circe" episode of that novel. *Finnegans Wake* has its *Census* and its *Skeleton Key*. Certainly the time has come to undertake a systematic edition of the entire canon.

II

A James Joyce Miscellany: Third Series is published as a direct result of the interest shown in the first two volumes of the series. Beginning as a paperback issued by The James Joyce Society, the collection is now brought out as a full-length book under the imprint of a university press. The response of Joyceans and of the scholarly public in general to the earlier books appears to support the tentative conclusion of the original sponsors that a need exists for dissemination in permanent form of the best available writing on Joyce.

This collection continues the practice of publishing hitherto unavailable portions of Joyce's own work. John Slocum and Herbert Cahoon introduce and offer the text of an unfinished story called "Christmas Eve"; Robert E. Scholes examines the unpublished manuscripts of the author's satirical poems. In addition, Joseph Prescott continues his elaborate and painstaking analysis of proof changes in *Ulysses* as he demonstrates the evolutionary development of Joyce's characterization of Molly Bloom.

True to its name, this volume contains a representative miscellaneous sampling of the kind of scholarship now appearing on Joyce. Several contributions deal with the mean-

ingful relationship between the novelist's sources and his own work: James Thrane's extensive treatment of the backgrounds of Joyce's sermon on Hell in *A Portrait*; Trevor Lennam's study of Shakespearean analogies in an episode of *Ulysses*; James Baker's view of Ibsen's presence in *Dubliners*; and papers by Morton Paley and Robert Gleckner showing Blake's contribution to the thinking and the art of the Irish writer. William Empson's piece on "The Theme of 'Ulysses'" is included here for its own sake, of course, but also to show the interesting results obtained when a sensitive critical mind devotes itself to speculating on the relationship between biography and fiction. Historical and geographical allusions to Ireland and its people in *Finnegans Wake* are the province of Vivian Mercier, who, with his native Irish background, is in an excellent position to trace their significance. Ruth von Phul contributes a long and provocative article on the structure of the *Wake* and its patterned consistency with other patterns in the author's life and works. A note by Richard M. Kain illuminating a passage in *Ulysses*, and David Hayman's study of the implications of staging parts of *Finnegans Wake* complete the collection.

Though *A James Joyce Miscellany* is technically the organ of a "Society," it has attempted since its establishment to avoid the narrowness of coterie publications. Neither *avant garde* nor stuffily academic, the present volume includes pieces by a distinguished bibliographer and a government official, by professors and by a graduate student, by a Texas housewife and an English critic of international eminence. The book represents no "school" of Joyce criticism nor is it the spokesman of any of the literary and personal cliques that claim Joyce as their own. The authors come from England, Canada, Ireland, and the United States. The criteria for inclusion are high quality, reader interest, and the appropriateness of the contribution to the effective balance of the whole volume.

For the first time, the *Miscellany* departs from the practice of using only unpublished material in order to make more readily and more permanently available some of the best writing on Joyce done in the past decade. Of the thirteen items in the book, those by Thrane, Lennam and Empson have previously appeared in print.

This volume is dedicated to Harriet Shaw Weaver whose generous aid to James Joyce she did not wish to publicize during her lifetime. Cooperative in the extreme, the late Miss Weaver gave encouragement to the proponents of a *Joyce Miscellany* and in her role as administrator of the Joyce Estate helped in a practical way by consenting to the publication of many unpublished papers. Yet as recently as the preparation of the last *Miscellany*, she resolutely — brusquely, in fact — refused to allow a dedication in her honor. She would not even permit her photograph to appear in the book or agree to do a memoir of Joyce for inclusion. Her quiet death, like her quiet life, went almost unnoticed in the press. It is noted here, and in the dedication, with deep sadness.

February 2, 1962

A James Joyce *Miscellany*

T H I R D S E R I E S

Christmas Eve

JAMES JOYCE

INTRODUCTION

JOHN J. SLOCUM

HERBERT CAHOON

IT seems certain that James Joyce originally intended that "Christmas Eve" would be included in his book of stories, *Dubliners*, first published in 1914. The only surviving manuscript of the story, however, is quite incomplete and there is good reason to believe that it never was completed as a continuation of the narrative that is printed here for the first time. In his definitive biography, *James Joyce*, Richard Ellmann says that Joyce reshaped the story shortly after its beginnings and that it appeared in *Dubliners* as "Clay." If this was the case, and it probably was, the reshaping was thorough. The prototype of the story changes from the comfortable Mr. Callanan (Joyce's Uncle William Murray — who had a daughter, Kathleen) to Maria, the "peacemaker," (a distant relative not further identified by Ellmann) and the time shifts from Christmas to Halloween. The scenes have parallels but of the narrative only a varia-

HERBERT CAHOON is on the staff of The Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. He collaborated with John J. Slocum on the definitive bibliography of James Joyce (published by Yale University Press), and he is recognized as a leader in Joyce scholarship. JOHN J. SLOCUM is former president of The James Joyce Society. The excellent collection of books, manuscripts, and other documents that he gathered together from all over the world forms the nucleus of the Joyce Collection at Yale University. Mr. Slocum now works for the United States government.

tion of the phrase by which Joe describes his manager remains in "Clay": "Joe said he wasn't so bad when you knew how to take him, that he was a decent sort so long as you didn't rub him the wrong way." In contrast to his usual economical habits, Joyce does not appear to have used any remaining passages or phrases from "Christmas Eve" in his other works. At the time he was also working on the novel published in 1944 as *Stephen Hero*, a large portion of which has not survived.

It is possible to date "Christmas Eve" as having been written in Trieste and Pola during the eventful months of October and November, 1904. Joyce mentions it in letters to his brother, Stanislaus, dated 31 October and 19 November, 1904, which are now in the Cornell University Library. In the second letter Joyce states, "I have written about half of 'Xmas Eve'." Ellmann gives 19 January, 1905 as the date for the completion of the story; on this day Joyce mailed it to Stanislaus in Dublin. Upon the receipt of the story, Stanislaus tried but failed to place it in *The Irish Homestead* which had recently published three of the stories that were part of *Dubliners*. He may also have tried to place it with other periodicals.

At this writing, a complete manuscript of "Christmas Eve" is not known to have survived nor has any portion of a manuscript of "Clay." This incomplete fair copy of "Christmas Eve" (and there may have been more of this present narrative) was probably retained by Joyce and passed into the keeping of Stanislaus, as did many of Joyce's manuscripts and books, when the James Joyce family moved from Trieste to Paris in 1920.

The autograph manuscript of "Christmas Eve" is written on one side of four unnumbered leaves. It is a fair copy and contains no corrections nor additions. Leaves one, two, and four are in the Yale University Library; leaf three is in the Cornell University Library; all are published here with the kind permission of these institutions and of the estate of

James Joyce. We are also grateful to Professors Richard Ellmann, George Harris Healey, Marvin Magalaner, and Robert Scholes for their generous cooperation and assistance.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Mr Callanan felt homely. There was a good fire burning in the grate and he knew that it was cold outside. He had been about town all day shopping with Mrs Callanan and he had met many friends. These friends had been very friendly, exchanging the compliments of the season, joking with Mrs Callanan about her number of parcels, and pinching Katsey's cheek. Some said that Katsey was like her mother but others said she was like her father — only better-looking: she was a rather pretty child. The Callanans — that is, the father and mother and Katsey and an awkward brother named Charlie — had then gone into a cake-shop and taken four cups of coffee. After that the turkey had been bought and safely tucked under Mr Callanan's arm. As they were making for their crowded tram Mr Callanan's 'boss' passed and saluted. The salute was generously returned.

— That's the 'boss'. He saluted — did you see? —

— That man? —

— Ah, he's not a bad sort after all if you know how to take him. But you mustn't rub him the wrong way. —

There was wood in the fire. Every Christmas Mr Callanan got a present of a small load of wooden blocks from a friend of his in a timber-yard near Ringsend. Christmas would not have been Christmas without a wood-fire. Two of these blocks were laid crosswise on the top of the fire and were beginning to glow. The brave light of the fire lit up a small, well-kept room with bees-waxed borders arranged cleanly round a bright square carpet. The table in the middle of the room had a shaded lamp upon it. The shade set obliquely sprayed the light of the lamp upon one of the walls, revealing a gilt-framed picture of a curly-headed child in a night-

dress playing with a collie. The picture was called "Can't you talk?"

Mr Callanan felt homely but he had himself a more descriptive phrase for his condition: he felt mellow. He was a blunt figure as he sat in his arm-chair; short thick legs resting together like block pipes, short thick arms hardly crossing over his chest, and a heavy red face nestling upon all. His scanty hair was deciding for grey and he looked a man who had come near his comfortable winter as he blinked his blue eyes thoughtfully at the burning blocks. His mind was vacant. He had calculated all his expenses and discovered that all had been done well within the margin. This discovery had resulted in a mood of general charity and in particular desire for some fellow-spirit to share his happiness, some of his old cronies, one of the right sort.

Someone might drop in: Hooper perhaps. Hooper and he were friends from long ago and both had been many years in the same profession. Hooper was a clerk in a solicitor's office in Eustace St and Mr Callanan was a clerk in a solicitor's office close by on Wellington Quay. They used often meet at Swan's public-house where each went every day at lunch-time to get a fourpenny snack and a pint and when they met they compared notes astutely for they were legal rivals. But still they were friends and could forget the profession for one night. Mr Callanan felt he would like to hear Hooper's gruff voice call in at the door "Hello Tom! How's the body?"

The kettle was put squatting on the fire to boil for punch and soon began to puff. Mr Callanan stood up to fill his pipe and while filling it he gave a few glances at Katsey who was diligently stoning some raisins on a plate. Many people thought she would turn out a nun but there could be no harm in having her taught the typewriter; time enough after the holidays. Mr Callanan began to toss the water from tumbler to tumbler in a manner that suggested technical difficulties and just at that moment Mrs Callanan came in from the hall.

— Tom! here's Mr Hooper! —

— Bring him in! Bring him in! I wouldn't doubt you, Paddy, when there's punch going —

— I'm sure I'm in the way . . . busy night with you, Mrs Callanan . . . —

— Not at all, Mr Hooper. You're as welcome as the flowers in May. How is Mrs Hooper?

— Ah! we can't complain. Just a touch of the old trouble, you know . . . indigestion —

— Nasty thing it is! She is quite strong otherwise? —

— O, yes, tip-top —

— Well, sit down, my hearty and make yourself at home —

— I'll try to, Tom —

The Broadside of James Joyce

ROBERT SCHOLES

IN 1904 when James Joyce went into voluntary exile from Ireland he signalled his departure with the broadside verses called *The Holy Office*, and in 1912 when he returned to that exile after a sojourn in Dublin, embittered by the refusal of the Dublin publishing firm Maunsel and Co. to publish *Dubliners*, and by the destruction of the printed sheets of the book by the printer, John Falconer, he again expressed his feelings with a broadside, this one called *Gas from a Burner*. Joyce's bibliographers have sought exact information on the printing and distribution of these two works in vain, but materials have now come to light, in the collection of James Joyce's papers purchased by Cornell University from the widow of Stanislaus Joyce, which provide us for the first time with the missing details. *The Holy Office* was printed for Joyce by the firm of L. Smolars in Trieste¹ (not in Pola as Stanislaus Joyce recollected) on 23 May 1905. One hundred copies were printed.² James Joyce mailed fifty copies early in June to his brother Stanislaus for distribution to interested parties in Dublin. The remaining fifty he retained to distribute himself.³

ROBERT SCHOLES, Assistant Professor of English at the University of Virginia, will teach the first graduate course in Irish literature there in 1962-63. He has published *The Cornell Joyce Collection: A Catalogue and other writings on Joyce*, and has received an ACLS grant for a textual study of *Dubliners*.

The papers now at Cornell provide us with even more information about Joyce's second broadside, or pasquinade as he called it, than about his first. The first draft of *Gas from a Burner*, the second draft, and the final smooth copy with printer's notations are all available now. The printer's notations indicate that one hundred copies were to be made, and that the pasquinade was to be printed "nel formato carta lettera."⁴ Joyce's address in Trieste is stamped at the end of the manuscript, near these notations. The notations indicate that Stanislaus Joyce was correct in stating that the printing was done in Trieste rather than the Netherlands as has sometimes been assumed. The distribution of this broadside was intended by James Joyce to be similar to that of *The Holy Office*. He sent forty copies to his brother Charles in Dublin for distribution there and retained the balance to distribute himself. Charles, however, seems to have been less effective in distributing broadsides than his brother Stanislaus had been seven years earlier. He wrote to James Joyce on 15 October 1912 to the effect that he could not afford stamps and that their father had read one of the copies and protested vigorously against their distribution. Two months later Charles, who was apparently short of writing paper, sent a letter to Stanislaus written on the back of a printed copy of *Gas from a Burner*. It seems unlikely that many of those forty copies reached their destinations.⁵

The two earlier drafts of this broadside which are now available for examination throw light on an aspect of the work which is not bibliographical but critical in nature. The speaker of this mock dramatic monologue has usually been identified as George Roberts of Maunsell and Co.⁶ But the preponderance of the evidence of these manuscripts indicates that Joyce had in mind not Roberts the publisher but John Falconer, the Dublin printer who, upon learning that Joyce hoped to buy the sheets from him and publish the work himself, burned (or, more probably, guillotined) the sheets of *Dubliners* which he had printed. It was this

final insult and blow to Joyce's hopes which must have weighed most heavily on his mind as he sat in the railroad station at Flushing in the Netherlands and began to compose his pasquinade. It was Falconer and the "malicious burning of the 1st edition of *Dubliners*" rather than Roberts to whom Joyce referred in a note on a printed copy of the broadside.⁷ The manuscripts at Cornell bear out the supposition that Falconer is indeed the speaker of the poem, for the first draft is entitled "Falconer addresses the Vigilance Committee" and the second draft "Falconer on 'Dubliners'." A reading of the poem shows that most of the references, such as "I printed," "my press," "the porch of my printing institute," "My Irish foreman from Bannockburn," and "I'll burn that book" are more appropriate in the mouth of the printer than in that of the publisher. Moreover, the second draft, the title of which still preserves Falconer's name, is virtually the finished poem in its ultimate form, though it is a foul copy with many corrections.

Why then was Falconer's name dropped from the title of the printed version? It may have been partly prudence. Joyce eliminated the names of Starkey (Seumas O'Sullivan), Russell (Æ), and Magee (John Eglinton) from his first draft and excluded a reference to the "London Emetic Society" from the second. Also, it is possible that he was not sure whether Falconer had actually printed all the various writers of the Irish Literary Movement whom Maunsel published and who are mentioned in the broadside. And it may be that the reference in line five to Joyce's sending his book to the "I" of the poem — which is more strictly appropriate to Roberts than to Falconer — bothered Joyce. He may even have decided to allow the speaker to become a sort of composite figure of both printer and publisher; hence, necessarily nameless. But it seems certain that Falconer and not Roberts was uppermost in his mind when he composed his pasquinade. After all, it was Falconer who "burned" the printed copies of *Dubliners*, and the broadside is called *Gas from a Burner*.

The first draft of *Gas from a Burner* is in pencil on a printed form of royalty agreement. The manuscript has been worked over considerably. In the text printed here Joyce's deletions have been placed within brackets, his insertions within slant-lines. The most noticeable difference between the first draft and all later versions is that the twenty-eight lines which open the broadside are missing in this version. It is impossible to ascertain now whether these lines were written on another sheet of paper which has since been lost or if the poem in its first version began with the line, "To show you for strictures I don't give a button." The title of the first draft appears in the right-hand margin of the manuscript. The last four lines are carried over to the sheet used for the second draft.

FALCONER ADDRESSES THE
VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

To show you for strictures I don't care a button
I printed the verses of Mountainy Mutton
And a play he wrote (you've read it I'm sure)
Where they talk of bastard, bugger & whore
And a drama about the apostle Paul
And some woman's legs that I can't recall.
[I printed poets sad, silly and solemn
And I printed Patrick What-Do-You-Colm]
That was written by Moore — a country gent
Who lives on his property's ten per cent
And I printed the great John Milicent Synge
Who soars above us on angel's wing
In the famous shift that he pinched as swag
From Maunsel's manager's travelling bag.
I printed mystical books in dozens
[By Starkey, Russell, Magee and Cou]
I printed the table-books of Cousins
Though [as] (I ask your pardon) as for their verse
'Twould give you a heartburn on your arse
Little thin booklets published at one and three
By the London Emetic Society.
/I printed folklore from North & South

By Gregory of the Golden Mouth
 I printed poets, sad, silly & solemn
 I printed Patrick-What-Do-You-Call-Him/
 But I draw the line at that bloody fellow
 That was over here in Austrian Yellow,
 /Spouting Italian by the hour
 To O'Leary Curtis and John Wyse Power/
 Writing of Dublin, [dear and] dirty & dear
 In a manner no decent man could bear
 Shite and onions! Do you think I'd print
 The name of the Wellington Monument
 Sydney Parade and the Sandymount tram
 Downes's cake shop and Williams' jam
 I'm damned if I do! I'm damned to blazes!
 Talk about Irish names of Places!
 It's a wonder to me [to complete the whole]
 /upon my Soul/

He omitted to mention Curly's Hole.
 No, sir, my press shall have no share in
 So gross a libel on Mother Erin
 I pity the poor that's why I took
 A redheaded Scotchman to keep my book
 Poor Sister Scotland! Her doom is fell!
 She cannot find any more Stuarts to sell.
 My conscience is fine as Chinese silk
 My heart is as soft as buttermilk
 Colm can tell you I made a rebate
 Of a hundred pounds on the estimate
 I gave him for his Irish Review
 I love my country — by herrings I do
 O you should see what tears I weep
 When I think of the emigrant train & ship
 That's why I send over the countryside
 My quite illegible railway guide
 In the porch of my printing institute
 The sick and [indigent] /deserving/ prostitute
 Can play [her] /the/ game of catch-as-catch-can
 With her tight-breeched, British artillery man
 And the stranger can learn the gift of the gab
 From the drunken, draggletail Dublin drab.
 Who was it said: Resist not evil?
 I'll burn those books so help me devil
 I'll sing a psalm as I watch them burn

And the ashes I'll keep in a one-handed urn
I'll penance do with farts and groans
Kneeling upon my marrowbones
This very next lent I will unbare
Penitent buttocks to the air
And sobbing beside my printing press
My terrible sin I will confess.
My Irish foreman from Bannockburn
Will dip his right hand in the urn
And sign crisscross with reverent thumb
Memento homo upon my bum.

The second draft of this pasquinade is in pencil with ink corrections on an unsigned copy of a typed agreement between Joyce and Maunsel & Co. The agreement itself throws some light on one of the minor mysteries of Joyce biography. One set of page proofs of *Dubliners* printed by Falconer has survived. This set was given to Grant Richards by Joyce and was used as the printer's copy for the first published edition of *Dubliners* in 1916. Joyce said that he got this copy from George Roberts "by a ruse," but the nature of the ruse has remained a mystery. The form on which Joyce wrote the second draft of *Gas from a Burner* is in all probability the missing ruse. Its text in full is as follows:

30th August, 1912.

Agreement and Undertaking

IN consideration of Maunsel and Company Limited undertaking to re-read my work DUBLINERS (at present regarded by them as containing libellous and/or scandalous matter statements or insinuations) I, JAMES JOYCE, of
agree that (1) I will carefully examine the proofs of the said work and delete all words passages or references which to the best of my knowledge might be considered libellous and/or scandalous making the necessary substitutions therefor and I further agree that (2) the book shall be thereafter read by Maunsel and Company's legal advisers and that I will thereafter make

any further excisions and/or alterations which they may recommend.

I further declare that I enter into this Agreement of my own free will and I undertake that all costs of carrying it out properly incurred by Maunsel and Company shall be deducted from any sum that may accrue to me if and after the work is published by them.

(Signature)

In the presence of

(1)

(2)

The "proofs" Joyce asked for in this agreement with Maunsel may well be those which Grant Richards used for the printing of *Dubliners*.

The text of the second draft reveals Joyce polishing his verse and sharpening his sarcasm. The unmetrical "Little thin booklets published at one and three" disappears. "Mother Erin" becomes a "Stepmother"; the audience is addressed not as "sir" but as "ladies"; and some lines are relocated to make Synge the climactic name in the list of Irish authors whom the speaker does print. The other changes are similar. The title of this version is written in ink at the end of the text of the poem.

FALCONER ON "DUBLINERS"

Ladies and gents you are here assembled
To hear why earth and heaven trembled
Because of the black and sinister arts
Of an Irish writer in foreign parts
He sent me a book ten years ago
I read it a hundred times or so
Backwards and forwards, down and up,
Through both the ends of a telescope.

I printed it all to the very last word
But by the mercy of the Lord
The darkness of my brain was rent
And I saw the writer's foul intent
But I owe a duty to Ireland
I hold her honour in my hand
This lovely land that always sent
Her writers and artists to banishment
And in a spirit of Irish fun
Betrayed her own leaders one by one
Twas Irish humour wet and dry
Flung quicklime into Parnell's eye,
'Tis Irish brains that save from doom
The leaky barge of the Bishop of Rome
For everyone knows the Pope can't belch
Without the consent of Billy Walsh
O, Ireland, my first, my only love
Where Christ and Caesar are hand and glove
O lovely land where the shamrock grows
(Allow me, ladies, to blow my nose)
To show you for strictures I don't care a button
I printed the poems of Mountainy Mutton
And a play he wrote (you've read it I'm sure)
Where they talk of bastard, bugger & whore
And a [drama about the apostle Paul]
/play on the Word and Holy Paul/
And some woman's legs that I can't recall
Written by Moore — [the littery gent]
/a genuine gent/
That lives on his property's ten per cent
I printed mystical books in dozens
I printed the table-book of Cousins
Though (asking your pardon) as for the verse
'Twould give you a heartburn on your arse
I printed folklore from North & South
By Gregory of the Golden Mouth
I printed poets, sad, silly and solemn
I printed Patrick What-do-you-Colm
I printed the great John Milicent Synge
Who soars above us on angel's wing
In the playboy shift that he pinched as swag
From Maunsel's manager's travelling-bag.

*But I draw the line at that bloody fellow
That was over here dressed in Austrian yellow,
Spouting Italian by the hour
To O'Leary Curtis and John Wyse Power
And writing of Dublin, dirty and dear,
In a manner no [decent man] could bear.*

/blackamore printer/
Shite and onions! Do you think I'd print
The name of the Wellington Monument
Sydney Parade and the Sandymount tram
Downes's cakeshop and Williams's jam
I'm damned if I do — I'm damned to blazes —
Talk about Irish Names of Places
It's a wonder to me — upon my soul —
He forgot to mention Curly's Hole.
No, ladies, my press shall have no share in
So gross a libel on Stepmother Erin
I pity the poor: that's why I took
A red-headed Scotchman to keep my book
Poor sister Scotland! Her doom is fell,
She cannot find any more Stuarts to sell.
My conscience is fine as Chinese silk
My heart is as soft as buttermilk
Colm can tell you I made a rebate
Of one hundred pounds on the estimate
I gave him for his Irish Review
I love my country — by herrings I do!
I wish you could see what tears I weep
When I think of the emigrant train and ship
That's why I publish far and wide
My quite illegible railway guide
In the porch of my printing institute
The poor and deserving prostitute
Plays every night at catch-as-catch-can
With her tight-breeched, British artilleryman
And the foreigner learns the gift of the gab
From the drunken, draggletail, Dublin drab
Who was it said: Resist not evil?
I'll burn [those] /that/ [books] /book/ so help me devil
I'll sing a psalm as I watch them burn
And the ashes I'll keep in a one-handed urn
I'll penance do with farts and groans

Kneeling upon my marrowbones.
This very next Lent I will unbare
My penitent buttocks to the air
And sobbing beside my printing press
My awful sin I will confess
My Irish foreman from Bannockburn
Shall dip his right hand in the urn
And sign crisscross with reverent thumb
Memento Homo upon my bum.

James Joyce

15 . IX . 912

(WRITTEN IN THE TRAIN BETWEEN
FLUSHING AND SALZBURG)

There is a third manuscript of these verses at Cornell, written in ink in Joyce's clearest hand. This copy (with the title, *Gas from a Burner*, in the left margin) bears the printer's notations mentioned above. As it is not very different from the second draft (except in its generally heavier end-punctuation) and almost identical with the published version, it is not reproduced here. Of interest, however, is one final change Joyce made. Crossing out in line eleven the speaker's reference to his "brain," Joyce substituted the word "mind," diminishing with one last flick of his pen the connotation of thought which he was willing to allow attributed to John Falconer, the "burner" of *Dubliners*.

NOTES

1. I am indebted to Ottocaro Weiss of New York and Trieste for the identification of this firm as a Triestine stationer and printer.

2. This information is derived from a printer's slip pasted on to the fourth and last page of a manuscript of *The Holy Office* in the holograph of James Joyce and signed by him. The earlier and abortive Dublin printing of this broadside is treated by M. J. O'Neill in the *James Joyce Review*, III (1959), 1-2.

3. Joyce's detailed instructions to Stanislaus were sent in a series of four postcards dated from 27 May to 11 June 1905.

4. In letter size. This notation raises another difficulty. The printed broadside does not seem to correspond to what one assumes "letter size" must mean. *Gas from a Burner* is printed on one side of a single sheet almost two feet in length (see John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, *A Bibliography of James Joyce, 1882-1941*, item A-7). But, since the printed version differs from the printer's copy-text by a dozen corrections, mostly in punctuation, it is possible that Joyce corrected proofs and changed the designated format as well.

5. These letters of 15 October and 9 December 1912 are in the Cornell Collection.

6. See, for example, W. Y. Tindall's edition of *Chamber Music* (New York, 1954), p. 9; and Ellmann and Mason, *The Critical Writings of James Joyce* (New York, 1959), pp. 242 ff.

7. Quoted in Slocum and Cahoon, A-7.

Ibsen, Joyce, and the Living-Dead:

A STUDY OF DUBLINERS

JAMES R. BAKER

IN 1900 Joyce wrote two essays in which he announced an unqualified admiration for Ibsen's later plays. The first, "Drama and Life," dismisses the Greek and Elizabethan traditions as outmoded and praises Ibsen for finding "the deathless passions" amid the commonplaces of modern bourgeois existence. "Ibsen's New Drama," the second, is an eulogistic review of *When We Dead Awaken*, which concludes that appreciation is the only fitting response to the "perfect" dramatist and "one of the world's great men." "The Day of the Rabblement" and the famous letter to Ibsen, both written the following year, continue with unchecked enthusiasm. According to Richard Ellmann's biography, Joyce carried his crusade to the Continent where he frequently defended Ibsen or sought to win new admirers. As late as 1936 (during the last stages of work on *Finnegans Wake*) we find him accepting with delight a comparison between Ibsen and himself, on another occasion insisting that Ibsen is "head and shoulders" above Shakespeare, and on still another arguing with James Stephens over the merits of *Little Eyolf*.¹

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The influence of Ibsen on the theme and structure of *Exiles* is a long-established recognition in Joycean criticism.² In his chapter on "The Backgrounds of 'The Dead'" Ellmann extends the range of influence by sketching the presence of Ibsen's resurrection motif in a few of the stories of *Dubliners* and in all subsequent work, but the natural association of drama with drama continues to support the notion that the play is the only really blatant example of Joyce's debt.

By the end of 1914 Joyce had published *Chamber Music*, finished *Dubliners*, *Portrait of the Artist*, and *Exiles*, as well as the early plans for *Ulysses*. In a period of fourteen years, then, he conceived his basic subjects and techniques. It would be surprising to find that his regard for Ibsen had a significant function only in the case of the play. I wish to argue here that *Dubliners* affords not only an earlier but an even more radical example than *Exiles*. Like Ibsen's "social" dramas, *Dubliners* is an exposé of the paralysis of spirit which binds the urban bourgeois. Less obvious, the basic themes, the structural design, and symbolism of the stories parallel Ibsen's work in the group of plays beginning with *A Doll's House* and ending with *When We Dead Awaken*. The last play is most crucial because it provided for Joyce a neatly condensed version of the symbolic parable he was to repeat all his life, from *Chamber Music* through *Finnegans Wake*.

In his review of *When We Dead Awaken* Joyce notes that this play is the final member in a succession of eleven works dealing with "modern life," "a grand epilogue to its ten predecessors." For Ibsen it was the culmination of a theme which had occupied him at least twenty years — the vital ranges of experience beyond the lifeless region of the bourgeoisie and the problem for the artist of striking a balance between the dangers of rigid isolation and debilitating involvement. Joyce finds in it the embodiment of his own pre-occupations: the problem of the artist's relationship to a

spiritually mean society, the penalties of aloofness from the common stream of life, and, most pertinent for the stories shaping in his mind, a comprehensive dramatization of the pitiful failure of men to awaken from the somnolence which holds them among the living-dead.

Joyce begins his summary of the plot by pointing out that it is composed of a series of dialogues in which the major characters, the sculptor Rubeck and his former model, Irene, produce in each other the realization that they have "forfeited" their lives: Rubeck, for the sake of his art; Irene, because she has held herself aloof in an unrequited passion for Rubeck. The result is that both are essentially "dead." The same failure is immanent in the psychology of the minor figures, Maia, Rubeck's young and bored wife, and Ulfheim, the bitter recluse who has been rejected by his beloved. The two sets of characters form a counterpoint built upon the single theme of resurrection. Joyce demonstrates his complete understanding by selecting for quotation the lines which most clearly define the burden of a complex and (at least in the William Archer translation) heavily sentimental play:

IRENE: We see the irretrievable only when (*breaks short off*).

RUBECK: (*looks inquiringly at her*). When?

IRENE: When we dead awaken.³

From the concluding scenes he adeptly chooses the following:

IRENE: The love that belongs to the life of earth — the beautiful, miraculous life of earth — the inscrutable life of earth — that is dead in both of us.

RUBECK: (*throwing his arms violently about her*). Then let two of the dead — us two — for once live life to its uttermost, before we go down to our graves again.

In his analysis of the characters the reviewer offers an interpretation of Rubeck which is something of a departure

from Ibsen's obvious projection of himself — the aging artist who realizes too late the price of isolation and dedication to aesthetic motives. "Arnold Rubeck," comments Joyce, "is not intended to be a genius, as perhaps Eljert Lövborg [in *Hedda Gabler*] is. Had he been a genius like Eljert he would have understood in a truer way the value of his life. But . . . the facts that he is devoted to his art and that he has attained to a degree of mastery in it — mastery of hand linked with limitation of thought — tells us that *there may be lying dormant in him a capacity for greater life, which may be exercised when he, a dead man, shall have risen from among the dead*"⁴ (italics mine). Thus Rubeck's masterpiece, a statue called "The Resurrection," becomes the ironic symbol of the divorce between his art and his life. His personal resurrection comes too late, on the eve of his death. As he ascends the "Peak of Promise" with Irene, they are buried in the descending snow of an avalanche.

I have italicized the final portion of Joyce's comment on Rubeck because it defines with faultless precision the status of the characters in *Dubliners*. Most of them are summoned by these words: the boy of "The Sisters" and "Araby," Eveline, Little Chandler, Maria, Mr. Duffy, the wardmen of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," and Gabriel Conroy. Each of these is "an outcast from life's feast," a member of the great host of the living-dead. For Joyce, as for Ibsen, "the timeless passions" are "lying dormant" in these drab lives. The Norwegian master offered eleven plays; Joyce offers fifteen miniature dramas on the same theme. Commenting on the relations between drama and modern life, the young essayist of 1900 formulates a statement of the aesthetic motives he was to pursue so consistently in *Dubliners*. "Still I think out of the dreary sameness of existence, a measure of dramatic life may be drawn. Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama."⁵ Thus the real unity of *Dubliners* derives from the condensed symbolism of Ibsen's last play. The

technique of epiphany is only a means to an end, the pattern of eastward and westward movements⁶ only an adjunct to the Ibsenesque juxtaposition of life and death, and the Homeric counterparts⁷ (if they exist at all) are occasional analogies which function within the larger scheme provided by the dramatist's example.

When We Dead Awaken utilizes the same key metaphor which in one form or another appears in its predecessors — the comparison of the unawakened living with the dead. In *A Doll's House* Nora's existence is clearly a living death. Mrs. Alving of *Ghosts* adheres to a restrictive and Puritanical code of moral duties which prevents her from entering into a vital life. Paralyzed herself, she thus becomes responsible for the passionate indulgences of her husband and the consequent death of both husband and son. The dormant passions of Solness, the architect of *The Master Builder*, are awakened by the lively Hilda. In a strange final scene he escapes from the shroud which practical and moral demands have closed about him, and at the moment of his death rises to his former greatness.

It is obvious that Joyce adopted for *Dubliners* the basic metaphor which pervades this entire group of plays. But he also borrowed from them a device which is commonly traced to another source, his Catholic training. It was in Ibsen, however, that he found the basis for the technique of "epiphany." *When We Dead Awaken* is characteristic in its structure — a pattern in which the central character, through the stress of some unexpected crisis, is driven to an epiphanic moment that reveals him as spiritually dead. The same structural design is typical of the stories in *Dubliners*. In "Araby" and "A Painful Case," for example, the initial vignette of paralysis is followed by an excruciating denouement in which reality rushes in upon the unprepared consciousness of the central character. Where the revelation is for the reader alone ("Two Gallants" or "Grace"), the persistent ironic metaphor emerges in a climactic scene. Con-

ditioned by his Christian education, Joyce calls the instant of perception "epiphany," and so underscores the saving quality of a revelation containing the seeds not only of suffering but resurrection. While his term is clearly borrowed from the Christian context, the applied technique of epiphany is an adaptation of the structural principle common to Ibsen's dramas. It is worth noting that Joyce wrote most of the short sketches he called "Epiphanies" in a three year period beginning in 1900, at the very same time he was absorbing Ibsen's work. One of the "Epiphanies" is about Ibsen himself. And some of them image situations which foreshadow the stories in *Dubliners*: A "sudden spiritual manifestation" reveals the drabness or vulgarity of things, a latent passion for freedom, an abrupt awakening to life's possibilities.⁸ Psychological suffering during the experience of epiphany and the promise of belated resurrection (so common in *Dubliners*) is stock Ibsen. One can imagine the delight with which Joyce discovered in the plays a convergence of the Christian, the secular, and the aesthetic.

He must have found equally appealing the rich irony which Ibsen develops again and again by allowing the voices of the dead to inform the living-dead. In *A Doll's House*, for example, the very presence of Dr. Rank in the Helmer household stresses the urgency of Nora's awakening. Rank is fated to live with the knowledge that he must soon die. Afflicted with a steadily advancing paralysis, a heritage from his father's indulgences, he adores beauty and vitality. On the eve of his death, he tells Nora of his love for her. Thus do the lost and ghostly passions of the dead become the agents of resurrection. Hedda Gabler's suicide follows quickly upon her recognition that the dead Lövborg embodies the passionate creativity which is foreign to the listless bourgeoisdom she inhabits. The device is characteristic, and the examples can be multiplied.

With ingenious variation Joyce employs in *Dubliners* the same means of achieving irony and pathos. And just as in

Ibsen the effect is to reinforce, either for the reader or a character suffering epiphany, the comparison of living and dead. In both "The Sisters" and "Araby" the frightening portent of paralysis and death is represented in the figure of a dead priest, and in each case it provokes in the child a bid for escape. Eveline, appalled by the fate of her dead mother, attempts to break out but fails. In "A Painful Case" the ghost of Emily Sinico illuminates for Duffy his outcast state and his status as one of the living-dead. A similar humiliation comes to Gabriel Conroy as his aerial and frigid soul is chastened by the visit of Michael Furey.

If we consider the problem which occupied Joyce's youth — his passionate quest for freedom from home, fatherland, and church — the appeal of Ibsen seems inevitable. In the invidious metaphor which dominates the later plays, and in the dramatic evolution designed to torture and expose bourgeois lassitude, Joyce found confirmation of his personal and aesthetic motives. On the very eve of exile, as he prepared to encounter "the reality of experience" and resolved to forge "the uncreated conscience" of his race, he found in Ibsen the techniques that were to carry him to fulfillment. Within the Ibsen framework he saw the possibility of indulging all his predilections: his delight in ironic humor, his nearly obsessive awareness of the pathos of smothered potentials and dreams, his Jesuit penchant for moral analysis and categorizing, and, under the aegis of dramatic "objectivity," an opportunity for persecution of "the most belated race in Europe."

Interpretation of *Dubliners* in the light of the Ibsen parable often resolves points of disagreement among the commentators.⁹ The early dismissal of the collection as an example of pure naturalism has given way (and properly so) to close analysis and the search for a pervading and unifying symbolism. The usual conclusion is that the symbology stems mainly if not exclusively from Joyce's Catholic background. Some of the interpretations offered on this basis are useful,

but where Joyce utilizes the Christian paraphernalia it functions at a secondary level and within the dominant Ibsen scheme. The two converge in *Dubliners*, and they meet again in all the subsequent works. Every story in *Dubliners* depends to one degree or another on the Ibsen formula, but the most subtle uses of his example appear in stories where there is little or no consciously articulated epiphany. I would like to examine a few of these in order to suggest some of the modes of application.

In "An Encounter," "After the Race," "Two Gallants," "The Boarding House," "Counterparts," and "A Mother" there is little so immediately striking as the patterns found in "A Painful Case" or "The Dead." Yet these stories share the common pattern, and one has to shift the counters only slightly to see the Ibsen metaphor: Dublin is the realm of the living-dead, paralysis exists on every level of experience and at every stage of life. This same group is also typical in that the central characters fail to develop a conscious recognition of their state — even though their situation invariably offers the opportunity. The "epiphany" generally resides in a concatenation of events which is wasted upon the person most vitally concerned. The majority of *Dubliners* remain "dead" and pass by, like unimpressionable spirits, the very means of their resurrection.

"Two Gallants," ostensibly a bitterly realistic story of moral degradation, depends for its effects on a harmonious blend of atmosphere and characterization. Its ironies are far more subtle than those suggested by the title. The adventure begins as "the grey web of twilight" passes across "the large faint moon circled [portentously] with a double halo." As the two young men walk through the dim streets they hear the melancholy tones of "Silent, O Moyle," the air which later controls the movements of Lenehan in his lonely wandering. Characterized as a leech, Lenehan is prematurely gray and his face is "winnowed of vigour." Though he is only thirty-one he is "vanquished" and "weary." Unattached, job-

less, "a sporting vagrant" associated with "racing tissues," he lives for the most part off of loans and handouts from disreputable friends. His companion Corley is a burly automaton (his bearing a reflection of his egocentricity) who lives by informing the police and by the exploitation of prostitutes. Spiritually, both men are ghouls: Corley feeds upon the sterile souls of his "tarts," and Lenehan, volitionless himself, clings to Corley for subsistence. As Lenehan sits in the shop waiting for Corley's return, he participates vicariously: "In his imagination he beheld the pair of lovers walking along some dark road; he heard Corley's voice in deep energetic gallantries and saw again the leer of the young woman's mouth." He moves into the street and takes his stand in the shadow of a lamp where "he suffered all the pangs and thrills of his friend's situation as well as those of his own." When Corley returns in triumph, he stares "grimly before him" and "with a grave gesture" shows to his "disciple" the small gold coin he has taken from the girl. And so the imagery of death and the grave serves to symbolize the eerie and morbid exchanges in which the spiritually dead take from one another a corrupt and enfeebling subsistence. Corley's final gesture is made in confident pride and Lenehan, the leech, congratulates him. Neither youth is aware of the spiritual somnolence which their evening reflects.

Several of the commentaries on "Clay" have insisted upon an analogy between Maria, the virginal peacemaker, and Mary, the Holy Virgin. But in the case of Maria there has been no miraculous birth; she has no husband, secular or spiritual; she has been a nurse for Joe and Alphy, but never a mother. Maria has rejected marriage and takes pride in her sterile body and her sterile life. As she dresses for the Hallows Eve party she looks "with quaint affection at the diminutive body" and finds it "a nice tidy little body." And as she reviews her petty plans for the evening she thinks, "how much better it was to be independent and to have your own money in your pocket." This deadly pride in virginity and

independence is complimented by Maria's reputation as a "peacemaker." At the "Dublin by Lamplight" laundry she settles the disputes of the women, and at the Donnelly's home she smothers several of Joe's angry outbursts. In short, her reputation stems from her abhorrence of passion of any kind. She can endure no encroachment upon the drab and static sensibility which marks her as one of the living-dead. It is Hallows Eve. Ghosts, witches, goblins, all the spirits of the dead, are abroad. Maria is among them: the ghost of a woman, an ugly witch (traditionally the epitome of sterile and morbid femininity) from the realm of the dead.

The ring, the prayerbook, and the clay itself have a common symbolic function. They form a trinity, and the order of their occurrence traces the line of Maria's evolution. The ring is a symbol of the secular or profane passion which Maria has rejected; the prayerbook is a symbol of a passionate spiritual marriage (such as the nun's union with Christ), but Maria is incapable of fruitful sacrifice and devotion. When she touches the clay a double irony emerges, for the clay is simultaneously the symbol of her life and her imminent physical death. When the prayerbook is quickly substituted and Mrs. Donnelly announces merrily that Maria will enter a convent, the irony is not diluted but increased: to enter the convent is to continue her death in life. So deep is her paralysis, the twice-repeated verses of the song fail to do their work, and "no one tried to show her her mistake." Maria's irretrievable mistake is the rejection of passional life, a rejection so habitual that it nullifies every revelatory suggestion, the hints by the laundry women, the sarcasm of the shop-girl, the attentions of the tipsy gentleman on the tram, the clay, the song, and Joe's tearful scrabbling for the corkscrew.

The insensibility of the child, the adolescent, and the adult is duplicated in the "public life" of the community. "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," "A Mother," and "Grace" constitute an ironic trilogy exposing the lifelessness of politics, art, and religion. In comparison with its companion

pieces, "A Mother" has received very little critical attention. Yet the episode it presents is a richly symbolic comment on the fate of aesthetic values in Joyce's Dublin. The three members of the Eire Abu Society suggest something of the spirit behind the concert series. Holohan, the assistant secretary, is crippled and ineffectual. The chief secretary, Mr. Fitzpatrick, is "a little man with a white, vacant face," a "flat" accent and a "vacant" smile. When the first concert fails Mrs. Kearney observes that Fitzpatrick "seemed to bear disappointments lightly." Miss Beirne has "an oldish face which was screwed into an expression of trustfulness and enthusiasm." Taken together, these three spell out the community attitudes toward the arts.

Mrs. Kearney takes upon herself the task of infusing life and efficiency into this listless group, and in the attempt she becomes the spiritual "mother" of art. Her qualifications are implicit in the sketch of her girlhood and her marriage. As a young woman she was taught the social graces in a convent. Pale and unbending, she developed "ivory manners" and "sat amid the chilly circle of her accomplishments, waiting for some suitor to brave it and offer her a brilliant life." But the rescuer fails to appear. She is forced to suppress her romantic fancies and marries an older man "out of spite." The marriage is as passionless as the wooden souls of husband and wife, but Mrs. Kearney "never put her own romantic ideas away." Thus when the Irish Revival becomes popular she sees in it an opportunity for genteel indulgence of her suppressed romanticism. And in this respect she represents the motives which in Joyce's mind characterized the movement—the attempt by a staid and essentially paralyzed people to capitalize on the safely remote passions of the dead.

The graceless mediocrity of the concerts (which awaken very little response in the city) is symbolized by Madam Glynn, the ancient soprano. She is a "solitary woman" with "a pale face." A "faded blue dress is stretched upon her

meagre body," and as she stands waiting her turn "The shadow took her faded dress into shelter but fell revengefully into the little cup behind her collar bone." The younger ladies wonder where they dug her up. When she sings *Killarney* "in a bodiless gasping voice" she appears to have been "resurrected from an old stage-wardrobe."

As the first concert "expires" Mrs. Kearney senses the ultimate collapse of the series and takes steps to protect the eight guinea contract which her daughter Kathleen holds for her work as accompanist. The last scene, in which Mrs. Kearney demands payment, involves multiple irony. Like her fellow citizens, she allows her instinctive material values to supersede the repressed romantic and aesthetic impulses, thus indicating the shallowness of these motives. Thwarted in her bid for a safe, vicarious fulfillment, she bursts into an angry passion over a small sum of money, and resuming her role as natural mother, leads the willess doll, Kathleen, from the hall. The committee, in its refusal to pay, evidences the same meanness of spirit. Mr. O'Madden Burke, representative of the public press, offers a concluding remark which sums up (like a post-mortem) the prevailing opinion: "You did the proper thing, Holohan."

"The Dead" was apparently written last, but it was certainly not "appended" to the volume merely for the purpose of toning down the biting judgments of the earlier pieces. Its great quality lies in the nearly perfect manipulation of the basic metaphor and technique which function throughout the volume. It is the culmination of a sustained and unified effort. With "The Dead" Joyce's skill comes to maturity, and we have a fully realized prose drama that equals or excels the art of his master. This is not to say that all of the other stories are inferior, but the characters who inhabit them constitute a limitation which inhibits the complete realization of possibilities latent in Joyce's subject. Since the characters do not achieve a significant degree of self-awareness, the epiphany cannot be fully articulated. And in keeping

with the restraint of "dramatic" presentation, it must be rendered by the arrangement of ironies inherent in the various situations. These facts account for the obscurity and ambiguity in some of the stories. The effects are often over-subtle, the suggestions too frail to bear a maximum of implication. Thus most of the characters are pathetic but not tragic creatures. The young boy of the first three sketches merely intuits the nature of his environment; the adolescents of the next four either capitulate at the moment of crisis or remain unconscious of their peril; among the adults only Mr. Duffy and Gabriel Conroy drink a full measure of bitters; and all the participants in community affairs (from the priests and politicians down to the *artistes*) are hopelessly impervious.

"A Painful Case" and "The Dead" are notable exceptions because the two intelligences which dominate them make it possible for Joyce to arrive at a dignified and explicit articulation of the tragic dimension implicit in his design. For the same reason they contain the most obvious applications of the Ibsen theme and technique. "A Painful Case," however, is inferior to the final story. Though Mr. Duffy comes to realize his blindness and his guilt, his epiphany does not carry him beyond the borders of his own life; it leaves him an "outcast," living utterly alone, cut off even from the communion of suffering. The superior range and development of "The Dead" is possible because Gabriel Conroy has the intelligence and the imaginative vision to extend the implications of his own epiphany and so perceive the universal tragedy involving "all the living and the dead." His provincial ego dissolves, and in the twilight of that demise he sees that the indifferent snow descends over the entire cosmos of souls. In Gabriel's evolution one can measure the widening arc of Joyce's own perspective, the fruit of his studied apprenticeship to Ibsen.

NOTES

1. Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959), pp. 701, 707, 709-10.
2. James T. Farrell, "Exiles and Ibsen," in *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, ed. Seon Givens (New York, 1948), pp. 95-131; Francis Fergusson, "A Reading of *Exiles*" (Preface), *Exiles* (Norfolk, Connecticut, 1945), pp. v-xviii.
3. The passages from the play are cited by Joyce in "Ibsen's New Drama," *The Critical Writings*, eds. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (New York, 1959), pp. 59, 61.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 65-66.
5. "Drama and Life," *The Critical Writings*, p. 45.
6. Brewster Ghiselin, "The Unity of Joyce's *Dubliners*," *Accent*, xvi (Spring 1956), 75-88, and (Summer 1956), 196-213.
7. Richard Levin and Charles Shattuck, "First Flight to Ithaca," in *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, pp. 47-94.
8. See *Epiphanies*, edited with an introduction and notes by O. A. Silverman (Buffalo, New York, 1956).
9. A selected checklist of criticism of the individual stories, compiled by Maurice Beebe and Walton Litz, appears in *Modern Fiction Studies*, iv (Spring 1958), 83-85.

Joyce's Sermon on Hell: Its Source and Its Backgrounds

JAMES R. THRANE

STEPHEN'S effort, in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*,¹ to impose a romantic order upon the adolescent tumult within him and the Dublin commonplaceness without is soon exhausted, like his pot of pink paint. The phantom of Dumas's Mercedes is made flesh in Nighttown, and soon, deep in mortal sin, Stephen sits in the chapel of Belvedere College on a gloomy December day while the retreat master remorselessly expounds the spectacles and torments of hell. Overwhelmed by fear and remorse, Stephen confesses his sins and once more sets about ordering his life — no longer by outworn configurations of romance but by the admonitory consciousness of death, judgment, hell, and heaven. However, when he is urged to ask himself whether he has a vocation, his long-standing dissatisfactions with a church that has too much of the Dublin earth about it assume definite form, and he concludes that his freedom must remain inviolate, that "self-doomed, unafraid," he must learn wisdom "apart from others . . . wandering among the snares of the world."

The reactions of most readers to Father Arnall's depiction of eternal tortures have been less extreme than Stephen's.

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Farrell calls it "one of the most magnificently written passages in all of Joyce's work," comparable with Dante, and all have granted its dramatic effectiveness. But few readers can judge the sermon and the phase of development that it opens apart from their own assumptions and commitments: Father Arnall's words produce something like awe, amusement, or scorn (and little more) in Magalaner, Tindall, and Kenner. Catholic writers, with no hostile bias, nevertheless have objected to the sermon, one critic, Father Noon, holding that it is not a "comprehensive or characteristic Catholic account."² Kevin Sullivan's recent study of *Joyce among the Jesuits* contains a somewhat more thorough study than these of the sermon as well as of Stephen's short-lived effort to live remembering the four last things only. Pointing out the retreat's relationship to St. Ignatius' *Spiritual Exercises*, Sullivan also examines Stephen's new rule of life in relation to the manual of the Belvedere College sodality of which Joyce was prefect for two years. He concludes that this manual, compiled by Father James A. Cullen, S.J., was "the primary, if not the exclusive, source" of the plan by which Stephen lays out his life in devotional areas.³ This is possible, although, as Sullivan says, many books of devotion treat such topics similarly. However, he goes on to suggest, on the basis of eight passages containing more or less similar phrases, that the manual was also the source of the sermon on hell. Here, I believe, he is mistaken. The primary — probably the sole — printed source of this sermon was, as I will show, the English version of an Italian tract called in translation *Hell Opened to Christians, To Caution Them from Entering into It*, written by Giovanni Pietro Pinamonti, a seventeenth-century Jesuit. This title is not entirely new to Joyce students: J. F. Byrne recalls that "*Hell Open* [sic] *to Christians*" was displayed (not inappropriately) with the Deadwood Dicks in Josh Strong's bookshop at 26, Wellington Quay, where Mr. Bloom hopefully selects Molly's reading; and there is also assistant town clerk Henry's peevish complaint

("Hell open to christians they were having . . . about their damned Irish language") in the Wandering Rocks section of *Ulysses* (p. 243), which may indicate that the title had a sort of proverbial status in the gray inferno of Joyce's Dublin. At least, so Byrne uses it, fifty years later.⁴

Father Pinamonti (1632-1703), born in Pistoia of a noble family, entered the Society of Jesus in 1647. Illness forcing him to lay aside his studies, he gave up a teaching career in favor of rural mission work, in which for twenty-six years he was the companion of the famed preacher Paolo Segneri. His own preaching brought Pinamonti the friendship of Cosimo III, grand duke of Tuscany, and other notables, and such works as *La Religiosa in solitudine* (1695) and *Il Direttore* (posth. 1705) carried his fame beyond Italy. *L'Inferno aperto al cristiano perchè non v'entri: Considerazioni delle pene infernali proposte a meditarsi per evitarle*, first published anonymously at Bologna in 1688, went through many editions and was translated into Latin, French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese. It first appeared in English, anonymously translated, at London(?) in 1715, and passed through at least six more editions in the next hundred-odd years. The two editions of Victorian times that concern us appeared at Derby in 1844, probably as one of the Derby Catholic Book Society's numerous publications, and at Dublin in 1868, from the well-known firm of James Duffy, Wellington Quay. The text of the latter edition, which I have used and which corresponds so closely with the *Portrait* sermon, is probably the one used in all earlier printings; the extracts given by Dearmer⁵ from the 1753 edition (Dublin) differ only in punctuation and spelling. At any rate, aside from a few omitted phrases and errors in biblical references, the translation is accurate and fairly literal, although not enough so as to make it at all probable that Joyce ever saw the Italian original.⁶ Like the others, this 1868 edition, a badly printed forty-eight-page pamphlet, is illustrated with seven grotesque woodcuts showing fettered sinners tormented by the ever-

lasting fire of Matthew, chapter 25, and the undying worm of Mark, chapter 9. These pictures have had much to do with the notoriety accorded the tract since the late nineteenth century; in one influential Victorian commentator they evoked a guilt "which called for the performance of a lustration."⁷

Hell Opened to Christians, following a traditional pattern in devotional literature, consists of seven daily "Considerations" or meditations, each analyzed, somewhat arbitrarily, under three points and concluding with a short prayer to a different sacred personage. (Joyce has not used the prayers or the sermon "On the Joys of Heaven" — evidently not by Pinamonti — that concludes the 1868 version.) The considerations themselves analyze the twofold punishment⁸ of mortal sin, the first three examining the *poena sensus* or pain of sense: (1) The Prison of Hell (its straitness, darkness, and stench); (2) The Fire (its quality, quantity, and intenseness); and (3) The Company of the Damned (the damned themselves, the devils, and the accomplices in sin). Father Arnall's Friday-morning sermon comprises these points in this order, save that it treats as one topic the lost souls and the accomplices of the third consideration. His afternoon sermon is based, nearly as closely, on Pinamonti's remaining four considerations, which set forth the *poena damni* or pains consequent on the eternal loss of the beatific vision: (4) The Pain of Loss (it is infinite, most painful, and retributive); (5) The Sting of Conscience (memory of past pleasures, fruitless remorse, and good occasions neglected); (6) The Pain of Extension (despair from the infiniteness and intensity of spiritual pangs and from the damned souls' comparison of their lot with that of the saints); and (7) Eternity (pain is endless, unchangeable, and just).⁹

Or, in Maurice Daedalus' laconic précis, "Stink in the morning and pain of loss in the evening" (*Stephen Hero*, p. 57).

Resemblance, of course, does not necessarily mean indebt-

edness. This plan of organization is common in a tradition of devotional literature that has long flourished, especially during the seventeenth century. The sermon has, in fact, so many affinities with this tradition that they need separate consideration. This — along with the scarceness of Pinamonti's tract — is why I have printed below most of the sermon's passages together with their equivalents in *Hell Opened to Christians* (1868 ed.). The obvious correspondences not merely in image, example, and organization but even in sequence and phrasing should leave little doubt concerning Joyce's extensive use of the Italian's work; and, as I will show, only a work that corresponds to Joyce's as closely as Pinamonti's does merits consideration as its source at all.

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[Isa. 5:14 (Hell hath enlarged . . ."), Father Arnall's text for the morning sermon (*Portrait*, p. 370) appears in *Hell Opened* (twice, on pp. 4 and 12), as do all other texts he quotes.]

[First Consideration: The Straitness of the Prison of Hell.] Consider, that the first injustice a soul offers to God, is the . . . breaking [of] his commandments, and declaring not to be willing to serve him: "Thou saidst, I will not serve." — Jer. ii. To punish, therefore, so great a boldness, God has framed a prison in the lowest part of the universe. . . . Here though the place itself be wide enough, the damned will not even have that relief, which . . . a poor prisoner has in walking between four walls . . . because they shall be bound up like a faggot, and heaped upon one another . . . and this by reason of the great number of the damned, to

Lucifer, we are told, was . . . a radiant and mighty angel; yet he fell. . . . What his sin was we cannot say. Theologians consider that it was . . . the sinful thought conceived in an instant: *non serviam: I will not serve*. . . . (370-71)

The straitness of this prison house is expressly designed by God to punish those who refused to be bound by His laws. In earthly prisons the poor captive has at least some liberty of movement, were it only within the four walls of his cell. . . . Not so in hell. There, by reason of the great

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whom this great pit will become narrow and strait. . . . (7-8) Those miserable wretches will not only be straitened, but also be immoveable; and, therefore, if a blessed saint, as St. Anselm says, in his book of Similitudes, will be strong enough . . . to move the whole earth: a damned soul will be so weak, as not to be able even to remove from the eye a worm that is gnawing it. The walls of this prison are more than four thousand miles thick. . . . (8)

Consider, that this prison will not only be extremely strait, but also extremely dark. It is true, there will be a fire, but without light. . . . That will be true . . . by a contrary miracle to what was wrought in the Babylonian furnace, for there, by the command of God, the heat was taken from the fire, but not the light of brightness: but in hell, the fire will lose its light, but not its heat. Moreover, this same fire, burning with brimstone, will have a searching flame, which being mingled with the rolling smoke of that infernal cave, will . . . raise a storm of darkness, according to what is written . . . [in] Jude xiii. . . . (8-9) Finally, the same mass of bodies heaped one upon another will . . . make up a part of that dreadful night; not a glimpse of transparent air being left to the eye of the damned. . . . (9) If amongst all the plagues of

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number of the damned, the prisoners are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick: and the damned are so utterly bound and helpless that, as a blessed saint, Saint Anselm, writes in his book on similitudes, they are not even able to remove from the eye a worm that gnaws it (373). [Note that it is Pinamonti, not Anselm, who speaks of a worm gnawing the eye.]

— They lie in exterior darkness. For, remember, the fire of hell gives forth no light. As, at the command of God, the fire of the Babylonian furnace lost its heat but not its light so, at the command of God, the fire of hell, while retaining the intensity of its heat, burns eternally in darkness. It is a neverending storm of darkness, dark flames and dark smoke of burning brimstone,

amid which the bodies are heaped one upon another without even a glimpse of air.

Of all the plagues with which

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Egypt, darkness alone was called horrible; what name shall we give to that darkness, which is not to last for three days only, but for all eternity [?] (9)

Consider, how much the horror of this prison, so strait and obscure, must be heightened, by the addition of the greatest stench. First, thither, as to a common sewer, all the filth of the earth shall run after the fire of the last day has purged the world. Secondly, the brimstone itself continually burning in such a prodigious quantity, will cause a stench not to be borne. Thirdly, the very bodies of the damned will exhale so pestilential a stench, that if any one of them were to be placed here on earth, it would be enough, as St. Bonaventure observes, to cause a general infection (9). . . . Air, itself, being for a time closely shut up, becomes insupportable; — judge, then, what those unhappy prisoners must suffer from the collected sink [sic] of this eternally loathsome abyss (9).

[Second Consideration: The Quality of the Fire.] . . . Even among men there never was found a greater torment [than fire]. (11) . . . If . . . we cannot bear ever so little awhile [sic] the flame of a candle, how shall we for ever be buried in flames . . . ? (12) Nevertheless, you must

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the land of the Pharaohs was smitten one plague alone, that of darkness, was called horrible. What name, then, shall we give to the darkness of hell which is to last not for three days alone but for all eternity?

— The horror of this strait and dark prison is (373) increased by its awful stench. All the filth of the world, all the offal and scum of the world, we are told, shall run there as to a vast reeking sewer when the terrible conflagration of the last day has purged the world. The brimstone, too, which burns there in such prodigious quantity fills all hell with its intolerable stench; and the bodies of the damned themselves exhale such a pestilential odour that as Saint Bonaventure says, one of them alone would suffice to infect the whole world. The very air of this world, that pure element, becomes foul and unbreathable when it has been long enclosed. Consider then what must be the foulness of the air of hell. . . . (374)

. . . The torment of fire is the greatest torment to which the tyrant has ever subjected his fellowcreatures. Place your finger for a moment in the flame of a candle and you will feel the pain of fire.

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not think the fire of hell is like ours. . . . Our fire is created for the benefit of man, to serve him as a help in most arts, and for the maintaining of life; but the fire of hell was only created for God to revenge himself of the wicked. . . . Our fire is often applied to subjects not at all proportioned to its activity; but the fire of hell is kindled by a sulphureous and bituminous matter, which will always burn with unspeakable fury. . . . (11) Finally, our fire destroys what it burns, therefore, the more intense it is, the shorter is it[s] duration; but the fire in which the damned shall for ever be tormented, shall burn without ever consuming. . . . (12)

Consider what strength this devouring fire will have, on account of the great quantity thereof. . . . (12) [A] sea of fire, which has neither shore nor bottom. . . . (18) Who is there that can doubt, that if a whole mountain were thrown into this great furnace, but that it would melt as soon as a piece of wax? This the devil was forced to own, being asked by a soldier. . . . (12) . . . that flame, so fierce and so great, will not only afflict us without, as it happens with the fires of this world; but will

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But our earthly fire was created by God for the benefit of man, to maintain in him the spark of life and to help him in the useful arts whereas the fire of hell is of another quality and was created by God to torture and punish the unrepentant sinner. Our earthly fire also consumes more or less rapidly according as the object which it attacks is more (374) or less combustible. . . . But the sulphurous brimstone which burns in hell is a substance which is specially designed to burn for ever and for ever with unspeakable fury. Moreover our earthly fire destroys at the same time as it burns so that the more intense it is the shorter is its duration: but the fire of hell has this property that it preserves that which it burns and though it rages with incredible intensity it rages for ever.

— Our earthly fire again . . . is always of a limited extent: but the lake of fire in hell is boundless, shoreless and bottomless. It is on record that the devil himself, when asked the question by a certain soldier, was obliged to confess that if a whole mountain were thrown into the burning ocean of hell it would be burned up in an instant like a piece of wax. And this terrible fire will not afflict the bodies of the damned only from without

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penetrate our very bones, our marrow, and even the very principle of our life and being. . . . Every one that is damned will be like a lighted furnace, which has its own flames in itself; all that filthy blood will boil in the veins, the brains in the skull, the heart in the breast, the bowels within that unfortunate body, surrounded with an abyss of fire. . . . (13)

Consider, that whatever has been said either as to the strength, the quality, or the quantity of this infernal fire, it is nothing in comparison to the intenseness it will have as being the instrument of the Divine Justice. . . . [I]t will have its rise from the foot of the throne of God, that is to say, it will receive an incredible vigour from the omnipotency of God; working, not with its own activity, but, as an instrument, with the activity of its agent. . . . (13)

. . . as God makes use of material water in baptism, not only to wash the body, but to cleanse and sanctify the soul, so in hell he makes use of fire, though material, to punish her when sinful and unclean. The infernal fire then is an effect of the omnipotency of God injured by sinners; it is a visible sign of that infinite hatred which the divine goodness bears to sin, as also an invention of his wisdom to recover the honour taken from him by the wicked. . . . (13)

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but each lost soul will be a hell unto itself, the boundless fire raging in its very vitals. . . . The blood seethes and boils in the veins, the brains are boiling in the skull, the heart in the breast glowing and bursting, the bowels a red-hot mass of burning pulp, the tender eyes flaming like molten balls.

— And yet what I have said as to the strength and quality and boundlessness of this fire is as nothing when compared to its intensity, an intensity which it has as being the instrument chosen by divine design for the punishment of soul and body alike. It is a fire which proceeds directly from the ire of God, working not of its own activity but as an instrument of divine vengeance.

As the waters of baptism cleanse the soul with the body so do the fires of punishment torture the spirit with the flesh. (375–76) . . . and . . . the immortal soul is tortured eternally . . . amid the . . . glowing fires kindled in the abyss by the offended majesty of the Omnipotent God and fanned into everlasting and ever increasing fury by the breath of the anger of the Godhead.

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[Third Consideration: The Company of the Damned.] Consider, what great torment will be added to the infernal habitation by the inhabitants themselves. The being in ill company is so great a pain, that one would think the very plants on earth are sensible of it, whilst they withdraw themselves, and fly from those that are noxious or hurtful to them. (15) . . . all laws being overturned [in hell], and all reason banished, there will be no regard to consanguinity, parentage, country, or to any tie or motive which might mitigate their desperate rage against each other. . . . their very howlings and groans will make them intolerable. (16)

Consider, that the company of the accomplices in sin will be painful above all imagination. . . . (17) Who can conceive the curses, blasphemies and execrations they will spit out . . . ? (18) The punishment assigned for parricides was to be shut up in a sack with a cock, a serpent, and a monkey, and so to be thrown into the sea: but how little do the lawgivers among men understand what pain is! The divine justice has found out other sort of company wherewith to punish criminals; a place full of executioners and condemned persons . . . in the middle of a sea of fire. . . . (18) . . . those friends for whose sake you turned your backs on God, will be the

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— Consider finally that the torment of this infernal prison is increased by the company of the damned themselves. Evil company on earth is so noxious that the plants, as if by instinct, withdraw from the company of whatsoever is deadly or hurtful to them. In hell all laws are overturned —

there is no thought of family or country, of ties, of relationships. . . . All sense of humanity is forgotten.

The yells of the suffering sinners fill the remotest corners of the vast abyss. The mouths of the damned are full of blasphemies against God and of hatred for their fellow sufferers and of curses against those souls which were their accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the parricide . . . by casting him into the depths of the sea in a sack in which were placed a cock, a monkey and a serpent. . . . The intention of those lawgivers . . . was to punish the criminal. . . . But what is the (376) fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execration which bursts from the parched lips . . . of the damned in hell when they behold . . . those who aided and abetted them in sin . . . those whose immodest suggestions led them on to sin,

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cruellest furies . . . no devil will torment you so much as the person you disordinately loved. . . . Those eyes which are now your stars, shall then send forth darts more piercing than the very lightning. (17-18)

Consider, the company of the devils will prove far more tormenting than would be that of our greatest enemies. . . . They will afflict the damned two different ways, by their sight and by reproaches. (16) . . . St. Catherine of Sienna, speaking to our Saviour, said much more: "That rather than behold again such a frightful infernal form, she would choose [to?] walk in a road all of fire to the day of judgment." According (16) to this, one of those monsters alone would be enough to make a hell of the place he is in. . . . But what will it be when reproaches and scorn are added to the sight of them? . . . Fool . . . who couldst so easily have saved thyself by restoring those ill-gotten goods, by breaking off that lewd practice, by one hearty sorrow, and thou wouldst not do it[:] why dost thou now complain? Thou wert thyself the occasion of thy misfortune. (17)

[Fourth Consideration: The Pain of Loss.] "I am cast away from the sight of thine eyes." Psalm xxx. 22 [sic]. . . .¹⁰

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those whose eyes tempted and allured them from the path of virtue. . . .

— Last of all consider the frightful torment to those damned souls, tempters and tempted alike, of the company of the devils. These devils will afflict the damned in two ways, by their presence and by their reproaches. . . . Saint Catherine of Siena once saw a devil and she has written that, rather than look again for one single instant on such a frightful monster, she would prefer to walk until the end of her life along a track of red coals. These devils . . . have become as hideous and ugly as they once were beautiful. They mock and jeer at the lost souls whom they dragged down to ruin. . . . Why did you sin? . . . Why did you not give up that lewd habit, that impure habit? (377) You would not . . . restore those ill-gotten goods. . . . (378) Why did you not . . . repent of your evil ways and turn to God who only waited for your repentance to absolve you of your sins? (377) [NOTE. — Matt. 25:41 ("Depart from me, ye cursed . . ."), with which Father Arnall concludes his Friday-morning sermon, is quoted by Pinamonti on p. 22.]

— *I am cast away from the sight of Thine eyes:* words taken, my dear little brothers

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For in sin there is a double malice: the first is the turning one's back on the uncreated good . . . ; the other is the fixing one's eyes on a created good as the chief object . . . of one's happiness. . . . Now the divine justice prepares a punishment in hell suitable to both these disorders, in punishing the conversion to the creature . . . with the pain of sense . . . and . . . the aversion from God, with the pain (22) of loss. . . . (23) This pain [of loss] in substance is a hell of itself greater than all the rest; for, says St. Thomas, "The worst damnation consists in this, that the understanding of man be totally deprived of divine light, and his affection obstinately turned from the goodness of God." This pain, therefore, is infinite . . . if all the other pleasures of heaven were multiplied a thousand times over and over, they could never equal the joy the blessed have in beholding God face to face (20, 21). . . . Though in this life we have but a very obscure knowledge of the infinite happiness which consists in enjoying God; yet in hell the damned, for their greater torment, will have a most lively comprehension of so great a good; and [know] that it is through their fault they have lost it. . . . (21)

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in Christ, from the Book of Psalms, thirtieth chapter, twenty-third¹⁰ verse. (381)

— Sin, remember, is a two-fold enormity. It is a base consent to . . . the lower instincts, to that which is gross and beastlike; and it is also a turning away from the counsel of our higher nature . . . from the Holy God Himself. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual. (382)

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment greater than all the others. Saint Thomas . . . says that the worst damnation consists in this that the understanding of man is totally deprived of divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God . . . is a being infinitely good and therefore the loss of such a being must be . . . infinitely painful.

In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost and understand that they have lost it through their own sins and have lost it for ever. At the very instant of death the bonds

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In this life, the soul . . . continues in [the body] as a fire under ashes, but breaking loose from the body is in a violent state, like fire lighted in [illegible] . . . so is a soul in endeavouring to get to her centre, which is God. (21-22) . . . It has sometimes happened that a mother led into captivity and parting from her son . . . [has] fallen down dead . . . merely by the excess of grief; what death will a soul feel then in parting with God for ever? (22) . . . God [is] . . . the centre of happiness to a rational mind . . . [and] to be violently separated from this object, and that for ever, must be a torment without its equal. . . . (22)

[Fifth Consideration: The Sting of Conscience.] Consider, that as in dead bodies worms are engendered from putrefaction, so in the damned there arises a perpetual remorse from the corruption of sin, which is called the sting of conscience. . . . (25) This worm, more cruel than any asp, will make three wounds in the heart of every damned soul, which may be further illustrated to us by the word of Innocent III, in his book of the Contempt of the World: — "The memory will afflict, late repentance will trouble, and want of time [i.e., neglect of good occasions] will torment." . . .

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of the flesh are broken asunder and the soul at once flies towards God as towards

the centre of her existence. . . . (382)

And if it be pain for a mother to be parted from her child. . . . O think what pain . . . it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of the supremely good and loving Creator. . . . This, then, to be separated for ever from its greatest good, from God, and to feel the anguish of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable, this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing. . . .

The second pain which will afflict the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as in dead bodies worms are engendered by putrefaction so in the souls of the lost there arises a perpetual remorse from the putrefaction of sin, the sting of conscience, the worm, as Pope Innocent the Third calls it, of the triple sting.

The first sting inflicted by this cruel worm will be the memory of past pleasures.

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First of all then, the memory will afflict. It is a great torment to [the?] miserable wretch to remember his past happiness. . . . (26) He who once gave himself over to all sorts of pleasure; whose palate was filled with the greatest dainties; whose flesh had all the ease imaginable, and wallowed in all kinds of impurity, is now delivered up to everlasting lamentations, suffering, and despair. . . . (26)

Judge what a misfortune it will be, after a great number of years, to remember a forbidden pleasure, a momentary delight (26) vanished like a shadow, changed into an eternal torment. (27)

Consider, the second wound of this devouring worm will be a late and fruitless sorrow for sins committed. (27) . . . divine justice will fix the understanding of those miserable wretches, continually to think on the sin they have committed. . . . (27) St. Augustine . . . says moreover, that they will behold their abominations as they are in themselves, because God will impart to them his own knowledge of sin, so that it will appear to them as it does to God, that is, an abyss of deformity and malice. . . . And though they shall deplore their sins for ever, yet they shall never come to any composition with God. . . . (28)

Consider, the third wound which this sting of conscience

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O what a dreadful memory will that be! . . . he who delighted in the pleasures of the table [will remember] his gorgeous feasts, his dishes prepared with such delicacy . . . (383) . . . the impure and adulterous the unspeakable and filthy pleasures in which they delighted. . . . [They are] condemned to suffer in hell-fire for ages and ages. How they will rage and fume to think that they have lost the bliss of heaven for the dross of earth . . . for bodily comforts, for a tingling of the nerves.

. . . the second sting of the worm of conscience [will be] a late and fruitless sorrow for sins committed. Divine justice insists that the understanding of those miserable wretches be fixed continually on the sins of which they were guilty and moreover, as Saint Augustine points out,

God will impart to them His own knowledge of sin so that sin will appear to them in all its hideous malice as it appears to the eyes of God Himself. They will behold their sins in all their foulness and repent but it will be too late

and then they will bewail the good occasions which they neg-

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causes in the damned. It is an infinite grief for having neglected so many fair occasions of saving themselves. . . . (28) [This] will be the most cruel viper which will gnaw our hearts. . . . (29) Was I not told of it by my ghostly fathers? . . . Was I not assured by faith, that the end of sin was damnation? And I . . . would not open my eyes to my own good. . . . There was a time when God invited me by so many inspirations, entreated me by so many voices, allured me by so many promises, deterred me by so many threats. . . . Now . . . after having shed a sea of tears, I shall never compass what formerly I might have obtained with one only tear. . . . (29) [The thought of this] will make those unfortunate souls, with an hellish fury, to curse sometimes God, whom they hate, as their enemy: sometimes the devils, whom they abhor as traitors: sometimes their companions who entice them to sin; and sometimes their own selves, for having been so mad. . . . God, who was once so compassionate of my miseries . . . will now become inexorable. (29)

[Sixth Consideration: Despair on account of the extension of the pains of hell.] Consider, that man in this life, though he be capable of many evils, he is not capable of them all at once; because here one evil

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lected. This is the last and deepest and most cruel sting of the worm of conscience.

The conscience will say: . . . You had the sacraments and graces and indulgences of the church to aid you. You had the minister of God to preach to you . . . if only you had . . . repented. No. You would not. . . . God appealed to you, threatened you, entreated you to return to Him. (384) . . . And now, though you were to flood all hell with your tears . . . all that sea of repentance would not gain for you what a single tear of true repentance shed during your mortal life would have gained for you. . . . [F]illed with hellish fury they curse themselves for their folly and curse the evil companions who have brought them to such ruin and curse the devils who tempted them in life and now mock them in eternity and even revile and curse the Supreme Being Whose goodness and patience they scorned . . . but Whose justice and power they cannot evade.

— The next spiritual pain to which the damned are subjected is the pain of extension. Man, in this earthly life, though he be capable of many evils, is not capable of them all at once inasmuch as one

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corrects the other, and one poison oftentimes drives out another, but in hell it will be quite otherwise; for pains there will lend each other a fresh sting. . . . (31)

Moreover, what has been hitherto considered, was in relation to the external senses: but as the internal powers are more perfect, so they are more capable of pain, and therefore, will be the more tormented. . . . [As the damned] had made an ill use of all their senses and powers, to sin, so they deserved in every one of their senses and powers, to be punished with so many pains. . . . (32) The fancy will always be afflicted with frightful imaginations. . . . The sensitive appetite will, like the ebbing and flowing of the sea, be continually swelling and falling . . . into rage and anguish. . . . Their understanding will be filled with interior darkness, more terrible than the exterior, which fills their prison. . . . (32)

There [*sic*] will be obstinate in malice, without being able, during the whole space of eternal years, to have the least inclination to good, but continually adding malice to malice. . . . (32)

. . . [Hell] is the centre of all evils: and as all things are found to be much stronger in their centre than elsewhere . . . so the evils that are in hell will not only be many without number, but intense without comparison, and pure,

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evil corrects and counteracts another, just as one poison frequently corrects another. In hell, on the contrary, one torment instead of counteracting another, lends it still greater force:

and, moreover, as the internal faculties are more perfect than the external senses, so are they more capable of suffering.

Just as every sense is afflicted with a fitting torment so is every spiritual faculty;

the fancy with horrible images, the sensitive faculty with alternate longing and rage,

the mind and understanding with an interior darkness more terrible even than the exterior darkness which reigns in that dreadful prison. The malice, impotent though it be, which possesses these demon souls is an evil of boundless extension, of limitless duration. . . . (385-86)

. . . Hell is the centre of evils and, as you know, things are more intense at their centres than at their remotest points. There are no contraries or admixtures of any kind to temper or soften in the least the pains of hell.

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without mixture. Pains in this place will have no contraries to temper and soften them.

. . . (33) Moreover, things that are otherwise good in themselves, in this place become bad. Company, which elsewhere is a comfort to the afflicted, will here be their greatest trouble; the light which in other places is so much coveted, will be hated here, more than darkness itself; knowledge, which in this world does so much delight (33), will be there more tormenting than ignorance. . . . In this present life our sorrows are either not long or not great, because nature either overcomes them by habits, or puts an end to them by falling herself under the weight . . . [b]ut in hell the rules are quite contrary, for the pains there will always continue in the same state; intolerable as to intensity, and endless as to duration: . . . As there is nothing moderate in the torments, so there is no rest in the tormented, who are continually kept, not barely alive, but in their full senses, to have greater feeling of their misery. . . . It is what the divine Majesty, injured by sinners, requires: it is what the blood of Christ, that is trampled upon, demands: it is what heaven itself, despised and postponed to filth and corruption, insists on. (34)

[Seventh Consideration: The Eternity of Pain.] . . . O eternity, then, O eternity! (39)

Nay, things which are good in themselves become evil in hell. Company, elsewhere a source of comfort to the afflicted, will be there a continual torment: knowledge, so much longed for as the chief good of the intellect, will there be hated worse than ignorance: light, so much coveted by all creatures . . . will be loathed intensely. In this life our sorrows are either not very long or not very great because nature either overcomes them by habits or puts an end to them by sinking under their weight. But in hell the torments cannot be overcome by habit, for while they are of terrible intensity they are at the same time of continual variety. . . . Nor can nature escape from these . . . tortures by succumbing to them for the soul is sustained and maintained in evil so that its suffering may be the greater. . . .

. . . this is what the divine majesty, so outraged by sinners, demands, this is what the holiness of heaven, slighted and set aside for the lustful and low pleasures of the corrupt flesh, requires, this is what the blood of the innocent Lamb of God . . . trampled upon by the vilest of the vile, insists upon. (386)
. . . Eternity! O, dread and dire word. Eternity! (387)

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Consider, that were the pains of hell less racking, yet, being never to have an end, they would become infinite. What then will it be, they being both intolerable as to sharpness, and endless as to duration? (38) . . . were it proposed to the damned to suffer either by the sting of a bee in their eye for a whole eternity, or to undergo all the torments of hell for as many ages as there are (38) stars in heaven, they would . . . choose to be thus miserable for so many ages, and then to see an end of their misery than to endure a pain so much less, that was to have no end. (39) . . . Let us go on, and imagine . . . a mountain of this small sand [as in an hourglass], so high as would reach from earth to heaven. . . . Let us then imagine this great mountain to be multiplied as often as there are sands in the sea, leaves on trees, feathers on birds, scales on fish, hairs on beasts, atoms in the air, drops of water that have rained or will rain to the day of judgment . . . [a]nd yet . . . we are assured by faith . . . that all these years shall pass, and when over, none of our pains will be lessened, nor so much as one instant taken from eternity. (39) . . . eternity expects thee in a place of torment, always the same, with the same pains. (40) . . . So that we may say, that eternity not only every moment tortures the damned, but

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Even though the pains of hell were not so terrible as they are yet they would become infinite as they are destined to last for ever. But while they are everlasting they are at the same time . . . intolerably intense, unbearably extensive.

To bear even the sting of an insect for all eternity would be a dreadful torment. What must it be, then, to bear the manifold tortures of hell for ever? . . .

You have often seen the sand on the seashore. . . . Now imagine a mountain of that sand, a million miles high, reaching from the earth to the farthest heavens . . . and imagine such an enormous mass of countless particles of sand multiplied as often as there are leaves in the forest, drops of water in the mighty ocean, feathers on birds, scales on fish, hairs on animals, atoms in the vast expanse of the air: . . . Yet at the end of that immense stretch of time not even one instant of eternity could be said to have ended. (387) . . . An eternity of endless agony . . . without one ray of hope, without one moment of cessation . . . (388) . . . an eternity, every instant of which is itself an eternity of woe. (389)

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that to the damned every moment is turned into so many eternities. (41)

Consider, that men reasoning always as men, are astonished that God, for so short a pleasure of a sinner, should have decreed an everlasting punishment in the fire of hell. . . . But ought not we rather to wonder at the astonishment of worldlings, grounded on the ignorance of spiritual things [?] "The sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God. . . ." — I Cor. ii. 14. If sinners did but comprehend the malice of their sin, they would soon change their wonder. . . . (41) Consider . . . that every mortal sin is either a tacit or express contempt of the divine will, and an injury to God . . . in a manner infinite. . . . (41-42) . . . if the pain due to the offenders of God were to end, both the judge and the sentence would be condemned . . . the malice of sin is so exorbitant as not to be atoned and satisfied for, by the good works of all creatures; and, therefore, to pay this debt, it was necessary the Son of God should take from his veins, as a just price, the treasures of his divine blood. (42)

. . . Men, reasoning always as men, are astonished that God should mete out an everlasting and infinite punishment in the fires of hell for a single grievous sin. They reason thus because, blinded by the gross illusion of the flesh and the darkness of human understanding they are unable to comprehend the hideous malice of mortal sin. . . .

. . . sin . . . is a transgression of His law and God would not be God if He did not punish the transgressor.

. . . To retrieve the consequences of that sin [Adam's and Eve's] the Only Begotten Son of God . . . lived and suffered and died a most painful death. . . . (389)

This extensive listing of passages has seemed necessary in order to make it clear that when I call *Hell Opened to Christians* the primary source of Joyce's sermon on hell I am not basing my judgment on mere analogies, random parallels, or echoes but on actual correspondences, following

in the same sequence and often expressed in the same words, and so conspicuous as to be undeniable. I do not mean that Joyce simply parroted Pinamonti, even in the most similar passages. But the fact remains that much of the famous sermon on hell (recently elevated to textbook rank) was cribbed.

Three questions should now be considered: the relation of both works to their parent tradition; Joyce's adaptation of his source; and the theological milieu through which Pinamonti's tract probably came to Joyce's attention.

Discussion of the first of these will reveal another and important reason why an unmistakable relationship between the two works can be demonstrated only through side-by-side comparison. The melodramatic impressiveness of both inclines a reader to ascribe more originality and singularity to them than either author would have claimed. The truth is that much of their content has indeed been "the common possession of devotional writers for hundreds of years,"¹¹ and far more so than has been pointed out. For instance, in Consideration 26 of the manual *Preparation for Death*, St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists and author of the "old neglected book" of Stephen's devotions, writes that the smoke of the "utterly dark" fire of hell will form "a storm of darkness" to torment the damned; that, according to St. Bonaventure, the stench of one of their bodies would kill all on earth; that the pain of earthly fire, "created for our use," cannot be compared with that of hellfire, "made . . . purposely to torment the damned," each of whom "shall be in himself a furnace of fire" — the blood in the veins, even the marrow of the bones. Yet these are as nothing beside the infinite pain of losing "God, who is an infinite good." Unaided human reason may question the justice of punishing a moment's sin with an eternity of pain; but sin's infinite offense merits no less. And, since the creature "is not capable of suffering pain infinite in . . . intensity, God inflicts punishment infinite in extension."¹² These and many other passages echo Arnall's words so closely that anyone unacquainted

with *Hell Opened to Christians* could plausibly suggest this section of *Preparation for Death* as their source. And Liguori is but one of many who have written of hell in a similar vein over a period spanning centuries.

Professor Rogers holds that, Gibbon and popular opinion notwithstanding, detailed pictures of hell torments are at most a minor element in Christian writings of the early centuries; and E. B. Pusey's catena of patristic opinion, although part of a book designed to prove the universality of belief in everlasting punishment, on the whole supports this view.¹³ Luridly detailed portrayals of horrors, though stemming from earlier apocryphal writings, are the work of monks and friars of the later Middle Ages.¹⁴ Still, although the church has never pronounced on the matter, from earliest times writers have located hell within the earth as the place farthest from God and fittest to sustain heat and the darkness that, as Aquinas says, the thick cloudy fire and the massed bodies of the damned will produce.¹⁵ Agreeing that mortal sin merits no less than an eternity of torment, ancients and moderns, Protestants as well as Catholics, have drawn vividly the pains of the fire that burns corporeally forever without consuming. Tertullian's overly familiar passage imagines the proud kings, poets, and tragedians dissolving in the lake of brimstone; Gregory the Great warns readers that a certain dissolute monk's vision of the faggots prepared to burn him was but a type of hellfire's torments, adapted to our limited understandings; one Drithelm, according to Bede, saw the souls of the damned in globes of black fire, rising and sinking like sparks; Jonathan Edwards exhorts those hardened in sin to imagine passing even a quarter-hour in a glowing furnace.¹⁶ And yet, as in Arnall or Pinamonti, such pains "are nothing in comparison with the loss of God."¹⁷ The lost, says the seventeenth-century Jesuit Lessius (Leys), feel this infinite loss eternally without the slightest mitigation; Aquinas holds that they can will only evil, envying the blessed and hating God himself for their pangs.¹⁸

Even a cursory account like the foregoing will demonstrate

that, even if Pinamonti had never written, the sermon on hell still could not have sprung spontaneously from Joyce's brain. A glance over the more immediate ancestry of both works will make this still clearer. Sullivan holds that the similar images in passages of the sermon and of the *Sodality Manual* indicate a "more than incidental connection" between them. Yet identical images occur in many writers, especially in the Jesuit scholars and preachers of seventeenth-century Europe. In a widely imitated section of his *De perfectionibus moribusque divinis* (1620) the gifted Flemish Jesuit Leonard Lessius holds, like Liguori, that, in the lake of brimstone twenty thousand feet wide, fires will rage within the body, bowels, and bones of the damned.¹⁹ *Contemplations of the State of Man* (1684), an English work once attributed to Jeremy Taylor, frequently urges the torment of bearing forever even a slight pain (the scorching of a finger, an insect's sting, a pinprick), let alone those of hell,²⁰ as in Arnall's sermon, the *Manual*, and a score of other works. The probable source of the *Contemplations* is the treatise *On the Difference between the Temporal and the Eternal* (ca. 1640). Here the Spanish Jesuit J. E. Nieremberg describes the stench of the damned (one of the eight pains of hell) in terms markedly similar to Pinamonti's and Joyce's, even to citing the authority of St. Bonaventure.²¹ "The Egyptians," says the esteemed Catholic scholar, Bishop Chaloner, "were in a sad condition when, for three days, the whole kingdom was covered with a dreadful darkness"; yet, unlike them, the damned in hell shall never see morning but shall ever endure "the intolerable stench of those half-putrified carcases which are broiling there."²²

Another of Father Arnall's hyperboles that appears in the *Manual* seeks to convey the vastness of eternity by means of a mountain of fine sand, carried away by a bird at the rate of a grain every million years, and then successively rising and falling as often as there are stars in heaven, leaves on trees, etc. — at the end of which inconceivable period, eter-

nity will not even have begun. Striking though this image is, its inclusion in any Catholic book of devotion proves nothing at all: it is virtually a literary convention in such works. Who, asks Farrar in 1877, has not heard sermons "to the effect that if every leaf of the forest trees, and every grain of the ocean sands stood for billions of years, and all these billions were exhausted, you would still be no nearer even to the beginning of eternity than at the first . . ."?²³ Farrar does not stay for an answer; however, Father G. B. Manni, still another Jesuit of the seventeenth century, writes that so many ages "as there are stars in heaven, drops of water in the sea, and motes in the air, and particles of dust in the earth" would not make up eternity. Let all the space between earth and heaven, he continues, be filled with fine sand, and every one hundred thousand million [*sic*] ages let an angel carry away a single grain. Could the damned believe that after this their torments would end, they would rejoice.²⁴ Liguori agrees, however, that this cannot be, even after so many ages as there are grains of sand in the sea or leaves on the trees, and Nieremberg conveys this stern denial in almost identical terms: "cuantos hojas hay en los campos, cuantos granos de arena hay en la tierra," etc.²⁵ Along with the familiar mountain of sand (angelically reduced at the relatively rapid pace of a grain a year), Jeremias Drexel, S.J., imagines a strip of parchment girdling the earth, closely inscribed with small figure 9's. "And yet this [figure] is nothing to *Eternity*."²⁶ The bird that carries off grains of sand in Father Arnall's illustration may be found in Heinrich Suso (or Seuse), the saintly Dominican mystic of the fourteenth century: if there were a millstone thick as earth and broad as all heaven, and "if there came a little bird every hundred thousand years, and took from the stone as much as the tenth part of a grain of millet," the lost would wish nothing more than that their torments might end with the stone — and yet this cannot be.²⁷

There is no need of more examples to prove that, although

Joyce is specifically indebted to Pinamonti, his model is in turn part of a literary and religious tradition so extensive and widely diffused that no distinct indebtedness on Pinamonti's side (save to his fellow Jesuit preachers) seems demonstrable. For the same reasons it seems equally clear that any effort to specify the *Portrait* sermon's sources on the basis of isolated resemblances in expression or imagery will fail through the very abundance of such parallels. Only a work whose organization, scale, and proportion also clearly correspond to Joyce's can even be considered as a primary source, and to my knowledge all of these requirements are met conclusively only by *Hell Opened to Christians*.

Since not only the themes of the *Portrait* sermon but even its modes of expression occur so frequently in Catholic devotional writing, especially in the work of Jesuits, it is hard fully to understand Father Noon's objection that the "purely negative and harrowing sermon . . . is neither Catholic nor Ignatian."²⁸ It is true, of course, that, unlike the writings of Suso or Liguori, Arnall's sermon and Pinamonti's tract do not lead the reader beyond threats of punishment to considerations of the divine love and mercy; their sole purpose is, in the latter's words, "to fright us into our duty" (*Hell Opened*, p. 35). But can their teaching be called not "characteristic" solely because it is partial, incomplete? Before the great Dominican Luis de Granada, surely an unexceptionable authority, goes on to speak of hell as "a dark and obscure lake under the earth, . . . in which is heard only the groaning . . . of the tormentors and the tormented," he points out that meditations on hell are profitable in moving us to do penance and in making us fear God and hate sin.²⁹ That is, fear of the Lord in itself is not wisdom, but it is the indispensable prelude to wisdom. And the literature of religious fear is by no means confined to the Middle Ages or the Counter-Reformation. As will be shown further on, at least one picture of hellfire as lurid as Arnall's or Pinamonti's, written by a Redemptorist father and printed *permissu su-*

periorum, was widely circulated in the late nineteenth century, arousing the indignation of liberals, the annoyance of some Catholics, and — perhaps — the interest of James Joyce.

Pinamonti, of course, could not have dreamed of claiming uniqueness for his book, and to recognize Joyce's dependence on a source is not to deny the originality of the retreat episode. Arnall's explanation of the word "retreat" (*Portrait*, pp. 361-63) has no counterpart in the Italian's book, nor has the synopsis of the next day's sermon on death and judgment (pp. 364-68) or the exposition of the scheme of redemption that precedes the sermon on hell and the exhortations that conclude each half. Anyone looking for parallel descriptions of death and burial or of the souls thronging to judgment will find them readily enough,³⁰ but this is a pointless labor in the case of a writer educated by priests. And, for the most part, what Joyce has taken from his model he has made his own. The close punctuation, the inept, sometimes obscure syntax of the original become clear and swift; archaic or technical terms beyond schoolboys' range are dropped or substituted; even an ambiguous pronoun reference (in St. Augustine's opinion that the lost will behold sin as God does) is corrected. Participial constructions and excessive periodicity are replaced by full predication and more colloquial sentence structure, yet at the same time the sermonistic parallelism, balance, and suspensions of the original are made more striking. And Joyce does not always copy his model's order, scale, and emphasis in detail, even in the morning sermon. His taunting devils are far more explicit and display a moral fastidiousness unknown to Pinamonti's. His elaboration upon the reek of the "jellylike mass of liquid corruption" is matched or surpassed elsewhere, but not in his model's relatively squeamish analysis of hell's stench. The lack of any mitigating reference to heaven and the divine love by Arnall is not truly Ignatian. But when Father Arnall warns against yielding to the promptings of corrupt nature in place of "fixing one's eyes on a created good," and when he greatly

simplifies Pinamonti's logical demonstration that infinite punishment is justified by the infinite enormity of sin, his practice accords with the Ignatian precept that devotions should be adapted to the condition of the exercitant. For the same reason he gives carnal sins added emphasis before his adolescent hearers and presents the lost souls' reviling of God as the culmination of malice (*Portrait*, p. 385) instead of merely ranking it with other expressions of their rage. Obviously the third point of Pinamonti's sixth consideration — the despair of the damned on comparing their lot with that of the saints — is so unsuited to Joyce's dramatic purpose that it becomes the only point omitted altogether. It bluntly asserts the ancient and widely held belief that "God and his saints rejoice" at the pangs of the damned as a sign of divine justice fulfilled. Since even Aquinas experienced difficulties in justifying this idea,³¹ it would be absurd to have Arnall expound it before boys insufficiently steeled in the school of doublethink to reconcile it with their preacher's concluding words on the divine love.

Considered as a whole, Joyce's version emerges less as an abridgment than as a synopsis or précis, tersely setting forth under seven points what Pinamonti develops leisurely under twenty-one with more-than-ample exempla, analogies, cited authorities, synonymous repetitions, and overwhelming questions. Joyce keeps all these devices, especially repetition, but his judiciously sparing use of them invariably heightens the desired effect rather than diffusing it by excess. To convey the vastness of hellfire, Pinamonti employs a (relatively) tame picture of sinners burning from within and a story (told by St. Caesarius) concerning the devil's admission to a certain soldier, both buttressed by the analogy of an unvented oven and the authorities of Chrysostom, Isaiah, Job, and the Second (*sic* for A.V. Eighty-third) Psalm. Joyce, by repeating and particularizing words and images, tautens the passage into the epitome of fiery terror, tempered just enough by the bathos of the devil's fusible mountain, and prunes

away all else. Conversely, Arnall's reiteration that God cannot let pass one venial sin, even if doing so would end all the world's misery, seems to be the development of what Pinamonti only adumbrates (*Hell Opened*, pp. 41-42), although it is probably reinforced by memories of an 1897 Lenten retreat sermon by a Father Jeffcoat which, says his brother, aroused in Joyce a "brain-storm of terror and remorse."³² But, if we cannot always see the rationale of Joyce's selections from his source, it is at least clear why many exempla are omitted. By the principle of anticipation the boys might feel the hellishness of living with a scolding wife (*Company of the Damned*, *Hell Opened*, pp. 15, 17), but probably not the sense for the apposite gesture that prompted a deceived husband to lock up his wife with the decaying corpse of her lover (*Sorrow for Sins Committed*, pp. 27-28). It would be tactless of Arnall to take for granted his hearers' familiarity with a losing gambler's rages, as Pinamonti does (*Company of the Devils*, p. 17). And theatregoers too restless to endure a play without comic entr'actes (*Unchangeableness of Pain*, p. 40) would be as far beyond the college boys' experience as the "noble lord," perhaps of contemporary Italy, who tosses on his bed of down, foaming and cursing, when pinched with the colic (*Intenseness of the Pains of Hell*, p. 34).

There remains the interesting question of how Joyce came by Pinamonti's obscure tract. Any answer to this will necessarily be conjectural in part, but clues in Joyce's second novel, seen in relation to the movement in nineteenth-century religious thought to which they allude, provide a larger factual basis than those underlying several current articles of faith about Joyce. Joyce may, of course, have found his copy during rambles like those of Stephen Daedalus among the Dublin bookstalls "which offered old directories and volumes of sermons and unheard-of treatises . . . at . . . a penny each or three for twopence" (*Stephen Hero*, p. 145; cf. *Ulysses*, p. 239). It is now known that when he arrived at Zurich in October, 1904, Joyce was at work on the eleventh chapter of

Stephen Hero, set at Belvedere College, and that he had completed the preceding ten chapters, not merely the lone first chapter and notes which Gorman mentions, well before his departure from Dublin earlier that year. Since it is therefore likely that the retreat episode alluded to in the surviving portion (*Stephen Hero*, pp. 56-57) was already written, there is no need to conjecture how Joyce managed to acquire *Hell Opened* while he was abroad. But to assume that he simply came across Pinamonti's tract in some Josh Strong's bookshop is to beg the important question of why and how he singled out this work, so perfectly suited to his needs, from the scores of similar books, tracts, and sermons that crowded Dublin bookstalls. It is unlikely that J. F. Byrne, who remembers *Hell Opened*, read the tract or called Joyce's attention to it; had he done either, he would at least have pointed out the indebtedness. It is far more probable that Joyce deliberately sought out the tract because he knew he could put it to use and that he knew this because he was acquainted, even familiar, with the discussion of doctrines concerning hell carried on in England and Europe during the later nineteenth century. As I will show, it would have been as hard for a serious undergraduate of the 1880's to remain ignorant of the eternal punishment question, of the larger hope that many devout persons wished to trust less faintly, as it would have been for an Oxford student of the 1840's not to hear of the apostolic claims of the Church of England. And in the Wandering Rocks episode of *Ulysses*, probably written early in 1919, there are clear indications that Joyce had heard of it. "That book by the Belgian Jesuit, *Le Nombre des Élus*" (*Ulysses*, p. 220), on which Father Conmee muses approvingly, is *Le Rigorisme, la doctrine du salut et la question du nombre des élus* (Brussels, 1899) by the distinguished Louvain professor, Auguste Castelein, S.J. It argues, like other books published closer to Joyce's home, against the belief prevalent during the Middle Ages and sustained well into the modern era by Cornelius à Lapide (*Portrait*, p. 503), Massillon, and others that the damned incalculably out-

number the saved or even those in purgatory.³³ It does not matter whether Joyce read this scarce book, which found much Catholic approval despite a scathing attack on its liberalism by the Redemptorist F. X. Godts. What matters is that only one more than casually acquainted with the question of eternal punishment and its ancillary issues could have known of the work's existence or of its message's dramatic appropriateness to the thoughts of Connemee, at his ease in both worlds. And when in the same episode Haines confidently imputes to Stephen an *idée fixe* related to eternal punishment, it may be more than the piece of aesthetic-tea chatter it appears. As will be seen, Stephen's reported perplexity on finding "no trace of hell in ancient Irish [Hebrew?] myth" can be taken, and may have been designed, as an irreverent capsule parody of the exegeses by, say, F. W. Farrar or E. H. Plumptre. I believe, in fact, that Buck Mulligan's diagnosis of Stephen ("they drove his wits astray . . . by visions of hell") contains more substance than one expects from this spirit that denies. The *Portrait* Stephen's half-formed vision of a priestly vocation dissolves before the threatened loss of his freedom — a consideration weakened by its anticlimactic juxtaposition with his sudden awareness of overtones of effeminacy in the priesthood and of his dislike of early rising. And the sight of hell vanishes, leaving not a rack behind. But the earlier Stephen-in-revolt exclaimed as strongly as John Stuart Mill against "obscene, stinking hells" and a millennium of "fried atheists" (*Stephen Hero*, p. 232), and the creator of both Stephens reverted mockingly to the topic in one of his few epistolary references to Dedalus, over a decade later.³⁴ I do not propose to add another shelf of books to the Alexandrian library that Joyce is already alleged to have assimilated in some twenty years, but I believe that there are enough clear indications in his works to warrant an examination of certain phases of the eternal punishment question that may have led him to *Hell Opened to Christians* and to larger considerations as well.

The movement in Protestant theology toward subjectivity

and humanism during the later nineteenth century was primarily a sympathetic response to the increasing dominance of humanitarian secularism and scientific — especially evolutionary — modes of thought, despite the unquestionable importance of Schleiermacher, Coleridge, and F. D. Maurice. It is impossible even to outline that movement here (much less Catholic reaction to it); but, during its course, such liberal and philanthropic Anglicans as A. P. Stanley and Charles Kingsley, like the freethinkers and rationalists they opposed, increasingly found it as repugnant to believe in an afterlife of eternal physical and spiritual torment for a huge majority of the human race³⁵ as to accept a purely substitutionary theory of the Atonement or Moses' authorship of the Pentateuch. Those who attacked eternal punishment did not form a concerted movement, and no one of them is entirely typical. Their opponents, Catholics especially, lumped them all as Universalists, although Anglicans like Farrar and Plumptre repudiated this eschatology, which is at least as old as Origen. But learned and articulate Universalists like Andrew Jukes played a strong part in the movement, and Farrar's position especially is often difficult to discriminate from theirs. All these writers affirm the punishment of sin, although they find it to consist primarily in the pain of loss rather than that of sense; but they deny that such punishment is purely retributive, as Pinamonti represents it. (Joyce's Stephen found no sense of retribution beyond the grave in "Irish myth" [*Ulysses*, p. 245].) Instead, they affirm on the basis of Scripture and inner conviction that the majority of souls — not all — enter the future with the same capacities for repentance, growth, and education that they had in life.³⁶ On philological grounds they reject the mistranslations and accreted meanings of "hell," "damnation," and "eternal."

Such attacks increased noticeably in the years following *Essays and Reviews*, a volume pervaded with similar ideas on continuing spiritual growth in the lives of men and nations. An adequate account would deal with F. W. Robert-

son, Erskine of Linlathen, A. R. Symonds, and others as well; but in terms of popular impact the names of F. D. Maurice and F. W. Farrar lead all the rest. In his *Theological Essays* of 1853, which cost him his professorship, Maurice held that the punishment of evil, though retributive, may also be reformatory, and he denounced all dogmatic playing with Scripture texts. To know the infinite love of God as manifested in Christ is eternal life, while eternal punishment is the being without this knowledge.³⁷ A direct and influential (again, upon the general public) consequence of this book involved the career of John William Colenso, future pentateuchal critic. The Low Church *Record's* noisy opposition to his consecration as missionary bishop of Natal, following his dedicating a volume of sermons to Maurice,³⁸ did not succeed. However, Colenso's continuing reflections on the doctrine of eternal punishment led him to reprehend it in 1855 from the viewpoint of a working missionary (in vigorous terms that Father Conmee's comfortable musings travesty) and to renounce it altogether, on exegetical grounds, five years later.³⁹ Hence, after the appearance of *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (1862 ff.) and Colenso's testimony at his subsequent trial, several reviewers found a relation between the later book's enormities and the Bishop's earlier doctrinal unsoundness.⁴⁰ If Colenso's and H. B. Wilson's (of *Essays and Reviews*) trials for heresy were indirect consequences of Maurice's teaching, their acquittals in turn were a major influence on the closing of ranks that took place among religionists in the following years. In its decision reversing the 1862 verdict of the Court of Arches condemning Wilson and another essayist, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had decided that the expression of a hope that the punishment of sinners might be terminable did not contradict the teaching of the Church of England. Protestants of several factions and — to some extent — Anglo- and Roman Catholics as well were now almost under the necessity of committing themselves

for or against the new ideas. Most conservatives aligned themselves against all "neologisms," even forming at times an uneasy united front. For instance, in 1864, while memories of Wilson's and Colenso's acquittals were still fresh, the scholarly Tractarian leader E. B. Pusey in an Oxford sermon described the company of the damned in terms that echo the murky early jeremiads of C. H. Spurgeon, the popular evangelist — between whose ilk and Pusey's, relations were ordinarily on a Sweeney-Eliot footing: "fierce, fiery eyes of hate ever fixed on thee . . . sleepless in their horrible gaze; hear those yells of blaspheming concentrated hate, as they echo along the lurid vault of hell." ⁴¹ Maurice had held the essence of eternal punishment to consist in the pain of loss, which Pusey stresses in this sermon, giving only a phrase to the torments of sense. Yet even these excerpts show plainly how little mitigation was afforded by the substitution of spiritual pains for corporeal ones. Despite Lecky's claim that pictures of torment had nearly vanished from theological writing by the 1860's, ⁴² orthodox representations of infernal tortures in various forms persisted well into Joyce's college years.

Dean Farrar's once-famous sermons on *Eternal Hope*, preached late in 1877 in Westminster Abbey, added little doctrinally to the positions taken by Maurice (and, it may be added, Tennyson) and developed by others; their importance to us lies in the astonishingly wide public interest that they and Pusey's reply to them created. This holds true of Catholic writers as well, as is shown by the number of articles on Farrar's subjects that appeared in Romanist periodicals in the next two decades. Such writers could make no concessions to Universalism, but at the same time many showed that they were not indifferent to the tensions produced by medieval conceptions of hell in a scientific and humanitarian age. In words that might have come from *Eternal Hope*, an article of 1882 urged that heaven and hell be regarded as not primarily "*places but states*" — of eternal union with God or of lasting hostility toward him. ⁴³ During Joyce's

second year in college, an Irish Jesuit published a book, possibly modeled after Father Castelein's, with the object of proving that the saved outnumber the lost, contrary to the upholders of "severe opinions."⁴⁴ (This is not to imply that anything like a wave of liberal sentiment swept over British Catholicism but only to indicate that concern with the question was not confined to Protestants.) Although thoughtful Catholics might find ironical amusement in the near-approaches of some trusters in the larger hope to the reprobated Romish doctrine of purgatory, they also recognized that the bandying-about of unsanctioned teaching by popular preachers and in books like Pinamonti's had imposed needless strains on belief and furnished their most militant opponents with a whole arsenal. Instead of reaching for "the extreme limit of human imagination," warned the *Catholic World* in 1893, let the preacher remember that, since the chief pains of hell are spiritual, analogies between the *poena sensus* and earthly fire are irrelevant at best. For terror to have effect, its reality must be believed in, and such belief is waning.⁴⁵ Although this writer clearly speaks only for himself, his feelings were not unique. Not long before, the Catholic convert and distinguished biologist, St. George Mivart, had avowed that the breed of the "repulsive and widely known book entitled *Hell Opened to Christians*" was a lion in the path of many Catholics, professing and would-be, and that "hundreds of lecturers" were gaining aid and comfort from such gratuitous additions to what the church had defined.⁴⁶ Mivart did nothing for the cogency of his argument by defending the repulsive book's methods as the only means by which the preacher can convey the *relative* superiority of heaven; and the authorities were unsympathetic toward his contention that Catholics may believe, like Universalists, in a gradual amelioration of the lot of the damned. In the notoriety they achieved among Catholics, however, Mivart's articles are comparable with the *Eternal Hope* sermons — so much so that his unspecified lecturers may have gained additional aid and comfort from,

say, Achilles Daunt's rebuttal of his ideas (*Tablet*, December 17, 1892), containing a detailed exposition of the pains of sense according to Liguori, whose similarities to Pinamonti we have already seen.

Mivart calls *Hell Opened* "widely known," and there are indications that it was, if chiefly *sub rosa*; yet the bad fame he ascribes to it properly belongs to one of its lineal nineteenth-century descendants. Over ten years before, the influential *Dublin Review*, in an important article directed against the followers of Maurice, had considered the problem that was to vex Mivart and had anticipated at least part of his verdict. After explaining what is of Catholic faith concerning hell, the *Review* admitted that many books and preachers have spoken of physical torments in language "far from philosophically correct" and added the important corollary that, since no Catholic need give credence to such details offered them "in the nature of illustration," the question of hellfire sermons is to be tried chiefly on pragmatic and aesthetic grounds. And, in the *Review's* estimation, "grotesque horrors such as the late saintly Father Furness [*sic*] used to describe in his retreats, are bad in art and ineffective in result."⁴⁷

The "saintly Father Furness" was the Reverend John Joseph Furniss, C.S.S.R. (1809-65), and the "grotesque horrors" are displayed in his thirteen penny "Books for Children, and Young Persons," first printed by James Duffy probably between 1856 and 1863 — displayed most of all in Book x, *The Sight of Hell*. It was this tract of thirty-two pages that sustained most of the assaults of which Mivart speaks. Many of these denunciations were never printed, but, in those that were, *The Sight of Hell* stands out as Exhibit A in so many cases against everlasting punishment that it is not exaggeration to call it a principal cause of all such litigation.

Born of a Catholic family, Father Furniss in 1850 joined the Redemptorists, only recently come to England, moved by his lifelong admiration of St. Alphonsus Liguori. During

the next thirteen years he took part in over a hundred retreats in England and Ireland, many of them among the potato-famine poor. After 1855, however, he concentrated upon separate children's missions, for which he evolved an approach all his own. "Children," he declared, "cannot reason, you must make them understand through their feelings and imagination."⁴⁸ And, like Pinamonti, whose tract he appears to have known and used, Furniss was nothing if not concrete: at least two of his hearers remembered the sermon on hell as "very terrible" after thirty-five years.

Hell, exactly four thousand miles distant, is filled with torrents and fogs of fire so hot that one spark would dry up all the water of earth; yet it burns without giving light, cloaked in rolling sulphurous clouds of smoke. The shrieks of "millions and millions of tormented creatures mad with the fury of Hell" assail the ears; the stench of countless corpses, one of which, says St. Bonaventure, would infect all the earth, tortures the smell; a river of tears shed by the damned, who weep for the pain and "because they have lost the beautiful heaven," flows forever. Each soul has a "striking devil" (see Job 2:7) to ulcerate its body and a "mocking devil" to torment it with thoughts of good occasions lost, while every nerve, bone, and muscle "quivers" with fire that rages in the skull, shooting out of eyes and ears. Enduring one insect's sting for a lifetime, or beholding at midnight the ghost of one long dead, would only foreshadow the pain and terror of hell's venomous creeping worms and sights and sounds dreadful beyond description. And yet these, in turn, are nothing compared with the pain of having lost the heavenly joys which the damned, for their greater torment, are allowed to glimpse at Judgment.⁴⁹

Morbid as this is, we have met its like before (although not in rivalry with *The Water Babies*), and by itself it might have attracted no more lasting attention than Furniss' penny-dreadful word-paintings of phosphorescent charnel-house horrors or the drunkard's vile life and death.⁵⁰ During their

guided tour of the inferno, however, the children behold a series of dungeons along the flaming walls. In the first stands a girl who thought only of vanities:

What a terrible dress she has on — her dress is made of fire. On her head she wears a bonnet of fire. It is pressed down close all over her head; it . . . burns into the skin; it scorches the bone of the skull and makes it smoke. The red hot fiery heat burns into the brain and melts it. . . . Think what a headache that girl must have.

But most occupants are children:

But listen! there is a sound just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle which is boiling? No; then what is it? . . . The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones!

In the fifth dungeon:

See! it is a pitiful sight. The little child [from another tract, *The Terrible Judgment*] is in this red hot oven. Hear how it screams to come out. See how it turns and twists . . . in the fire. It beats its head against the roof of the oven. It stamps its little feet on the floor of the oven. You can see on the face of this little child what you see on the faces of all in Hell — despair, desperate and horrible! . . . God was very good to this child. Very likely God saw that this child would . . . never repent, and so it would have to be punished much more in Hell. So God in His mercy called it out of the world in its early childhood.⁵¹

The curious logic of party spirit lets the author's memorialist assure us that only "vague and unsound" Protestant elements took up arms against Furniss, while at the same time, it seems, his loving circumstantiality should not be taken too literally — even, presumably, by Catholics. (We also learn, however, that in his last illness Father Furniss often repeated the opinion of Blossius that anyone dying in a perfect act of resignation will escape hell and purgatory.)⁵² Conjectures aside, these three passages in which horrific eschatology is

set forth in the tone of a children's primer, together with the *permissu superiorum* on its title page, brought the tract an astonishing celebrity. As late as 1895 its Dublin publisher estimated total sales of the "Books for Children" at over four million, adding that they still sold "very extensively, . . . especially No. x [*The Sight of Hell*] and some others, owing to the attacks made upon them on public platforms and in the press by enemies of the Church." Father Furniss often distributed his tracts to the children at retreats, where they are said to have circulated at the rate of a thousand a month "with great effect."⁵³ The effect may have been greater on adults than on children, who often manage to keep a saner perspective than philanthropic liberals or "the great army of free-thinkers . . . besieging the venerable superstitions of the past"⁵⁴ who held up *The Sight* as the epitome of iniquitous priestcraft. In his *History of European Morals* (1869) W. E. H. Lecky viewed it in a lengthy note as the continuation of medieval efforts to infuse young minds with "a spirit of blind and abject credulity" and quoted substantially from three dungeon-sights in order to alert Englishmen, referring interested readers to an unnamed "book on *Hell*, translated from the Italian of Pinamonti."⁵⁵ Lecky's famous book by itself would have been enough to make both priests' works widely known. It may have led the prominent Unitarian minister, William Rathbone Greg, best remembered for *The Creed of Christendom*, to procure the copy of *The Sight of Hell* from which he quoted in 1872 to show that "material conceptions of the place of punishment" had by no means been discarded in the enlightened present.⁵⁶ In such extravagant eschatology as the striking devil, the dress of fire, and the child in the oven, Greg found, like the *Dublin Review*, an explanation of the average Christian's professed belief in hell and practical disregard of it. A master-in-chancery, one Gerald Fitzgibbon, acknowledged the same year in *Roman Catholic Priests and National Schools* that Lecky's book led him to Furniss and Pinamonti, whose

iniquities enabled him to see the national education issue as a struggle between a Church of England Ormazd and a Romish Ahriman.⁵⁷ Like Greg and Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Annie Besant emphasized that *The Sight* represented "Roman Catholic *authorized* teaching" and scornfully examined excerpts from the passages given in Greg to support her attack on the illogicality of eternal punishment.⁵⁸ And the lasting effects of the imagery of Furniss, as well as its continuing diffusion, are suggested by a report of nearly twenty years later that Mrs. Besant's denunciations of "the frightful immorality of . . . doctrines about Hell have been hailed with enthusiastic plaudits from a large London audience."⁵⁹

Neither Mrs. Besant nor Greg mentioned Pinamonti. However, Dean Farrar did, both in the immensely popular *Eternal Hope* sermons, in their twentieth printing by 1904, and in their longer sequel, *Mercy and Judgment* (1882), written in answer to Pusey's *What Is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?* (1880) and still of value. In the former, as instances of the "utterly untenable forcing of . . . metaphoric language" by popular hellfire preachers, Farrar adduced an otherwise unidentified pamphlet of extracts "from Pinamonti and Father Furniss (*permissu superiorum*) containing passages too unutterably revolting, illustrated by woodcuts of such abhorrent atrocity, that even to look at them seemed to involve guilt." In the latter book he reverted twice in the strongest terms to the "frightful woodcuts of Pinamonti" and again warned the reader that it is *permissu superiorum* ("two sad and startling words") that the "coarse ravings of a vulgar imagination" in such "dreadful" tracts as *The Sight of Hell* are given to the public.⁶⁰ One final reference from the 1880's is of particular interest, not as a critical assessment of *The Sight* ("this farrago of abominable and blasphemous trash") or as yet another anthologizing of the boiling boy and the red-hot oven, but for the arresting statement that *Hell Opened to Christians* by "the Jesuit Pinamonti" was "translated or adapted" by Furniss as *The Sight of Hell*. The

Reverend Sir George W. Cox, Bishop Colenso's biographer, was partly mistaken here; *The Sight*, though probably indebted to its predecessor, is based primarily on St. Frances of Rome's vision of the three levels of hell, and Furniss was not "also a member of the Society of Jesus."⁶¹ Still, this faulty information would have been of interest to anyone whose curiosity had already been piqued by *The Sight*.

No further witnesses need be called upon to prove the conspicuousness of this work during the late Victorian debate over the scriptural basis for belief in a terminable and remedial punishment after death, the alleged paucity of the saved, and related issues. What is equally clear is that anyone acquainted — even indirectly — with the written or unwritten literature of these questions not only must have been introduced to Furniss' tract but must also have garnered an impression of it somewhat as follows: *The Sight of Hell* is the *ne plus ultra* among those crudely materialistic representations of tortures that are designed to terrify into obedience; its teaching is sanctioned by the Catholic church;⁶² and behind it — perhaps even as its source — is a sinister work by an Italian Jesuit which, as we have seen, enjoyed an unsavory repute in Joyce's schooldays. From the references in *Ulysses*, it is plain that Joyce had heard of the eternal-punishment issues at least before the date of the Wandering Rocks; and, since it is difficult to imagine Father Castelein's *Le Rigorisme* cropping up in Zurich conversations some twenty years after the book's publication, it is reasonable to infer that Joyce's knowledge of the question dates from a much earlier time (probably from his college years) and that his knowledge was more than superficial. And, if it was, then Father Furniss' *Sight of Hell* almost certainly formed part of it. True, Joyce might have been introduced to famous painters of hellfire by means of the sermons that were plentiful during his youth: "Just imagine a Mission," wrote a Catholic layman in sympathy with Mivart, "without a good orthodox sermon on Hell!"⁶³ Yet for all their "ma-

terial fire of the most terrible description" that, according to this writer, formed the ordinary teaching of hell among Catholics, such sermons would hardly have dwelt upon the failure of modern critics to find everlasting damnation of the sinful or the unbaptized taught in the Bible — which, after all, was the root principle of the entire liberal movement under discussion here and which Haines seems to allude to in *Ulysses*. It is interesting, however, that Father J. A. Cullen, S.J., spiritual father at Belvedere and the probable original of Father Arnall,⁶⁴ was noted for a "lurid" style of sermon. I know of no evidence that he ever employed either of the two tracts in describing the punishment of sin, but it is told that an 1849 mission conducted by two Jesuits who "dealt generously in death and Hell-fire" had an immense effect on him and that Cullen himself remembered a presumably similar Redemptorist mission five years later as the decisive event of his youth.⁶⁵ It would have been theatrically appropriate had Father Furniss taken part in this second mission, as he might have; but he did not. Most of his books, however, received their imprimatur the following year, and their contents may have been known to Furniss' associates who preached there. In any event, although actual sermons heard by Joyce undoubtedly contributed much to the retreat episode, this does not rule out the likelihood of Joyce's first-hand knowledge of writers on the larger hope. The indignation displayed in *Stephen Hero* over "obscene, stinking hells" strongly resembles the tone of the more outspoken denunciations of Furniss that have been reviewed. And this feeling is surely the author's own, not that of a persona; its absence from the *Portrait* is a measure of the increased distance between the later work's protagonist and his creator and not a sign that the earlier attitude was a Heroic pose or that the subject had faded from Joyce's mind.⁶⁶

Joyce could have made little use of *The Sight*; its episodic lack of coherence and childish tone are equally unsuited to Joyce's preacher and to his hearers. Its chief importance (if,

as I think, he knew of it) lay in calling his attention to Pina-monti's rigorous and vigorous analyses, whose efficiency, force, and scientific precision have been noted by Thomas Merton.⁶⁷ However, the problem of just how *Hell Opened to Christians* came into Joyce's hands is ultimately of the same order as the question of whether the retreat sermon of the *Portrait* corresponds to a particular event in the author's life. Even if the latter question could be answered affirmatively, this would not alter the fact that the correspondence between Joyce's and Dedalus' lives is primarily an inward one. Joyce in the *Portrait* seeks a local habitation (seldom a name) for stages in the self-realization of a personality — one that he had largely left behind him by the time of writing. He is concerned with psychological and metaphorical appositeness of event to thought and feeling rather than with literal accuracy in recording circumstances. Searching as he was for external correlatives of inward experience, he would and must have echoed George Moore's "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve" — from contemporary theological literature, from obscure Dublin bookstalls, even from hearsay. It is his "inspired cribbing,"⁶⁸ his gift for transforming such unwieldy material as *Hell Opened to Christians* into one of the most dramatic and effective portions of the novel, that makes examination of Joyce's sources worthwhile.

NOTES

1. Editions of Joyce's works cited in the text are: *A Portrait*, in *The Portable James Joyce*, ed. Harry Levin (New York: Viking, 1947); *Stephen Hero*, ed. Theodore Spencer (New York: New Directions, 1944); and *Ulysses* (New York: Modern Library, 1934). Permission of the publishers to quote from these editions is gratefully acknowledged.

2. James T. Farrell, *The League of Frightened Philistines* (New York, [1945]), pp. 51-52; Marvin Magalaner (with R. M. Kain), *Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation* (New York, 1956), pp. 25, 114; W. Y. Tindall, *James Joyce* (New

York and London, 1950), p. 9; Hugh Kenner, *Dublin's Joyce* (London, 1955), pp. 127, 128; W. T. Noon, S.J., "James Joyce and Catholicism," *James Joyce Review*, 1 (December, 1957), 13. With this last cf. *Catholic World*, cv (June, 1917), 395-97.

3. *Joyce among the Jesuits* (New York, 1958), pp. 36-37, 128-30, 138, 141-42.

4. *Silent Years* (New York, 1953), pp. 18-19; cf. *ibid.*, p. 152.

5. Percy Dearmer, *The Legend of Hell* (London, 1929), pp. 46-47.

6. Text in *Opere del padre Gio: Pietro Pinamonti della Compagnia di Gesù, con un breve Ragguaglio della sua vita*. . . . (Parma, 1706), pp. 295-311.

7. Frederic W. Farrar, *Eternal Hope* (New York, 1880), p. liii; cf. Dearmer, *Legend of Hell*, p. 11.

8. As Father Arnall explains, mortal sin has two aspects. Since the malice of the first consists in seeking forbidden satisfaction through the senses, it is punished through the senses. The pain of sense, strictly speaking, is fire; the other torments in Pinamonti and writers in this tradition are called "accidental." The far greater malice of sin's second aspect lies in the soul's abandoning of God, and this is punished with the far greater torment of the *poena damni* or eternal separation from God. This is the "core" of eternal punishment, and, although the fire is real, not metaphorical, no one can specify the exact nature of its action, as St. Augustine declared (*City of God* xx 16). — Joseph Hontheim in *Catholic Encyclopedia* (1910), s.v. "Hell."

9. The corresponding sections are as follows. Pinamonti, Consideration 1: *Portrait*, pp. 373-74, par. 1; II: p. 374, par. 2 — p. 376, par. 1; III: p. 376, par. 2 — p. 377, par. 2 *passim*; IV: p. 382, par. 2 — p. 383, par. 1; V: p. 383, par. 2 — p. 385, par. 2; VI: p. 385, par. 3 — p. 386; VII: pp. 387-90 *passim*.

10. Arnall's reference to Ecclesiastes 7:40 at the opening of the retreat (*Portrait*, p. 360) should be, of course, to Ecclesiasticus; and it might be inferred, assuming Joyce took these biblical references from *Hell Opened*, that here on page 381 he intended once more to satirize his preacher's learning, this time by changing the verse number given in Pinamonti. If so, he inadvertently achieved just the opposite effect. Both errors may have been mere slips of the pen. Yet in the first, oddly, Arnall's "Remem-

ber only thy last things" is almost the same as the translation of the verse in *Hell Opened* and quite different from "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin" in the Douay Version, even though Joyce must have had to look up Pinamonti's incomplete reference (p. 4) to "Eccl. vii" in order to find the verse. And, if he did so, then both the "free" translation and the blunder of the first were probably deliberate on Joyce's part.

11. Sullivan, *Joyce among the Jesuits*, p. 141.

12. *Preparation for Death*, trans. Anonymous (Louisville, n.d.), pp. 224-27, 229, 237. Cf. *Portrait*, pp. 373-75, 382, 385.

13. Clement F. Rogers, *The Fear of Hell as an Instrument of Conversion* (London, 1939), esp. chaps. iv and v; E. B. Pusey, *What Is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?* (3d ed.; Oxford and London, 1881), pp. 172 ff.

14. G. G. Coulton, *Five Centuries of Religion*, I (Cambridge, 1923), esp. 29, 61, 70-73, 89, and Appendix II.

15. Tertullian *Apologeticus* xivii; St. Gregory *Dialogues* xlii; *Summa Theol.*, Part III, Suppl., Q97, arts. iv and vii.

16. Tertullian, "Of Public Shows" xxx (cf. *Apologeticus* xlviii); St. Gregory *Dialogues* xxxi (cf. xxix-xxx, xxxvi, and *Moralia* xv); Bede *Ecclesiastical History* xii; Edwards, *Works* (New York, 1881), IV, 260-61. See also Augustine *City of God* xxi. 2-4; *Summa Theol.*, Part III, Suppl., Q97, arts. i, v, and vi; or even Robert Pollok, *The Course of Time* (Edinburgh, 1827), Book I, ll. 250-69.

17. St. Alphonsus Liguori, *Reflections on Spiritual Subjects*, trans. Anonymous (Boston, 1851), p. 114.

18. Lessius, *The Names of God . . .* [selections from *De perfectionibus*], trans. T. J. Campbell (New York, 1912), pp. 221-22; *Summa Theol.*, Part III, Suppl., Q98, arts. i, iv, and v.

19. Lib. xiii, cap. xxiv, xxix (text of *Opuscula* [Paris, 1881], I, 463, 509).

20. Taylor, *Works* (London, 1853), II, 390-93. Robert Gathorne-Hardy discusses this work's origins in *The Golden Grove*, ed. L. P. Smith (Oxford, 1930), p. 328.

21. *Obras escogidas*, ed. D. E. Zepeda-Henriquez (Madrid, 1957), II, 210, 214-15. *La Diferencia* was translated into Latin, Italian, and English.

22. *Think Well On't: or, Reflections on the Great Truths*

of the Christian Religion (Derby, 1843), pp. 45-46. (First published in 1728.)

23. *Eternal Hope*, p. 67.

24. *Four [Considerations] on Eternity* [with works by Pinamonti and La Nuza], trans. Anonymous (London, 1877), p. 94. Manni's *La Prigione eterna dell' inferno* (1669), which I have not seen, is said to be similar to *Hell Opened to Christians* (St. George Mivart, *Nineteenth Century*, xxxii [December, 1892], 902).

25. *Preparation for Death*, p. 238; *Obras escogidas*, II, 24.

26. *Considerations of Drexelius upon Eternity*, trans. Ralph Winterton (London, 1689), p. 92. Cf. Nieremberg, *loc. cit.*

27. *Little Book of Eternal Wisdom*, trans. Anonymous (London, [1910]), p. 68. Coulton, Wright, Lecky, and others deal thoroughly with medieval ideas of future punishment; for recent times the best chart is Ezra Abbot's valuable bibliography appended to W. R. Alger's *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life* (Philadelphia, 1864) — historically important, but often more exhortative than critical. Dearmer's important *Legend of Hell* is primarily a study of the scriptural basis of the belief.

28. "James Joyce and Catholicism," p. 13.

29. *Summa of the Christian Life*, trans. and ed. Jordan Aumaun (St. Louis and London, 1957), III, 347, 349.

30. E.g., the accounts of death and judgment in Pinamonti, *Opere*, pp. 151-52, 156-58, 262-63; Liguori, *Preparation for Death*, pp. 215-22; St. Francis of Sales, *Philothea or an Introduction to the Devout Life* (New York and London, [1923]), pp. 30, 32-33.

31. *Summa Theol.*, Part III, Suppl., Q94, art. iii.

32. Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York, 1958), pp. 80-82. See also Stephen Hero, p. 57, and Sullivan, *Joyce among the Jesuits*, pp. 36-37.

33. Coulton, *Five Centuries*, I, 445-49; Dearmer, *Legend of Hell*, pp. 59-61. Coulton's confusion of Castelein's book with F. X. Godts's (*op. cit.*, II, 665) is repeated by Dearmer (*op. cit.*, p. 59 n.).

34. "He throve on the smell / Of a horrible hell / That a Hottentot wouldn't believe in" (*Letters*, ed. Stuart Gilbert [New York, 1957], p. 102).

35. Writing in a friendly spirit, Lecky in 1865 described the

main characteristic of modern Christianity as a "boundless philanthropy," even to the point of "effeminate sentimentality" (*History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* [rev. ed.; New York and London, 1925], I, 347-48). Cf. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, *Sermons* (New York, 1893-94), II, 264 (ca. 1857).

36. As in E. H. Plumptre, *The Spirits in Prison* . . . (New York, 1885), pp. 21-23.

37. *Theological Essays* (2d ed.; New York, 1854), p. 341.

38. G. W. Cox, *Life of John William Colenso* (London, 1888), I, 47-48, 149.

39. *Ten Weeks in Natal* (Cambridge, 1855), pp. 252-53; *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* . . . (New York, 1863), pp. 164-85, 198.

40. E.g., *Christian Observer*, LXII (1862), 940.

41. *Everlasting Punishment* (Oxford and London, 1864), p. 15. Cf. Spurgeon, *Sermons*, I, 313; II, 275-76.

42. Lecky, *Rationalism*, I, 338.

43. [Richard J.(?) Clarke], "Eternal Punishment and Eternal Love," *The Month*, XLIV (January, 1882), 15.

44. Nicholas Walsh, S.J., *The Comparative Number of the Saved and the Lost* (Dublin, 1899), p. 106.

45. Augustine F. Hewitt, "Ignis aeternus," *Catholic World*, LVII (1893), 19, 24.

46. "Happiness in Hell," *Nineteenth Century*, xxxii (December, 1892), 902, 916-18; "Last Words on the Happiness in Hell: A Rejoinder," *ibid.*, xxxiii (April, 1893), 646-48. Mivart's dissatisfactions led finally to his break with ecclesiastical authority and subsequent excommunication.

47. "Everlasting Punishment," *Dublin Review*, v (3d ser., 1881), 137-38.

48. T[homas] Livius, C.SS.R., *Father Furniss and His Work for Children* (London, etc., 1896), p. 58.

49. *The Sight of Hell* (Dublin and London, n.d.), pp. 3-4, 6-9, 13-17.

50. *God and His Creatures* (the collected edition of the Books [London, 1864]), pp. 162-64, 323-27.

51. *Sight of Hell*, pp. 17-18, 20-21. Furniss also wrote *God Loves Little Children*.

52. Livius, *Father Furniss*, pp. 114, 139, 168.

53. *Ibid.*, pp. 101, 116, 171.
54. Annie Besant, *On Eternal Torture* (London, [1874]), p. 3.
55. *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (5th ed.; London, 1882), II, 223-24, n. 2. Lecky appears to have modified his opinion of 1865. See above, n. 42.
56. *Enigmas of Life* (Boston, 1875), pp. 267-69 n.
57. Fitzgibbon's overstatements and inaccuracies drew a singularly inept reply from T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., reprinted in his *Blunders and Forgeries* (London, 1890), pp. 114-56.
58. *On Eternal Torture*, pp. 7-8.
59. Mivart, "Last Words on the Happiness in Hell," p. 646.
60. *Eternal Hope*, p. liii; *Mercy and Judgment* (2d ed.; London, 1882), pp. 106-7, 136.
61. *Life of John William Colenso*, I, 158-59.
62. Cf. *Stephen Hero*, p. 232: "they believe in the infallibility of the Pope and in all his obscene, stinking hells."
63. H. McCann, in *The Tablet*, LXXXI (February 18, 1893), 258.
64. Sullivan, *Joyce among the Jesuits*, 128-29.
65. Lambert McKenna, S.J., *Life and Work of Rev. James Aloysius Cullen* (London, 1924), pp. 13-14, 34, 97.
66. One final point suggests that Joyce knew *The Sight of Hell*. We have seen that the bird carrying away the sandhill of eternity a grain at a time is a stock image. Father Arnall makes an extended use of it; Pinamonti, however, ignores it. But the bird appears in one of Furniss' hyperboles as part of a strikingly ill-reasoned illustration: "Think of a great solid iron ball, larger than the Heavens and the earth. A bird comes once in a hundred millions of years and just touches the great iron ball with a feather of its wing. Think that you have to burn in a fire till the bird has worn the great iron ball away with its feather. Is this Eternity? No" (p. 24).
67. *The Seven Storey Mountain* (New York, 1948), p. 211.
68. Richard Ellmann, Introduction to *My Brother's Keeper* by Stanislaus Joyce, p. xv.

The Characterization of Molly Bloom

JOSEPH PRESCOTT

I

An abbreviated version of this paper was read at the Fourth Triennial Conference of the International Association of University Professors of English, at the University of Lausanne, on August 28, 1959. The writing of the paper was made possible, in part, by a sabbatical leave of absence from Wayne State University and a grant-in-aid from the Modern Language Association of America. A few sentences, with some revision, are reprinted by permission of the publishers from my "James Joyce's *Ulysses* as a Work in Progress" in *Summaries of Theses Accepted in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy [in Harvard University], 1943-1945*, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, Copyright, 1947, by The President and Fellows of Harvard College. Joyce's revisions are quoted by permission of the James Joyce Estate.

AS the paper which follows represents a chapter of a longer study, I should like to make a few introductory and, later, a few concluding observations on the place of this chapter within the study as a whole.

The purpose of this study is to analyze the technique of *Ulysses* as it is revealed by the growth of the text through

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the innumerable, extensive, and significant changes which the author made in various stages in the writing of the book. As the materials of *Ulysses* were going through the creative process in now widely scattered manuscripts, typescripts, proof sheets, and other preliminary drafts, the revisions added up to an enormous body of evidence which yields much new light on Joyce's intentions and methods.

The present study takes account of such things as the manuscript notebooks and sheets in the University of Buffalo Library and the Cornell University Library, the manuscript of *Ulysses* in the Rosenbach Foundation, a certain number of scattered typescript sheets, the partial and untrustworthy serial version in the *Little Review*, a large collection of proof sheets in the Harvard University Library, several proof sheets in the Yale University Library, and other documents in private hands. The fact that the proofs in the Harvard Library alone offer from one to eight galleys for any given segment of *Ulysses* should indicate how the materials afford a fascinating insight into Joyce's methods as well as a basis for observations on the entire history of the evolution of the novel.

This paper is the last of four chapters on characterization, the first dealing with Stephen Dedalus, the second with Leopold Bloom,* and the third with minor characters.

So far as characterization generally is concerned, Joyce's recorded remarks encourage one to believe that he started with large and fluid concepts which he then proceeded to particularize by concrete, detailed illustration. The reader's

* The first appeared as "The Characterization of Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*" in *Litterature Moderne*, ix (March-April, 1959), 145-63; a summary of the second as "The Characterization of Leopold Bloom" in *Literature and Psychology*, ix (Winter, 1959), 3-4. For one of two chapters on style, see "Stylistic Realism in Joyce's *Ulysses*" in *A James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series*, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Carbondale [Ill.], 1959), pp. 15-66; for a summary of the other, see "The Language of James Joyce's *Ulysses*" in *Langue et Littérature: Actes du VIII^e Congrès de la Fédération Internationale des Langues et Littératures Modernes* (Paris, 1961), pp. 306-7.

experience, however, is inductive, and only after building up a character bit by bit can he perceive the pattern of the whole. More importantly, working from the preliminary versions, he begins at a stage that is inductive for both author and reader, the author introducing details, the reader following the author, both building toward the whole, the first from preconceived outlines, the second toward outlines that are yet to be apprehended. Painstakingly, indefatigably, Joyce linked together the innumerable atoms that finally emerge as Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, the minor characters, and Molly Bloom. With the benefit of hindsight the reader of the published text may fluently formulate these people as products of this, that, and other forces; the process of creation, however, is recaptured only when he retraces the steps which Joyce took in shaping his characters.

II

Like her husband, Mrs. Bloom is a new creation in *Ulysses*; and again, in consequence, the various stages in the writing swarm with changes.

About the genesis of Molly, as about that of Bloom, Herbert Gorman gives us authoritative information:

There were two models for this great character of Molly Bloom, one a Dubliner and the other an Italian. The war-time correspondence of the Italian passed through Joyce's hands during the period he lived in Zurich. There was nothing political in these letters, whose grammar Joyce corrected, but the Austrian censors must have had more than one sizzling moment while reading them. That, however, did not perturb the full-blooded Italian lady.¹

We shall find that this account, in spite of its brevity, explains much of the character for whom the Italian woman sat.

Again as in the case of her husband, Mrs. Bloom is given no formal descriptive introduction. We grow acquainted with her physical appearance by the same process of accretion which Joyce uses for all his other characters. In view of Molly's effect upon men, it is appropriate that we gain most of our information concerning her physique from the impressions of the men who know her, chief among whom, of course, is her husband. We learn gradually — to cite only a few passages from among a great many — that she has "large soft bubs sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder" and "full lips",² large young Moorish eyes inherited with her figure from her Spanish mother,³ a "plump . . . generous arm,"⁴ thick wavy black hair,⁵ a plump body,⁶ ample buttocks,⁷ a dark complexion.⁸

The nearest thing to a formal description of Molly comes toward the end of the day and concerns not Molly herself but an approximately eight-year-old photograph of her,

showing a large sized lady, with her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion, as she was in the full bloom of womanhood, in evening dress cut ostentatiously low for the occasion to give a liberal display of bosom, with more than vision of breasts, her full lips parted, and some perfect teeth . . . eyes, dark, large, . . .⁹

For the most part, it will be noted, the likeness still holds.

In revising, Joyce adds to our awareness of several points in Molly's appearance. Thus, Bloom, ordering white wax for her, thinks: "Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes smelling herself, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs." After the second "eyes" Joyce adds ", Spanish,"¹⁰

At twilight Bloom thinks back upon Cissy Caffrey: "And the dark one with the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could whistle. Mouth made for that." After the last phrase Joyce adds: ". Like Molly."¹¹ Considering what we know about Molly's appearance, it would have been little wonder had Cissy's complexion or hair, as well as her mouth,

inspired the comparison; the three together made it inevitable.

Molly herself remembers

the day I was in fits of laughing with the giggles I couldn't stop about all my hairpins falling one after another you're always in great humour she [Josie Powell] said yes because it grigged her because she knew what it meant

Following "another" Joyce inserts "with the mass of hair I had".¹²

Looking further back to her Gibraltar days, Molly recalls: "I had everything all to myself then a girl Hester we used to compare our hair she showed me how to settle it at the back when I put it up". After "hair" Joyce adds "mine was thicker than hers".¹³

From Molly's physique it is no far cry to the most salient aspect of her character — her sexuality. She is, as Joyce wrote, "sane full amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging limited prudent indifferent Weib. "Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht!" " " ¹⁴ Other qualities only modify this central fact of her existence.

Towards all things, sex included, Molly maintains a frank attitude. Again and again she measures things by their *naturalness*. The imperturbability of the full-blooded Italian woman was not lost in Joyce's character-transfusion.

In the process of revision, Molly's emphasis on *naturalness* is augmented. Of her husband she thinks: "but of course he's not natural". After "natural" Joyce adds "like the rest of the world".¹⁵

Molly recalls Leopold's courtship: "sending me that long strol of a song out of the Huguenots to sing in French to be more classy O beau pays de la Touraine that I never even sang once". After "once" Joyce adds "explaining and rigmaroling about religion and persecution he won't let you enjoy anything naturally".¹⁶

Almost immediately afterward, Molly observes: "they

ought to make chambers a bit bigger so that a woman could sit on it properly". For "bit bigger" Joyce substitutes "natural size".¹⁷

Later in the same galley as that containing the last addition, Molly thinks about triangles: "her husband found it out well and if he did can he undo it". For "well" Joyce substitutes "what they did together well naturally".¹⁸

The sense of guilt so commonly associated with sex is foreign to Molly even beyond the borders of social convention. She recalls some of Bloom's talk: "who is in your mind now tell me who are you thinking of who is it tell me his name who tell me who the German emperor is it yes imagine Im him think of him can you feel". After "feel" Joyce adds "him trying to make a whore of me what he never will".¹⁹

Molly's straightforward acceptance of the body moves her to disgust with all mincing and concealment. She considers the books Leopold brings her: "the works of Master Francois somebody supposed to be a priest about a child born out of her ear because her bumgut fell out a nice word for any priest to write". After "write" Joyce adds "and her a — e as if any fool wouldnt know what that meant I hate that pretending of all things".²⁰

In the same vein Molly thinks of her adultery: "O much about it if thats all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears God knows its not much". After "not much" Joyce inserts "doesn't everybody only they hide it".²¹

Yet, as a member of society Molly is driven to deceit-by-silence. She considers what she will do in the morning: "Ill see if he has that French letter still in his pocketbook I suppose he thinks I dont know". After "know" Joyce inserts "deceitful men they havent pocket enough for their lies then why should we tell them if its the truth they dont believe you".²²

Molly's elemental attitude toward sex is again introduced in her thoughts on Stephen: "what is he [Bloom] driving at now". After "now" Joyce adds "showing him my photo its

not good of me still I look young in it I wonder he didnt make him a present of it altogether and me too after all why not".²³

That Molly may be completely natural, Joyce gives ambivalence to her emotion toward men: her sexual avidity is set off by resentment and hostility.

In connection with childbirth she thinks:

and Mina Purefoys husband give us a swing out of your whiskers filling her up with a child or twins once a year as regular as the clock supposed to be healthy supposing I risked having another

After "healthy" Joyce adds "not satisfied till they have us swollen out like elephants or I don't know what".²⁴

Feeling that she did not look her best while receiving Boylan, Molly explains:

besides scrooching down on me like that all the time with his big hipbones he's heavy too with his hairy chest for this heat better for him put it into me from behind

After "heat" Joyce adds "always having to lie down for them".²⁵

Again on the subject of Boylan she thinks: "I gave my eyes that look with my hair a bit loose from the tumbling and my tongue between my lips up to him Thursday Friday one Saturday two Sunday three O Lord I cant wait till Monday". After "him", between Molly's report of her recent desire for this particular male and her expression of impatience for reunion with him, Joyce inserts "the savage brute".²⁶

Having called to mind the "Aristocrats Masterpiece" and its illustrations, Molly thinks: "that's the kind of villainy they're always dreaming about with not another thing in their empty heads then tea and toast for him and newlaid eggs". After "him" Joyce adds fuel to Molly's resentment: "battered on both sides".²⁷ At a later stage, after "heads" he inserts "they ought to get slow poison the half of them".²⁸

Yet Molly can extenuate the treatment men accord

women. About Stephen's nightwandering she thinks: "his poor mother wouldnt like that if she was alive ruining himself for life perhaps". After "perhaps" Joyce adds:

still its a lovely hour so silent I used to love coming home after dances the air of the night they have friends they can talk to weve none either he wants what he wont get or its some woman ready to stick her knife in you I hate that in women no wonder they treat us the way they do I suppose its all the troubles we have makes us so snappy Im not like that ²⁹

Later, after "do" he inserts "we are a dreadful lot of bitches".³⁰

When she is in the affirmative mood, Molly excels in the science of attracting the male. Part of an addition in manuscript reads: "a young boy would like me I'd confuse him a little looking at him".³¹ In typescript, after "little" Joyce adds "and make him turn red".³² In proof, between "little" and "and" he inserts "alone with him if we were let him see my garters the new ones"; and after "looking at him" he adds "seduce him I know what boys feel with that down on their cheek".³³

Molly also knows what her husband feels. She is considering methods of retaining his attention even in the face of competition: "I know several ways". Following this phrase, in manuscript, Joyce adds a specimen: "touch him with my veil and gloves on going out one kiss then would send them all spinning however alright we'll see then".³⁴ In proof, between "ways" and "touch" he adds another specimen: "ask him to tuck down the collar of my blouse or".³⁵ In a later proof, he changes "several" to "plenty of".³⁶

But Molly's technique has a history, and we are admitted to a number of pages in the chapter on The Winning of Leopold Bloom. She remembers how she thwarted an attempt at a proposal by Bloom: "only for I put him off letting on I was in a temper with my hands and arms full of pastry flour". After "flour" Joyce adds "in any case I let out too

much the night before talking of dreams so I didnt want to let him know more than was good for him".³⁷

In connection with one of Molly's amours, Joyce, in typescript, adds the thought "he [Bloom] thinks nothing can happen without him knowing".³⁸ In proof, after "knowing" he inserts "he hadnt an idea about my mother till we were engaged otherwise hed never have got me so cheap as he did".³⁹

Molly recalls, among her readings, "the Shadow of Ashlydyat Mrs Henry Wood Henry Dunbar by that other woman". After "woman" Joyce inserts "I lent him afterwards with Mulveys photo in it so as he see I wasn't without".⁴⁰

We gain further insight into Molly's technique when her thought comes round again to her most recent lover: "I wonder was I too heavy sitting on his knee he was so busy he never felt me easy". After "knee" Joyce adds "when I took off only my blouse and skirt first".⁴¹ Later, after "first" he adds "in the other room".⁴² Later still, between "knee" and "when" he inserts "I made him sit on the easychair purposely"; and between "me" and "easy", "I hope my breath was sweet after those kissing comfits".⁴³

The last example which I shall offer of additions to Molly's technique occurs in her thoughts on Stephen Dedalus as a possible successor to Boylan: "Ill read and study all I can find so he wont think me stupid". After "find" Joyce adds "or learn a bit by heart if I knew who he likes".⁴⁴

Bound up with Molly's desire to attract the male is an old streak of exhibitionism. In manuscript, Joyce adds a childhood memory: "I'm sure that fellow opposite used to be watching with the lights out in the summer and I in my skin hopping around I used to love myself then stripped at the washstand dabbing and creaming".⁴⁵ In proof, after "creaming" he adds further "only when it came to the chamber performance I put out the light too so then there were 2 of us".⁴⁶

Now Molly is considering her program for the projected concert: "Ill sing Winds that blow from the south that he gave after the choirstairs performance". After "performance" Joyce adds "Ill change that lace on my black dress to show off my bubs and Ill yes by God Ill get that big fan mended".⁴⁷ In the light of this addition, another becomes amusing. Molly's thought has run on to Fanny M'Coy: "skinny thing with a turn in her eye trying to sing my songs shed want to be born all over again and her old green dress like dabbling on a rainy day". After "dress" Joyce adds "with the lowneck as she cant attract them any other way".⁴⁸

A derived form of exhibitionism inspires two additions. Molly is thinking about Mulvey, her first lover: "perhaps hes married some girl on the black water I was a bit wild after". Following "black water" Joyce adds "she little knows what I did with her beloved husband before he ever dreamt of her in broad daylight too in the sight of the whole world you might say".⁴⁹ Later, after "say" he inserts "they could have put an article about it in the Chronicle".⁵⁰

Concerning the possibility of Stephen as successor to Boylan, in a context recently cited, Molly thinks: "and I can teach him [Stephen] the other part Ill make him feel all over him then hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our photographs in the papers when he becomes famous". To insure the full satisfaction of Molly's desire for the advertising of her conquest, Joyce adds "all" before "the papers".⁵¹

After her person, if not before, the most powerful weapon in a woman's arsenal is her clothing — a fact of which Molly is not unmindful. From the text of one galley we may infer that, when she had removed her blouse and skirt, she came in to Boylan in "a short blue silk petticoat," which Bloom later sees. But Joyce deletes "short", and for "silk petticoat" he substitutes "accordion underskirt of blue silk moirette".⁵² Molly's personal charms now turn out to have been reinforced, not by a plain blue silk undergarment, but

by one that is likely to have acted upon Boylan more strikingly. Furthermore, the shortness is not permanently eliminated. A short underskirt would be likely, by flaring, to add fullness to Molly's already sizable buttocks, an effect which would hardly escape the sexological technician in Molly — and didn't. For Joyce merely postpones this part of his description of the underskirt to Molly's memory of Boylan's behavior: "no thats no way for him has he no manners . . . slapping us behind like that on my bottom . . . O well I suppose its because they were so plump and tempting in my short petticoat he couldnt resist".⁵³

The relationship between the uses of women's clothing and women's preoccupation with and awareness of clothing, hardly needs arguing. Molly shows repeatedly that she has an eye and a memory for her wearing apparel and others', both women's and men's. Thus, in manuscript, she thinks concerning Boylan: "lovely stuff in that blue suit he had on and stylish tie and silk socks he's certainly well off".⁵⁴ In proof, this passage ends: "and socks with the skyblue silk things on them hes certainly welloff". After "welloff" Joyce adds "I know by the cut his clothes have and his heavy watch".⁵⁵

Molly recalls her Spanish days:

thats why I was afraid when that other ferocious old bull began to charge the banderilleros and the brutes of men shouting bravo toro sure the women were as bad ripping all the whole insides out of those poor horses

After "banderilleros" Joyce inserts "with the things in their hats". Then, after the newly introduced "the", he adds further "sashes and the 2". And after "bad" he inserts "in their nice white mantillas".⁵⁶

Molly remembers the departure of a friend from Gibraltar: "she had a gorgeous wrap on her for the voyage". Following this phrase Joyce adds, in typescript: "made very peculiarly to one side like and it was extremely pretty".⁵⁷ In

proof, after "wrap" he adds "of some special kind of blue colour".⁵⁸

Molly is thinking about Mulvey: "my blouse open for his last day". After "day" Joyce adds "transparent kind of shirt he had I could see his chest pink".⁵⁹

About the photograph of herself which Bloom showed to Stephen, Molly thinks: "its not good of me still I look young in it". After "me" Joyce inserts "I ought to have got it taken in drapery that never looks out of fashion".⁶⁰

True to life, Molly has thoughts which we associate particularly with the feminine mind. She recalls "that old faggot Mrs Riordan": "I suppose she was pious because no man would look at her twice". After "twice" Joyce adds "I hope Ill never be like her".⁶¹

A little later Molly thinks: "I wish some or other would take me sometimes when he's there and kiss me in his arms". Apparently the printer has been guilty of an omission, as the typescript reads "some man".⁶² In proof, Joyce changes "some" to "somebody", which he then replaces with the original "some man"⁶³ — eliminating the neutral "-body" so that Molly, as a female mind, again thinks of the somebody in terms of masculinity.

The maternal instinct in Molly also expresses itself: "supposing I risked having another not of him [Boylan] though still if he was married Im sure hed have a fine strong child but I dont know Poldy has more spunk in him". After the second "him" Joyce adds "yes thatd be awfully jolly".⁶⁴

Molly's experience as a mother inspires an addition. She thinks: "an hour he was at them [her breasts] Im sure by the clock all the pleasure those men get out of a woman". After "clock" Joyce adds "like some kind of a big infant I had at me they want everything in their mouth".⁶⁵

Molly considers the time: "a quarter after what an un-earthly hour". After "hour" Joyce adds "I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing their pigtails for the day".⁶⁶ At a later stage, after "combing" Joyce adds "out"⁶⁷

— completing a thought most likely to occur to a woman with thick long hair which she probably has to comb out each morning. It should also be remembered that we are dealing with the year 1904, when all women wore their hair long.

The possible return of Stephen Dedalus moves Molly to think: “first I want to do the place up someway”. Joyce brings out the housewife in Molly by inserting, after this phrase, “the dust grows in it I think while Im asleep”.⁶⁸

Both cause and effect of Molly’s particular experience as a woman is her perspicacity in all matters relating to sex. She is probably not exaggerating greatly when, in considering Dublin women, she thinks: “passion God help their poor head I knew more about men and life when I was 15 than theyll all know at 50”.⁶⁹

She recalls a choir party at which Leopold sprained his foot: “Miss Stack bringing him flowers the worst old ones she could find at the bottom of the basket”. After “basket” Joyce adds, in proof: “with her old maids voice trying to imagine he was dying on account of her to never see thy face again”.⁷⁰ And between a later proof⁷¹ and the published text, again after “basket”, Joyce must have introduced “anything at all to get into a mans bedroom”.

Regarding a former confessor Molly thinks: “he had a nice fat hand the palm moist always I wouldn’t mind feeling it”. After “it” Joyce inserts “neither would he Id say by his bullneck”.⁷²

Of her experience with Boylan she thinks, in manuscript: “no I never in all my life felt anyone had one the size of that to make you feel full up”. Before “no” Joyce inserts “he must have eaten oysters I think a few dozen”.⁷³ In proof, after “up” Joyce adds “he must have a whole sheep after”.⁷⁴

In manuscript, Molly’s observing eye has learned to recognize vicarious affection: “she used to be always embracing me Josie whenever he was there meaning him of course”. After “course” Joyce adds:

glauming me over and when I said I washed up and down as far as possible asking me and did you wash possible the women are always egging on to that when he's there they know by his eye the kind he is what spoils him ⁷⁵

In proof, after "his" Joyce adds "sly"; after "eye", "blinking a bit when they come out with something".⁷⁶ In a later proof, after "bit" he adds "putting on the indifferent".⁷⁷

Again in manuscript, Molly's wardrobe occupies her attention: "I've no clothes at all the men won't look at you and women try to walk on you".⁷⁸ In proof, this passage has become: "I've no clothes at all cutting up this old hat and patching up the other the men won't look at you and women try to walk on you". After "on you" Joyce adds "because they know youve no man then".⁷⁹

Besides representing the eternal feminine, Molly lives under and is conditioned by particular circumstances.

She gives evidence of the fact that she is the daughter of a soldier: "I hate the mention of politics after the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein where Gardner, Lieut Stanley, G, 8th Bn, Somerset Lt. Infantry killed". For "Somerset Lt. Infantry killed" Joyce substitutes "2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever".⁸⁰ The historical detail⁸¹ which Joyce introduces, not only gives us the feel of a mind of the time, but also prepares for a stroke of characterization. Almost immediately afterward, though in a later version, Molly thinks:

they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of the old Krugers go and fight it out between them instead of dragging on for years killing any finelooking men there were I love to see a regiment pass in review

After "were" Joyce adds "with their fever if he was even decently shot it wouldnt have been so mad".⁸² The soldier's daughter might have condoned the loss of her man had he died in the field.⁸³

Molly is proud of her military connection. She is thinking about Kathleen Kearney and her voice pupils:

anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting theyd die down dead if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officer's arm like me on the bandnight

After "interesting" Joyce adds "soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you bootmakers and publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought you were a wheelbarrow".⁸⁴

Molly's military background also influences her speech.⁸⁵ She remembers: "he [Bloom] was throwing his sheeps eyes at those two I tried to wink at him first". After "two" Joyce inserts "doing skirt duty up and down".⁸⁶

Molly's upbringing in Gibraltar has left its mark, and the Spanish content of her mind is carefully built up.

An addition to this influence is made in Bloom's memory of a night on which he went down to the pantry to get something for Molly: "What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Before Rudy was born." After the second phrase Joyce inserts "Thinking of Spain"⁸⁷ — adding an insight beyond Bloom's mind into that of his wife.

The additions to this side of Molly in her own thought are understandably more numerous. In connection with a conciliatory mission to an employer of Bloom's, she recalls: "he gave me a great eye once or twice". For "eye" Joyce substitutes "mirada".⁸⁸

Molly considers the boredom of her existence: "who did I get the last letter from O Mrs Dwenn now whatever possessed her to write after so many years". Following "years" Joyce inserts "to know the recipe I had for olla podrida". Then, for the internationally known "olla podrida" Joyce substitutes the indigenous "pisto madrilenio"⁸⁹ — bringing us closer to native Spain.

Shortly afterward Molly thinks:

he [Mulvey] wanted to touch mine with his for a moment but I wouldnt let him for fear you never know consumption or leave me with a child that old servant Ines told me that one drop even if it got into you at all

After "child" Joyce adds "embarazada".⁹⁰ One may suppose that Molly has recalled the key word in the old servant's admonition, about which we then hear more.

Molly considers marital relations: "her husband found it out well and if he did can he undo it". After "undo it" Joyce inserts "hes coronado anyway whatever he does".⁹¹

Bloom's kiss revolts Molly: "pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought is enough of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young". After "enough" Joyce adds "I kiss the feet of you senorita theres some sense in that didnt he kiss our halldoor yes he did what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas but me still".⁹²

Toward the close of her reverie Molly thinks of "the Greeks and the jews and those handsome Moors all in white like kings and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens". After "jews" Joyce adds:

and the fowl market all clucking and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls

After "kings", he adds:

asking you to sit down in their bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows two glancing eyes a lattice hid and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets⁹³

In a later galley, after "windows" Joyce inserts "of the posadas"; after "hid", "for her lover to kiss the iron and the night we stayed the watchman going about serene with his lamp".⁹⁴ The straightforward Spanish additions are obvious enough. But, as Gilbert has pointed out, Joyce also has Molly's Spanish background exert an influence upon her English, for "vague" and "serene" are "echoes of common Spanish words she used to hear at Gibraltar; *vago*, a vagrant, and *sereno*, the night-watchman's cry as he goes his rounds, 'All's well — *sereno*!' " ⁹⁵

Another important aspect of Molly is her limited intellectual equipment. Her ignorance transpires chiefly in her beliefs and in her language. Again and again her mind throws out popular superstitions. She recalls the death of Gardner, to whom she had given a ring which had been presented to her "for luck" by Mulvey: "but they [the Boers] were well beaten all the same as if it brought its bad luck with it still it must have been pure 16 carrot gold because it was very heavy". After "with it" Joyce adds "like an opal or pearl".⁹⁶

On the chamber pot Molly thinks: "easy O Lord how noisy". Following this phrase Joyce adds "I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of money from some fellow".⁹⁷

A number of additions reveal Molly's faith in cards. With regard to Stephen Dedalus she suddenly remembers:

wait by God yes wait yes he was on the cards this morning when I laid out the deck a young stranger you met before I thought it meant him but hes no chicken nor a stranger either didnt I dream something too yes there was something about poetry in it

After "deck" Joyce points up Molly's hope by inserting "union with". After the first "stranger" he adds "neither dark nor fair"; after "either":

besides my face was turned the other way what was the 7th after that the 10 of spades for a journey by land then there was a letter on its way and scandals too the 3 queens and the 8 of diamonds for a rise in society yes wait it all came out and 2 red 8s for new garments look at that and ⁹⁸

Molly is still thinking of Stephen: "if I can only get in with a handsome young poet at my age". After "age" Joyce inserts "Ill throw them the 1st thing in the morning till I see if the wishcard comes out or Ill try pairing the lady herself and see if he comes out".⁹⁹

Concerning her husband Molly thinks: "so well he may sleep and sigh the great suggester and Im to be slooching around down in the kitchen to get his lordship his breakfast". After "suggester" Joyce adds "if he knew how he came

out on the cards a dark man in some perplexity between 2 7s too in prison for Lord knows what he does that I don't know".¹⁰⁰

The superstitiousness of what religion has adhered to Molly, is exemplified by her comment on an act of faith, part of an addition in typescript: "the candle I lit that evening in Whitefriars' street chapel for the month of May see it brought its luck".¹⁰¹ Immediately before this thought, in proof, Molly recalls the thunderclap which had disturbed her sleep earlier: "till that thunder woke me up as if the world was coming to an end God be merciful to us I thought the heavens were coming down about us when I blessed myself and said a Hail Mary". After "about us" Joyce inserts "to punish us".¹⁰² Forgetting the natural attitude which she usually maintains toward sex, Molly, in the moment of fear, tries to appease the wrathful thundergod.

Later, she considers:

atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid

After "afraid" Joyce adds "of hell on account of their bad conscience".¹⁰³

As I have said, Molly's language, also, betrays her ignorance. To begin with, it abounds in error. While Joyce corrected the grammar of her Italian prototype, he brought Molly closer to her model by introducing mistakes.

When Molly remembers, "that thunder woke me up as if the world were coming to an end", Joyce changes "were" to "was".¹⁰⁴

Molly recalls Bloom's behavior when she once denied a desire of his: "he slept on the floor half the night naked and wouldnt eat any breakfast or speak a word". After "naked" Joyce introduces a confusion of tenses difficult to match even in Molly's speech: "the way the jews used when somebody dies belonged to them".¹⁰⁵

The memory of Boylan's behavior, in a passage part of which I have already cited, vexes Molly: "no that's no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement in his nature". Joyce adds one barbarism to another by inserting, after "nor no refinement", "nor nothing".¹⁰⁶ Later, he 'completes' the negation by inserting "no" between "nor" and "nothing".¹⁰⁷

Molly's limited command of the idiom helps explain her difficulty with "Unusual polysyllables of foreign origin".¹⁰⁸ In manuscript Joyce adds the thought, concerning letters of condolence, "your sad bereavement symphathy I always make that mistake and newpew with you in".¹⁰⁹ A line runs through the first "h" in "sympathy" and another through the first "w" in "newpew". The author, however, did not indicate his intention clearly enough, for in proof the addition reads: "your sad bereavement sympathy I always make that mistake and nephew with you in". For the "p" in "sympathy" Joyce therefore substitutes "ph" with a line through the "h", writing beside it the instruction "(reproduisez ainsi)". Then, for the first "e" in "nephew" he substitutes "ew" with a line through the "w", repeating his instruction and at the same time changing "you" to "2 double yous" — a more likely error.¹¹⁰ In other words, he has restored visual images as they run through Molly's mind, and, through them, the process of her corrections.¹¹¹

Soon afterward, again in manuscript, while Molly considers a correspondence with Boylan, Joyce adds a thought in part of which she gropes for a polysyllable:

I could write the answer in bed to let him imagine me short just a few words not those long crossed letters Floey Dillon used to write to the fellow that jilted her out of the ladies' letterwriter acting with precipat precip itancy with equal candour the greatest earthly happiness answer to a gentleman's proposal affirmatively¹¹²

In proof, besides a few irrelevant changes, the groping phrase has become "precipit precipitancy". After "letterwriter" Joyce adds "when I told her to say a few simple words he

could twist how he liked not".¹¹³ Molly would convert her linguistic weakness into lovers' strategy.

From Gibraltar days she recalls Mrs. Rubio, who domineered over her "because I didnt run into mass often enough in Santa Maria to please her with all her miracles of the saints and the sun dancing 3 times on Easter Sunday morning". After "morning" Joyce adds "and when the priest was going by with the *vatican* to the dying blessing herself for his Majestad".¹¹⁴

Joyce gives Molly an awareness of her intellectual limitations when she thinks about her daughter: "such an idea for him to send the girl down there to learn to take photographs only hed do a thing like that". After "photographs" Joyce adds "on account of his grandfather instead of sending her to Skerry's academy where shed have to learn not like me".¹¹⁵ Later, after "me" he inserts "getting all ls at school".¹¹⁶

No wonder, then, that Molly's general level of speech lies among the lower reaches of English usage. To heighten this effect Joyce puts into her mouth a considerable number of colloquialisms. One addition, the final form of which I have already cited, shows Joyce at work colloquializing Molly's expression: "yes thatd be awfully jolly" began as "yes that would be awfully jolly".¹¹⁷

Impatient of possible exposure during her projected trip to Belfast with Boylan, Molly exclaims: "O let them all go and smother themselves for all I care". Joyce replaces the second "all" with "the fat lot".¹¹⁸

The coming on of menstruation gives Molly something further to exclaim about: "O let me up out of this pooh". After "O" Joyce inserts "Jamesy".¹¹⁹

Molly considers: "I think Ill cut all this hair off me there scalding me I might look like a young girl". After "girl" Joyce adds "wouldnt he get the takein the next time he turned up my clothes Id give anything to watch his face". Then Joyce replaces "takein" with "great suckin", and after "clothes" he adds "on me".¹²⁰

But Joyce does not rest content with a highly colloquial idiom for Molly. As a Dubliner who has not been much standardized by education, she would also be likely to show the influence of dialect upon her speech. Therefore, Joyce gives her a good proportion of dialect usage.

Thus, when Molly thinks concerning Bloom, "of course he prefers hanging about the house", Joyce changes "hanging" to "plottering".¹²¹

In a context one version of which I treated earlier, Molly thinks: "Kathleen Kearney and her lot of squealers they'd die down dead if they ever got a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officer's arm like me on the bandnight". After "squealers" Joyce adds "*skitting* around talking about politics they know as much about as my backside anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting".¹²²

On the chamber pot Molly thinks: "I remember one time I could do it out straight whistling like a man almost". Joyce replaces "do" with "scout".¹²³

Concerning a gynecologist Molly remembers: "still I liked him when he sat down to write the thing out frowning so severe his nose intelligent like that you be damned you lying bitch". For "bitch" Joyce substitutes "strap".¹²⁴

Molly returns to the subject of her latest adultery: "Ill let him [Bloom] know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked and damn well fucked too not by him 5 or 6 times running". For "running" Joyce substitutes "handrunning".¹²⁵

Another important aspect of Molly, in which she contrasts with her mild husband, is her irritability. Her frustration as Mrs. Bloom, her husband's ordering of breakfast, and the inception of menstruation less than four days before Boylan is next to arrive, add fuel to a temperamental petulance. Her speech, as a result, is full of twitching impatiences, a number of which Joyce introduces in revision.

Suspecting that Bloom has spent the evening with another woman, Molly recalls his flirtation with a servant: "I couldn't even touch him if I thought he was with a dirty liar and

sloven like that one". After "dirty" Joyce adds "bare-faced".¹²⁶

About the trip to Belfast Molly thinks: "O I suppose there'll be the usual idiots of men gaping at us". Following "us", in manuscript, Joyce adds "with their eyes as stupid as ever they can be".¹²⁷ In proof, after "can" he inserts "possibly".¹²⁸

Molly considers Bloom's late return: "well thats a nice hour for him to be coming home at to anybody". After "hour" Joyce charges Molly's grievance more highly by inserting "of the night".¹²⁹

In one passage, Joyce makes alterations which seem to be intended to render a changing attitude. Molly recalls the boredom of Gibraltar: "as bad as now with the hands hanging off me looking out of the window if there was a nice fellow even in the opposite house the meat and the coalmans bell". After "house" Joyce adds:

that idiot medical in Holles street the nurse was after when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show I was going out not a notion what I meant arent they thick youd want to put it up on a big poster for them not even if you shake their hands twice where does their great intelligence come in Id like to know

Then, as if realizing that Molly's first thought of a man she had desired would be likely to be favorable, Joyce deletes "idiot". And after "twice" he adds "he didnt recognize me either outside Westland row chapel".¹³⁰ As Molly dwells on the subject, she becomes exasperated. In a later galley, Joyce introduces more scorn with more signs: after "thick" he adds "never understand what you say even"; he deletes "their" before "hands", and after "twice" adds "with the left"; after "either" he adds "when I half frowned at him"; and after "know", the final fling: "grey matter they have it all in their tail if you ask me".¹³¹

From such general irritability it is only a step to temper.

In revising, Joyce heightens Molly's inflammability. She considers a pair of stockings that are laddered after one day's wear: "I could have brought them back to Sparrows this morning and made them change them only not to run the risk of walking into him and ruining the whole thing". For "made them" Joyce substitutes "kick up a row and make that one", and after "not to" he adds "upset myself and".¹³²

In private Molly does not curb her temper. She remembers her daughter's refusal to go on an errand: "till I gave her a damn fine crack across the ear for herself she had me that exasperated that was the last time she turned on the tear-trap". In manuscript, after "herself" Joyce adds "take that for answering me like that".¹³³ In proof, to heighten Molly's anger, he alters "a" to "2" and "crack" to "cracks". After "like that" he adds "and that for your impudence"; after "exasperated", "of course because she has nobody to command her as she said herself well if he doesn't correct her faith I will".¹³⁴ In a later galley, after "course" he inserts an explanation for Molly's violence: "I was badtempered too because how was it I didnt sleep the night before cheese I ate was it and I told her over and over again not to leave knives crossed like that".¹³⁵ In a still later galley, further extenuation is added: between "course" and "I" Joyce inserts "contradicting", and after "how was it" he adds "there was a weed in the tea or".¹³⁶ But, explaining or no explaining, Molly is easily angered.

Occasionally, her temper goads her to cruelty. She recalls a boatripe on which Bloom proved a wretched oarsman: "in his flannel trousers Id like to have tattered them down off him before all the people and give him what that one calls flagellate do him all the good in the world". Molly may not be at home with the 'jawbreaker,' but Joyce makes certain that she finds the action it represents congenial: after "flagellate" he adds "till he was black and blue".¹³⁷

Incensed at the thought of her husband's unsatisfying attentions, Molly threatens: "I'll make him do it again if he

doesn't mind himself I wonder was it her Josie". After "himself" Joyce adds "and sleep down in the coalcellar".¹³⁸ Later, after "coalcellar" he adds "with the blackbeetles".¹³⁹ Still later, he deletes "down" after "sleep" to introduce a further refinement before "sleep": "lock him down to".¹⁴⁰

In addition to temper, Molly reveals a streak of spitefulness. About her affair with Bartell d'Arcy, she thinks: "I'll tell him [Bloom] about that some day not now and surprise him he thinks nothing can happen without him knowing". After "surprise him" Joyce adds "ay and Ill take him there and show the very place too".¹⁴¹ Later, between "too" and "he" Joyce inserts "so now there you are".¹⁴² Still later, between "are" and "he" Joyce adds "like it or lump it".¹⁴³

Molly makes plans for the concert: "yes by God Ill get that big fan mended". After "mended" Joyce adds "make them ["Kathleen Kearney and her lot of squealers"] burst with envy".¹⁴⁴

In an insertion already cited, Molly explains this whole side of her character by a generalization: "I suppose its all the troubles we have makes us so snappy".¹⁴⁵

One of the most important of Molly's "troubles" I have reserved for lengthier treatment. Throughout her reverie runs the motif of fretting poverty. Directly and indirectly she reveals the restrictions which her husband's improvidence has placed upon her. She remembers: "when I was in the DBC with Poldy laughing and trying to listen I was waggling my foot". After "foot" Joyce adds "we both ordered 2 teas and plain bread and butter".¹⁴⁶ Somewhat later, she reverts to the subject: "always hanging out of them for money in a restaurant we have to be thankful for our cup of tea even". In manuscript, after "even" Joyce adds "to be noticed".¹⁴⁷ In typescript, the passage concludes "for our cup of tea as a great compliment to be noticed", and before "cup" Joyce inserts "mangy".¹⁴⁸ In proof, after "restaurant" Joyce adds "for the bit you put down your throat"; after "tea", the belittling Anglo-Irish "itself".¹⁴⁹

Molly, in manuscript, considers her wardrobe:

and the four paltry handkerchiefs about 6/- in all sure you can't get on in this world without clothes the men won't look at you and women try to walk on you for the four years more I have of life up to 35

Joyce replaces "clothes" with "style I've no clothes at all".¹⁵⁰ In proof, the passage has become:

and the four paltry handkerchiefs about 6/- in all sure you can't get on in this world without style all going in food and rent when I get it I'll lash it around if I buy a pair of old brogues itself do you like new those new shoes yes how much were they I've no clothes at all cutting up an old hat and patching up the other the men won't look at you and women try to walk on you for the four years more I have of life up to 35

After "around" Joyce adds "I tell you in fine style I always want to throw a handful of tea into the pot measuring and mincing".¹⁵¹ In a later galley, after "at all" he adds "the brown costume and the skirt and jacket and the one at the cleaners 3 whats that for any woman".¹⁵² Still later, he makes Molly poverty-conscious for a further reason: after "on you" in a third galley he adds "because they know youve no man then",¹⁵³ and after "then" in a fourth he inserts "with all the things getting dearer every day".¹⁵⁴

When Molly thinks, "I havent even a decent nightdress", Joyce emphasizes her irritation by changing "a" to "one".¹⁵⁵

Molly feels "some wind in me better go easy not wake him have him at it again slobbering after washing every bit of myself back belly and sides". Following "sides" Joyce adds "if we had even a bath itself".¹⁵⁶

About menstruation Molly thinks: "isnt it simply sickening that night it came on me like that the one time we were in a box that Michael Gunn gave him". Joyce again emphasizes Molly's awareness by adding, after "one", "and only".¹⁵⁷

Looking back upon her married life, Molly observes: "God here we are as bad as ever after sixteen years every time were just getting on right something happens". After "years" Joyce points up the chronic poverty of the Blooms by adding "how many houses were we in at all".¹⁵⁸ At a later stage, after "all", he inserts a travelogue of impecuniosity:

Raymond terrace and Ontario terrace and Lombard street and Holles street and he goes about whistling every time were on the run again his huguenots or the frogs march and then the City Arms hotel worse and worse says Warden Daly that charming place on the landing always somebody inside praying then leaving all their stinks after them always know who was in there last

Then Joyce completes the account by adding, after the newly introduced "march", "pretending to help the men with our 4 sticks of furniture".¹⁵⁹

Offsetting Molly's personal and economic frustration is her inveterate buoyancy, which is abetted by her talent for singing. In revising, Joyce builds up our awareness of this aspect of Molly by introducing musical associations.¹⁶⁰

Molly remembers: "when I threw the penny to that lame sailor". In typescript, after "sailor" Joyce adds "for England home and beauty".¹⁶¹ In proof, this musical association begets another: after "beauty" Joyce adds, appropriately, "when I was whistling there is a charming girl I love".¹⁶²

Molly told her first lover that she was engaged "to the son of a Spanish nobleman and he believed that I was to be married to him in three years time there's many a true word spoken in jest". In typescript, after "nobleman" Joyce adds "named Don Miguel de la Flora", and after "jest" "the flowers that bloom in the spring trala".¹⁶³ But in proof he replaces the snatch with "there is a flower that bloometh"¹⁶⁴ — a happier association, since in the course of her reverie Molly recalls two other airs by the same composer, one from the same work as the air here added.¹⁶⁵

Thoughts on poetry evoke a song:

where softly sighs of love the light guitar where poetry is in the air the blue sea and the moon shining so beautifully coming back on the nightboat from Tarifa the guitar that fellow played was so expressive will ever go back there again all new faces two glancing eyes a lattice hid I'll sing that for him [Stephen] they're my eyes if he's anything of a poet two eyes as softly bright as love's young star aren't those beautiful words as love's young star

Joyce alters the second "softly" to "darkly"¹⁶⁶ and, in a later galley, the first "young" to "own".¹⁶⁷ The reasons for these changes are implicit in the words of the song, *In Old Madrid*, which begins: "Long years ago in old Madrid, Where softly sighs of love the light guitar, Two sparkling eyes, a lattice hid, Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star!"¹⁶⁸ In the earlier galley, Joyce corrects the second of three inaccuracies,¹⁶⁹ a confusion the source of which lies before us; in the later galley, by correcting the first specimen of the third inaccuracy, he causes Molly's mind to *move* into error.

Bloom crowds the bed, and Molly, irritated, breaks out: "O move over your big carcass out of that for the love of Mike so well he may sleep". After "Mike" Joyce adds "listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee".¹⁷⁰

Memories of Gibraltar again evoke *In Old Madrid*. Molly recalls "those handsome Moors all in white like kings and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens". Part of an insertion after "kings", as I have shown in another connection, is "two glancing eyes a lattice hid".¹⁷¹

Besides presenting Molly, the long monologue with which *Ulysses* closes serves another and multiple characterizing purpose. Through Molly's eyes we gain new information and, more importantly, a new 'slant,' that of a woman, on many of her fellow characters. Chief among these, understandably, is her husband. As her reverie unfolds, we see again, but this time through the eyes of his faithless, disparaging, yet withal devoted wife, many of the traits of Bloom which I have discussed elsewhere.¹⁷² Concerning the monologue Joyce wrote to Budgen, then in the British con-

sular service, "It is the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity."¹⁷³

In revising, Joyce augments the number of points at which Molly's thought meets our memory of the Bloom we have come to know during the preceding seventeen hours. In the penultimate episode, between a list of instances of Molly's "deficient mental development" and a succeeding question as to how Bloom had attempted to remedy her ignorance, Joyce makes a preparatory interpolation:

What compensated in the false balance of her intelligence for these and such deficiencies of judgment regarding persons, places and things?

The false apparent parallelism of all perpendicular arms of all balances, true by construction. The counterbalance of her proficiency of judgment regarding one person, proved true by experiment.¹⁷⁴

Who the person may be, it is superfluous to ask. In the final episode, the interpolation is borne out.

The thrifty temperance which Bloom practiced during the day is echoed in additions. Molly thinks: "he has sense enough not to squander every penny piece he earns down their gullets goodfornothings". After "gullets" Joyce inserts "and looks after his wife and family".¹⁷⁵

Bloom's curiosity inspires additions. Molly considers

a picnic suppose we all gave 5/ each and or let him pay it and invite some other woman for him who Mrs Fleming and drove out to the furry glen or the strawberry beds with some cold veal and ham mixed sandwiches

After "beds" Joyce adds "wed have him examining all the horses toenails first no not with Boylan there yes". Then, after "first" he adds further "like he does with the letters".¹⁷⁶

One of Molly's memories of Bloom's courtship reminds us, in an insertion already cited, of his didactic streak: "explaining and rigmaroling about religion and persecution he wont let you enjoy anything naturally".¹⁷⁷ Another gibe at this trait of Bloom's is introduced somewhat later. Molly

has just expressed her discomfort at Bloom's crowding of the bed: "so well he may sleep and Im to be slooching around down in the kitchen to get his lordship his breakfast". After "sleep" Joyce adds "and sigh the great suggester".¹⁷⁸

The humanitarian in Bloom wins Molly's affection. In manuscript, Joyce adds the thought "still I like that in him polite to old women like that".¹⁷⁹ In typescript, after the second "that" he inserts "and waiters".¹⁸⁰ In proof, after "waiters" he introduces "and beggars too but not always".¹⁸¹ In a later proof, after "too" he adds "hes not proud out of nothing".¹⁸²

Bloom's mild, unpugnacious disposition, so strongly contrasted with his wife's, comes out in Molly's memory of a conjugal row: "he began it not me when he said about Our Lord being a carpenter and the first socialist still he knows a lot of mixed up things". After "socialist" Joyce adds "he annoyed so much I couldnt put him into a temper".¹⁸³

Bloom's considerateness, now directed toward Molly, elicits her gratitude. She thinks:

anyhow I hope hes not going to get in with those medicals leading him astray to imagine hes young again coming in waking me up at 2 in the morning it must be if not more what do they find to gabber about all night

As if realizing that it would be unlike Bloom to disturb anyone, Joyce deletes "waking me up", and following "more" adds "still he had the manners not to wake me".¹⁸⁴

After Molly thinks that, if Bloom should fall seriously ill, it would be better for him to go to a hospital, she observes: "but I suppose I'd have to dring it into him for a month". Following "month" Joyce introduces the philanderer in Bloom: "yes and then wed have a hospital nurse next thing on the carpet or a nun maybe like the photo he has shes as much as Im not". Then after "carpet" Joyce adds further "have him staying there till they throw him out"; before "photo", "smutty".¹⁸⁵

Like the narrator of the *Cyclops* episode, whose words she

echoes,¹⁸⁶ Molly considers Bloom a cotquean: "of course he prefers plotting about the house so you cant stir with him any side what's your programme today". After "today" Joyce adds "I wish hed even smoke a pipe like father to get the smell of a man".¹⁸⁷

Bloom is not man enough for Molly, not only on the marriage couch and about the house, but also in business. Thus far, in the changes we have watched Joyce make, Molly has only corroborated traits in her husband which we already know. But she also gives us a new view of the "great Suggester" as a chronic bungler. Shortly after the thought "I hate an unlucky man" Molly considers that Boylan "must have been a bit late because it was $\frac{1}{4}$ after 3 when I saw the 2 Dedalus girls coming from school". After "school" Joyce adds "I never know the time even that watch he [Bloom] gave me never seems to go properly Id want to get it looked after".¹⁸⁸

Molly lacks confidence in Bloom as an agent: "I told him get that [face lotion] made up in the same place and dont forget it God only knows whether he did Ill know by the bottle anyway". After "did" Joyce adds "after all I said to him".¹⁸⁹ Later, Joyce goes back to prepare for this change by inserting, after "told him", "over and over again".¹⁹⁰

Again, through Molly's eyes we see the Bloom who is full of business schemes that never come off: "musical academy he was going to make like all the things he told father he was going to do and me but I saw through him". In manuscript, after "make" Joyce inserts "on the first floor drawingroom with a brassplate".¹⁹¹ In proof, after "brassplate" he adds "or Blooms private hotel he suggested".¹⁹² In a later proof, after "suggested" he adds further "go and ruin himself altogether the way his father did down in Ennis".¹⁹³

Molly is considering the possibility of an affair with Stephen:

itll be a change the Lord knows to have an intelligent person to talk to about yourself not always listening to

him and Billy Prescotts ad and Keyess ad and Tom the Devils ad Im sure hes very distinguished

After the last "ad" Joyce inserts a generalization which Molly may claim is based upon experience: "then if anything goes wrong in their business we have to suffer".¹⁹⁴

Joyce does not allow us to forget that no character knows Bloom as thoroughly as does his wife. She thinks: "when hes like that he cant keep a thing back". After "back" Joyce inserts "I know every turn in him".¹⁹⁵

Molly, as I have said, gives us her view of other characters as well as of her husband. She recalls a former confessor:

when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but whereabouts on your person on the leg behind high up was it yes rather high up was it where you sit down yes O Lord couldnt he say bottom right out and have done with it what has that got to do with it and did you whatever way he put it I forget no father and I always think of the real father what did he want to know for when I already confessed it to God he had a nice fat hand the palm moist always I wouldn't mind feeling it neither would he Id say by his bullneck in his horsecollar

Then, as in the case of Father Conmee, Joyce introduces the priestly aura, by adding, after "person", "my child".¹⁹⁶

The thought of Lenehan evokes a memory:

that sponger he was making free with me after the Glen-cree dinner coming back that long joul't over the feather-bed mountain I first noticed him at dessert when I was cracking the nuts with my teeth

After "mountain" Joyce inserts "after the lord Mayor looking at me with his dirty eyes Val Dillon".¹⁹⁷ And later, after "Dillon" he adds "that big heathen".¹⁹⁸

Following Molly's thought of Dignam as a "comical little teetotum", Joyce inserts "always stuck up in some pub corner and her or her son waiting Bill Bailey won't you please come home what men".¹⁹⁹

Yet, despite the importance of Molly's reverie to the totality of our conception of her fellow characters, "it is absurd," as one critic has written, "to take the . . . final chapter as a submission of the whole narrative to Molly's . . . stream of consciousness. We as readers do the summing up, surely, even if we do it with the aid of her necessary final information." ²⁰⁰

III

Joyce's revisions represent almost exclusively a process of elaboration. Great numbers of additions gravitate into patterned constellations of purpose and method, and innumerable details, in the final text as well as in the additions, become luminous with meaning.

In improving upon his characters, Joyce evinces a hundred-eyed alertness to the possibilities of fuller and more immediate realization.

Upon Molly Bloom, his second great, and his concluding, creation in *Ulysses*, Joyce lavishes effort, successfully, to produce a portrait of the eternal feminine. Her physique, her sexuality, her acceptance of the body, her ambivalent attitude toward the male, her technique of attraction, the femininity of her mind, her perceptiveness in sexual matters — all these are steadily built up. Being, besides Woman, a woman, Molly grows in the process of revision as the daughter of a soldier; as one whose mind is partly Spanish in content; whose intellectual equipment, as her beliefs and her use of language indicate, is limited; whose short temper, further abbreviated by poverty, is offset by a buoyancy which is abetted by her talent for singing; whose views on her fellow characters, her husband in particular, serve to round out our conception of the microcosm that was Dublin on June 16, 1904.

Briefly, the revisions afford a direct view into the mind of Joyce in the process of creation. This insight, fascinating in itself as an adventure in psychological analysis, yields two contributions of critical importance. By making us aware of fresh and dominant relationships, it enables us to effect a fuller synthesis in our apprehension of the finished work of art. By making clearer the kinship of that work with Joyce's earlier and later works, it enables us to appraise more justly Joyce's total achievement.

ABBREVIATIONS

Editions of Ulysses

- s *Ulysses*, Paris, Shakespeare and Co., February, 1922. The first edition, set up from the proof sheets treated in the present study.
- EP *Ulysses*, published for The Egoist Press, London, by John Rodker, Paris, October, 1922. All citations from this the first English edition (struck off from the original plates) take account of the seven pages of errata laid in.
- s4 *Ulysses*, Paris, Shakespeare and Co., fourth printing, January, 1924. All citations from this edition take account of the list of "Additional corrections" on pp. 733-36.
- s6 *Ulysses*, Paris, Shakespeare and Co., sixth printing, August, 1925. All citations from this edition take account of the list of "Additional corrections" on pp. 733-36. Both the text and the list, in all passages for which I cite this edition, are identical with those of s4.
- s9 *Ulysses*, Paris, Shakespeare and Co., ninth printing, May, 1927. This edition follows that of May, 1926, for which the type was entirely reset. The "Additional corrections" mentioned under s4 and s6 were, with some exceptions, incorporated.

U *Ulysses*, New York, Random House, sixth printing, February, 1934. This edition is based upon a corrupt pirated text. The publishers included it in the Modern Library — after the exposure of their mistake. Since, however, it is the only edition generally available to American readers, I am compelled to use it for citation from the final text. Whenever, in collating editions, I mention U, I do so for the convenience of the reader, not for authority. [N.B. The 1961 printing, which describes itself as a “NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND RESET,” appeared too late for consideration here.]

In citing from *Ulysses*, whatever the edition, for the sake of complete accuracy, I give all opening and closing punctuation marks as in the text quoted and place outside the quotations all opening and closing punctuation marks that are mine. In citing the Random House edition, I refer to it as U, following it directly with the page number, e.g., U5.

OP *Ulysses*, 2 vols., Hamburg-Paris-Bologna, Odyssey Press, third impression, August, 1935. The first impression of this edition called itself the “definitive standard edition . . . specially revised, at the author’s request, by *Stuart Gilbert*.” In the second impression, the text was made more accurate. For the superiority of the third impression to the first two, see J. F. Spoorri, “The Odyssey Press Edition of James Joyce’s ‘Ulysses,’” *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, I (Second Quarter, 1956), 195–98.

I owe some of the information used above to R. F. Roberts, “Bibliographical Notes on James Joyce’s ‘Ulysses,’” *Colophon, New Series*, I (Spring, 1936), 565–79.

Manuscript and Other Materials

B Manuscripts of parts of *Ulysses* exhibited at the Librairie La Hune, Paris, in 1949 and acquired by the

Lockwood Memorial Library of the University of Buffalo. Numbers following the symbol *B* will refer to entries in the La Hune catalogue *James Joyce: sa vie, son œuvre, son rayonnement* (Paris, 1949), items 252-53, 255-59. (Item 254 was reportedly lost in transit between Paris and Buffalo.) These manuscripts are also described in John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, *A Bibliography of James Joyce* [1882-1941] (New Haven, 1953), E5b.

- H Proof sheets of *Ulysses* described by Slocum and Cahoon, E5f, quoting the private catalogue of Edward W. Titus as follows: "Complete and final proofs of the first edition of this stupendous work with the author's profuse autograph corrections, emendations and additions exceeding sometimes 160 words on a single page. These important additions are not found in the manuscript of the work, that had been the sensation of the memorable Quinn Sale in 1924." Made available to me by Mr. T. E. Hanley and now in the University of Texas Library.
- I Miles L. Hanley and others, *Word Index to James Joyce's Ulysses* (Madison, Wisconsin, 1937). A list of "Errata in Random House Edition" occurs on pp. xiii-xix.
- R Manuscript of *Ulysses* made available to me by the late A. S. W. Rosenbach and now in the Rosenbach Foundation. Described in Slocum and Cahoon, E5a, quoting the catalogue of the Quinn sale, no. 4936: "Original autograph manuscript of 'Ulysses,' written on over 1200 pages." — etc.
- W Proof sheets of *Ulysses* made available to me by Miss Marian G. Willard and now in the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Miss Sylvia Beach, publisher of the first edition of *Ulysses*, has described this material

as follows: "A complete set, and several incomplete sets of the proofs abundantly corrected and added to by the author. About 600 pages contain 5 to 10 lines of autograph corrections, others are almost completely covered with manuscript.

"These proofs show the important changes that James Joyces [sic] made in his <Ulysses> while it was printing, and his manner of continually adding text to successive sets of proofs up to the very moment before going to press." — *Catalogue of a Collection Containing Manuscripts & Rare Editions of James Joyce* . . . (Paris, 1935), p. 3.

Miss Willard numbered the galleys from 1 to 212. The pagination of the galleys underwent so many changes that it seems best to refer to the pages of each galley by a fresh count. A specimen reference follows: w187:4 indicates galley numbered 187, fourth page.

NOTES

1. Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce* [New York, 1948], p. 281, n. 1. For more on models for Molly, see Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959), pp. 353, 386–89.

2. U63.

3. Cf. U64: "The same young eyes." (echoed, after a 'Spanish' thought, on p. 375: "*señorita* young eyes"); p. 273: "Big Spanishy eyes."; p. 367: "That's where Molly can knock spots off them. It is the blood of the south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure."; p. 371: "Moorish eyes."; p. 748: "Ive my mothers eyes and figure anyhow he always said" (part of an addition in H).

4. U222.

5. Cf. U273: "Her wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevy hair"; p. 375: "black hair".

6. Cf. U91: "Body getting a bit softy. . . . But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump."

7. Cf. U715: "a pair of outsize ladies' drawers of India mull, cut on generous lines,".

8. Cf. U621: "She has the Spanish type. Quite dark, regular brunette, black."

9. U636. 10. U83; w21:7. 11. U365; w105:7.

12. U728-29; w184:5.

13. U740-41; w187:6-7.

14. Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of ULYSSES* (New York, 1934), p. 266.

15. U730; w184:6.

16. U756; w202:2.

17. U756; w200:2. The present addition and the last one were probably inspired by the "only natural weakness" which precedes them on the same page.

18. U762; w200:7. The present addition is introduced shortly after "it didnt make me blush why should it either its only nature" (p. 762) and shortly before "after that hed kiss anything unnatural" (*ibid.*).

In w196:8 Joyce adds "as if the one nature gave wasnt enough for anybody" (U753).

19. U725; w182:3.

20. U736; w191:3. U's "any any fool" is an erratum; cf. H, S, OP.

21. U765; w204:8. He deletes the apostrophe in w202:8.

22. U757; w200:3. Then Joyce changes "they havent pocket" to "all their 20 pockets aren't" (for comment, see below, n. 68), and after "them" he adds "even". (He deletes the apostrophe in H.)

I corrects U's "I'll to "Ill." Cf. H, S, OP.

23. U759; w202:4. For an addition made after "not good of me" in w200:5, see above, p. 90.

24. U727; w184:4. The rest of the text is built up in w185:5.

25. U734; w192:2. He also deletes the apostrophe.

26. U739; w187:5-6. The record of Molly's recent desire is also further testimony regarding her technique. At least once before Molly had given her eyes "that look", with far-reaching consequences. Cf. U173: "Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes."; p. 768: "then I asked him with my eyes to ask again".

27. U758; w201:3. He also deletes the apostrophes.

28. w203:3.

29. U764; w202:7.

30. H.

31. U725; R. Joyce deletes the apostrophe in w184:3.
32. Made available to me by Mr. R. F. Roberts. To be referred to hereafter as Roberts typescript.
33. w184:3. In w185:3 Joyce inserts "Id" before "let".
34. U728; R. In w185:5 he changes "one" to "1" and deletes the apostrophe in "we'll".
35. w182:5. 36. H. 37. U728; w183:5.
38. U730; Roberts typescript. 39. H.
40. U741; w187:7. He also uncapitalizes "Shadow". In H he deletes the apostrophe.

For more of Molly's strategy in winning Bloom, see especially her account of his proposal (U767-68).

41. U755; w201:1. 42. w200:1.
43. H. Joyce added "where he oughtnt to be" between "busy" and "he" in w202:1.

U's omission of "he" between "be" and "never" is an erratum. Cf. H, S, OP.

44. U761; w200:6. Then, after "bit" Joyce adds further "off".
45. U748; R. Following "used to be", he adds, as an afterthought, "there the whole time".

He deletes the apostrophe in w197:4.

46. U749; w195:4. 47. U748; w197:4.
48. U758; w202:3. Originally, the insertion was made after "songs" and read "and her lowneck dress as she cant attract them any other way". Then Joyce moved the addition to its present place after "green dress", changing "and her lowneck dress" to "with the lowneck". As a result, Mrs. M'Coy's wardrobe is reduced to a single unattractive garment — and Molly's derogation is complete.

49. U746; w196:2. Then, before the newly added "she" Joyce inserts "and is quite changed they all do they havent half the character a woman has".

U's "Blackwater" is an erratum. Cf. Roberts typescript, H, S, OP.

50. H.
51. U761; w200:6. Here, also, after "all over him" Joyce adds "till he half faints under me"; after "with our", "2".
52. U715; w165:6. Apparently Joyce overlooked the repetition created by his failure to delete "blue" in the original ver-

sion before introducing the new text; he makes the deletion in w167:6.

53. U761. 54. U734; R. 55. w191:2.

56. U740; w191:6. He capitalizes "bull" in w190:6.

U's "banderillos" is an erratum; Joyce added "banderilleros" in w187:6.

57. U741; Roberts typescript. Joyce capitalizes "gorgeous" in w190:7.

58. w191:7.

59. U745; w195:2.

60. U759; w200:5. The passage I cite, before the present change, was part of an addition to w202:4 discussed above, pp. 84-85.

For more of Molly's thoughts on clothes, and additions to them, see above, p. 103, and below, n. 199. Note also the influence of Molly's interest in clothes upon her use of metaphor: "not to be always and ever wearing the same old hat" (p. 725); "off her head with my castoffs" (p. 758).

61. U723; w183:1. U's "I'll" is an erratum; cf. OP, I.

62. U725; Roberts typescript.

63. w184:3. He also deletes the apostrophe. In w185:3 he deletes the final letter of "sometimes".

64. U727; w184:4. In w185:5 he changes "of" to "off" (the reading of R and Roberts typescript).

U's "don't" is an erratum; Joyce deleted the apostrophe in w182:4.

65. U739; H.

66. U766; w212:1.

67. w208:2.

68. U766; w208:2. Another addition to the femininity of Molly's thought occurs in a context already cited (above, p. 84). In the inserted phrase "deceitful men they havent pocket enough for their lies", Joyce gives the thought a peculiarly feminine twist by altering "they havent pocket" to "all their 20 pockets aren't" (U757; w200:3; he deletes the apostrophe in H).

69. U747.

70. U723; w184:1.

71. H.

72. U726; w179:3. For a later version of this passage, see above, p. 109.

73. U727; R.

74. w184:4. After "dozen" he adds "he was in great singing voice". He supplies "eaten" after "have" in H.

75. U728; R.

76. w179:5. Here, also, after "that" Joyce adds "putting it on thick"; and after "spoils" he restores a manuscript reading (R) by altering "them" (also in Roberts typescript) to "him". The "and" before "did" is gone in the typescript.

Joyce deletes the apostrophe in w184:5.

77. w182:5.

78. U736; R.

79. w190:3. Joyce had substituted "this" for "an" in w187:3. The rest of the text is built up in w191:3 and w192:3.

Two additions to Molly's insight into sex have been mentioned in other connections: "seduce him I know what boys feel with that down on their cheek" (above, p. 86) and "with the lowneck as she cant attract them any other way" (above, p. 88).

80. U733; w187:1. He also deletes the comma after "Bn".

81. See [W.] Burdett-Coutts, *The Sick and Wounded in South Africa* (London, etc., 1900).

82. U734; w192:1. In H Joyce changes "mad" to "bad".

The historical fever is again introduced, for consistency, when Molly thinks about "Gardner going to South Africa where those Boers killed him". After "him" Joyce inserts "with their war and fever" (U747; w197:3).

83. Note also Molly's admiring "Im sure he was brave too" (U734; part of an addition in Roberts typescript).

84. U747; w194:3. Here, also, after "dead" Joyce adds "off their feet". (For comment, see below, n. 120.) The rest of the text is built up in w196:3 and H.

85. Straightforward military expressions occur frequently in Molly's thought. Her personal idiom reflects military influence on p. 750: "this big barracks of a place".

86. U758; w201:3. The phrase "skirt duty" was added in another passage and then eliminated. After Molly's thought "and that dyinglooking one", Joyce inserted "that used to be doing skirt duty along the south circular" (U723; w179:1). Subsequently, he replaced "that used to be doing skirt duty along" with "off" (w184:1).

Another contribution to Molly's military expression is "a squad of them [children]" (U727), part of an addition in w185:5.

87. U₁₄₉; w_{47:2}. The omission of the period after "Spain" is Joyce's.

88. U₇₃₇; H. *mirada* = 'look.'

89. U₇₄₃; w_{192:8}. *pisto* = 'fowl juice for the sick; dish of tomatoes and red pepper'; *madrileno* = 'Madrilenian.'

90. U₇₄₅; w_{198:2}. (*embarazada* = 'pregnant.') In point of time, this addition precedes the last, as changes made in w₁₉₈ are incorporated in w₁₉₅, which is dated "17 novembre 1921," whereas w₁₉₂ is dated "25 novemb [sic] 1921."

In H, after "him" Joyce adds "he was awfully put out first".

91. U₇₆₂; w_{200:7}. (*coronado* = 'cuckolded.') Another change made here was discussed above, p. 84.

92. U₇₆₂; w_{203:6}. Molly Englishes a Spanish expression of courtesy and respect, *besar los pies* ('to kiss the feet').

93. U₇₆₇₋₆₈; w_{210:2}. *Ronda* = 'night patrol.'

94. w_{211:2} (*posadas* = 'inns.') The rest of the text is built up in w_{210:2}, w_{211:2}, w_{212:2}, w_{208:3} — chronologically ordered — and H.

95. Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's ULYSSES: A Study* (New York, 1952), p. 390, n. 1. Spanish additions mentioned in other connections are "Majestad" (above, p. 98) and "Don Poldo de la Flora" (below, n. 100).

96. U₇₄₇; w_{195:3}. The guide line from the marginal addition to its intended place in the text ran through "still it", and the compositor apparently assumed that Joyce intended a deletion, for w_{196:3}, in which the addition is incorporated, has lost "still it".

Joyce introduced "carrot" — presumably Molly's conception of the word — as part of an addition in R, and the spelling is maintained in the Roberts typescript, w_{194-w199(:3)}, and H. s, op, U: "pearl must", "carat".

97. U₇₅₅; w_{204:1}. F. B. Dresslar, *Superstition and Education* (Berkeley, 1907), p. 14, lists three superstitions concerning bubbles on liquids as a sign of money. Molly seems to extend the scope of the belief, for Dresslar mentions only tea and coffee.

98. U₇₆₀; w_{200:5}. Then, after "7th" Joyce adds "card". In H, "journey" appears with a capital, and after "yes wait yes" Joyce introduces "hold on" — commented on in "Stylistic Realism in Joyce's *Ulysses*," *A James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series*, p. 40.

99. U761; w200:6.

100. U763; w200:8. Then, after "cards" Joyce adds "this morning hed have something to sigh for". Here, also, he capitalizes "suggester". The rest of the text — which includes "Don Poldo de la Flora", another bit of Spanish — is introduced in H.

For an earlier version of this passage, see above, p. 107.

101. U726; Roberts typescript. Joyce deletes the apostrophe in w184:4.

To Molly's mind religion brings luck even as a ring does. See above, p. 95.

102. U726; w179:4. On a separate line in the marginal addition, "us" was apparently overlooked by the compositor, for w181:4 and w182:4, in which the addition is incorporated, lack the word.

103. U767; w208:3. Further superstition is introduced in Molly's memory of a scene with her daughter, discussed above, p. 101.

104. U726; Roberts typescript.

105. U758; w203:3.

106. U761; w204:5. He also deletes the apostrophe. For earlier citation, see above, p. 89.

107. w200:6. Another addition to Molly's incorrect usage was presented in the discussion of her superstitiousness: "I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of money from some fellow". (See above, p. 95.)

108. U670.

109. U743; R.

110. w187:8. In w189:8 the passage reads "your sad bereavement symp=athy I always make that mistake and newpnew with yous yous in". Joyce underscores "newpnew" and writes a marginal "X". w192:8 reads "symphathy", and Joyce substitutes "2" for the first "yous". In H he restores "double" before the remaining "yous".

111. U's "sympathy" (corrected to "symphathy" by I) and "newpnew" fail entirely to render the process.

H, S, OP: "symphathy", "newpnew".

112. U743; R.

113. w190:8. The final text is achieved in H.

114. U744; w195:1. (*Italics mine.*) Then, after "going by with" Joyce adds further "the bell bringing" — commented on in

"Stylistic Realism in Joyce's *Ulysses*," *A James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series*, p. 28. The rest of the text is added in w194:1, w196:1, and H.

115. U751; w194:6.

116. w196:6. This proof reads "skerry's", and Joyce deletes the apostrophe. In H he corrects a corrupt "all's" to "all ls". Unfortunately, the compositor appears to have acted on the "X" deleting "'s" but not on the last part of the marginal notation "X ls".

H, s: "skerrys"; OP, U: "Skerrys".

s, EP, s4, s6, s9, OP, U: "getting all at school".

117. See above, p. 90. 118. U734; w192:2.

119. U754; w203:1.

120. U754-55; w200:1. He also changes "watch" to "see".

Another addition to Molly's colloquialism is made in a passage already cited: "theyd die down dead" becomes "theyd die down dead off their feet" (see above, n. 84).

121. U737; R. *The English Dialect Dictionary* defines *plouter*, of which *plotter* is a variant, as follows: "2. . . . to trifle, dawdle, linger."

U's "pottering is an erratum. Cf. above, p. 108; H, s, OP.

122. U747; w197:3. (Italics mine.) He also deletes the apostrophe and reverses the sequence of "they ever".

P. W. Joyce, *English as We Speak It in Ireland* (London & Dublin, 1910), p. 325, defines *skit* as follows: "to laugh and giggle in a silly way."

For a discussion of the context of the present addition in a later stage, see above, pp. 92-93.

123. U755; w201:1. The *EDD* defines *scoot* (v.¹), of which *scout* is a variant, as follows: "1. v. To eject liquid forcibly; to squirt."

124. U756; w200:2. P. W. Joyce, p. 336, defines *strap* as follows: "a bold forward girl or woman; the word often conveys a sense slightly leaning towards lightness of character."

125. U765; w208:1. The *EDD* defines *handrunning* (under *hand* [1. sb.]) thus: "consecutively, continuously, in uninterrupted succession."

Other dialect terms introduced in R follow: U723: "dring"; 724: "babbyface"; 728: "glauming" (as noted above, pp. 91-

92); 731: "dreeping"; 734: "scrooching"; 749: "lecking". In the Roberts typescript, the following terms are added: U731: "skeezing"; 741: "taittering"

Besides dialect words, Molly employs many dialect locutions: "the day . . . Goodwin called . . . and I just after dinner all flushed and tossed with boiling old stew" (U732 – "and I" etc. added in Roberts typescript) – regarding this construction (also used on pp. 734 [twice: first passage added in Roberts typescript; second, in R], 737, 740 [twice: second passage added in H], 742 [added in H], 748 [added in R], 752, 767), see P. W. Joyce, pp. 33–35; "sure you cant get on in this world without style" (U736) – regarding this construction (also used on pp. 736 [a second example, added in R], 737 [added in R], 740 [added in w187:6], 763), see P. W. Joyce, pp. 338–39; "he never can explain a thing simply the way a body can understand" (U738) – regarding Anglo-Irish "the way" ('in order that'), see P. W. Joyce, p. 36.

Two other Hibernicisms added in revision follow: (1) "if we had even a bath itself" (presented above, p. 103). Cf. Molly's "if we I buy a pair of brogues itself" (U736). Regarding the Anglo-Irish *itself* ('even'), see P. W. Joyce, pp. 36–37. (2) "you couldnt hear your ears" (U727; w185:5). Cf. P. W. Joyce, p. 201: "An odd expression: – 'You are making such noise that I can't hear my ears.'"

126. U725; w182:2. The apostrophe, deleted in w184:2, persists in w185:3, a later galley, and is deleted again in H.

127. U733; R.

128. w187:1. S, U: "there'll"; OP: "therell".

129. U757; w200:3.

130. U742–43; w190:8. He also changes the second "put" to "print".

This passage provides additions to Molly's technique of attraction beyond those treated above, pp. 86 ff.

131. w192:8. The rest of the text is introduced in H.

Two further additions to Molly's peevishness have been discussed in another connection: "the fat lot" and "Jamesy" (above, p. 98).

132. U735; w192:2. His intention was evidently misunderstood, as H reads "make that one made them" and Joyce deletes "made them."

He appears to have altered "Sparrows" to "Lewers" between H and publication.

Note that he has also confused Molly's tenses. In H he changes "make" to "made" — still more confusion of tenses.

133. U753; R. 134. w198:7. s, OP, U: "doesn't".

135. w195:7. 136. w196:7. 137. U750; w198:5.

138. U758; w202:3.

139. w200:4. Joyce deletes the apostrophe in "I'll" in w201:3 and w200:4 (chronologically ordered); the apostrophe in "doesn't," in w203:3. 140. H.

141. U730; w182:7. U's "I'll" is an erratum; cf. H, s, OP.

142. w184:7.

143. w185:8. Here, also, after "show" he adds "him"; after "too", "we did it".

144. U748; w198:4. 145. See above, p. 86.

146. U729-30; w185:7. 147. U735; R.

148. Roberts typescript. 149. w187:2.

150. U736; R.

151. w187:3. He also changes "an" to "this".

152. w191:3.

153. w190:3. Discussed above, p. 92.

154. w192:3. He gets rid of the apostrophes in w188:3, w191:3, and H. In w192:3 he changes "four" to "4" before "years". In H, after "like" he deletes "new".

155. U741; w187:7.

156. U748; w196:4. In H, after "itself" Joyce inserts "or my own room anyway".

157. U754; w196:8. 158. U757; w204:2.

159. w203:2. Here, also, he changes "sixteen" to "16".

160. In the final text, Molly thinks about music constantly. Note, furthermore, the probable responsibility of "the choirstairs performance" (p. 748) for "the chamber performance" (p. 749), part of an addition discussed above, p. 87.

161. U732; Roberts typescript. The sailor had growled "For England . . . home and beauty" as he begged. When he "bayed" the last three words towards Molly's window, the "gay sweet chirping whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased." Then followed Molly's contribution (U222).

M. J. C. Hodgart and M. P. Worthington, *Song in the Works of James Joyce* (New York, 1959), p. 68, give the title of the

sailor's song as *The Death of Nelson*. Words (by S. J. Arnold) and music (by John Braham) are available in Granville Bantock, ed., *One Hundred Songs of England* (Boston, etc. [1914]), pp. 171-75.

162. w184:8. For the added song, which begins with the words "It is a charming girl I love," see J. Benedict, composer, J. Oxenford and Dion Boucicault, librettists, *The Lily of Killarney* (London [1879]), p. 8.

163. U744; Roberts typescript. Joyce deletes the apostrophe in w198:1.

The added song is, of course, out of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*.

164. w195:1. In w196:1 Joyce changes "three" to "3".

165. "O Maritana wildwood flower" (U759). This air and the air in the addition under discussion occur in W. V. Wallace's *Maritana*, Act III. The third air — "The Winds that Waft My Sighs to Thee" — also is introduced in proof: see above, p. 105. The present addition echoes Bloom's use of the same snatch (U506).

166. U760; w201:5. He also restores "I" before "ever" (both words were part of an addition in R) and deletes all the apostrophes but that in "I'll". In w203:5 he deletes that one and a persistent other in the first "love's".

167. w203:5. In w200:5, after "Tarifa" Joyce adds "the lighthouse at Europa point".

168. By Clifton Bingham and H. Trot  re; in Hugo Frey, ed., *Robbins Mammoth Collection of World Famous Songs* (Mammoth Series No. 2) (New York [1939]), p. 78. The song is referred to by name in U271, 636, 740, 743. (In the last passage, Molly appears to be derisively adapting part of the refrain, "Time is flying, Love is sighing," to "love is sighing I am dying".)

169. Perhaps he felt that, since Molly had just said "they're my eyes", the darkness of her eyes (see above, p. 82) would be sufficient stimulus for her to remember "as darkly bright".

170. U763; w202:7. "The Winds that Waft My Sighs to Thee," by W. V. Wallace, is included in J. C. H., comp., *Good Old Songs We Used to Sing*, II (Boston, etc., 1895), 124-26.

171. U768; w210:2. See above, p. 94.

In w211:2 Joyce alters "two" to "2"; however, H, S, OP, and U omit "2".

Musical associations added in revision and presented in other connections, follow: (1) "he goes about whistling . . . his huguenots or the frogs march" (above, p. 104); (2) "Bill Bailey won't you please come home" (above, p. 109).

172. "The Characterization of Leopold Bloom," *Literature and Psychology*, ix (1959), 3-4.

173. Budgen, p. 264.

174. U671; w174:2.

175. U759; w200:4. Somewhat later, Joyce adds "I dont want to soak it all out of him like the other women do besides he wont spend it" (U766; w211:1). (The final text is achieved in w211:1 and w208:2.)

176. U749; w195:5. In H Joyce deletes "it".

OP, U: "5/-", which was part of an addition in w198:5; but a short hyphen appears to have been mistaken for a period, deleted by Joyce in w195:5.

R, w194-99, H, S: "drove"; S8, OP, U: "drive".

177. See above, p. 83.

178. U763; w202:7. The "sigh" is of a piece with the introduction in this same galley, just before "so well he may sleep", of "listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee" (see above, p. 105).

The rest of the text is built up in w200:8 (see above, pp. 95-96) and between that galley and H.

179. U723; R.

180. Roberts typescript.

181. w179:1.

182. w185:1.

183. U727-28; w184:5. Joyce supplies the apparently forgotten "me" after "annoyed" in w185:5. The rest of the text is added in w185:5 and between H and publication.

184. U749; w195:4. Here, also, Joyce alters "2" to "4", heightening Molly's grievance at the same time that he adds a reason for affection.

185. U723; w179:1. He deletes the apostrophe in w183:1 and w184:1.

In w184:1, after "much" he adds "a nun".

186. U309: "What's your programme today?"

187. U737; w191:4. He also deletes the apostrophe.

U's "pottering" is an erratum; see above, p. 99.

188. U732; w186 (single page).

189. U735-36; w187:3.

190. w188:3. The inscription in the Darantière stamp in w187 reads:

1re { 18 octobre 1921
M^{lle} Beach

That in w188 reads:

2 { 3 novembre 1921
M^{lle} Beach

191. U750; R. 192. w194:5. 193. H.

194. U760; w202:5. 195. U766; w210:1.

196. U725-26; w184:3. He also deletes the apostrophe in "wouldn't" and substitutes "the" for the first "his".

A Father Bernard Corrigan is mentioned in U716. Bernard Corrigan, on pp. 631-32 and 689, seems to be a namesake.

U's "couldn't" and "wouldn't" are errata. Joyce deleted the apostrophe in "couldn't" in w179:3.

197. U735; w191:2. Previous allusions to Val Dillon occur in U153, 230, 364, 716.

Note how Molly corroborates our knowledge of the parasitic Lenahan, who gave his version of the ride over Featherbed Mountain on pp. 230-31.

198. H.

199. U759; R. He deletes the apostrophe in w201:4. In H, after "home" he adds "her widows weeds wont improve her appearance theyre awfully becoming though if youre goodlooking" — another contribution to Molly's awareness of clothes.

The song "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," words and music by Hughie Cannon, is available in J. J. Geller, *Famous Songs and Their Stories* (New York [1931]), pp. 207-10.

200. E. B. Burgum, "'Ulysses' and the Impasse of Individualism," *Virginia Quarterly Review*, xvii (1941), 563.

The Theme of Ulysses

WILLIAM EMPSON

1. *Kenyon Review*, Winter, 1956

I SHOWED the following radio talk to Mr. Ransom last year, and he kindly said he would like a piece for the *Kenyon* on the topic, of about twice the length. I realized what he meant when I showed it to other persons, who said things like "But have you seen the recently discovered notes preparatory to the play *Exiles*?" This I had done, but the argument had had to be simplified for the talk, and I had not seen the article of Mr. Richard Ellmann.¹ I said I could write a longer version at once, but then I found the process depressing. A reason for this resistance is perhaps that the plan was mistaken; it is more interesting for the reader to be given the radio talk and then some answers to objections that might occur to him. Perhaps I should add that I wrote a much longer text on the same subject in Peking, which I may yet try to improve; but to have to try to appear sensible at moderate length is always a good test of a theory; one had better do that early.

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II. (BBC Third Programme Talk, Bloomsday 1954)

What I have to say cannot help sounding a bit odd. It sounds both rather improper in itself and also a rather un-highminded view to take of the great book *Ulysses*. But I have long thought that my view of that book is not only much less dismal than what critics usually say about it but also allows you to think that the author had decent feelings in writing it, instead of very nasty ones. Let me recall that the book describes one day in the life of Stephen Dedalus, who was the hero of a previous book by Joyce called *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, so Stephen in *Ulysses* has to be Joyce himself on June 16th 1904. He appears in the book *Ulysses* to be accepting friendship from the man Bloom, a coarse and depressed advertising agent who soon becomes much more funny and interesting and agreeable than Stephen; but in the whole last third of the book this offer of friendship is becoming more and more of a failure, till the heroic young author walks away into the night. Bloom is married to a well-known professional singer, and the marriage has got into great confusion, and he offers to put Stephen to bed with his wife, not in actual words but extremely plainly; and his chief reason is that he wants to get rid of her present lover, Blazes Boylan, the worst man in Dublin. The last chapter of the book is a vast monologue by the wife Molly thinking in bed; she is now looking forward to pleasure with Stephen, whom her husband has described to her before going to sleep, but also as her chapter goes on she expresses a surprising amount of emotional dependence upon her reliable husband. As for Bloom, the book has already made him reflect that he will be almost in despair if Stephen doesn't come back. However Stephen, even though we have seen him refuse everything and everybody else in Dublin, and he has nowhere to sleep, let alone any source of money, has walked out on them at two in the morning. I

think it is true to say that every one of the critics, all these years, has assumed that both the Blooms are deluded when they hope that Stephen will come back to them. This of course has made all the critics think the book frightful, whether they admire it or denounce it; both sides take for granted that it is not merely pointless but as one might say nerve-rackingly and needlingly pointless, saying nothing except that nothing in Dublin was good enough for the young Joyce. It would be fun to give a lot of quotations from critics, but I haven't time.

Now, I think this basic assumption about the book completely wrong. It is meant to be a very gay book, and a lot of it actually is so funny that I can't read it aloud at home of an evening, as I have sometimes tried to do, without breaking down and going into fits. You and I may think he makes Dublin seem sordid and dismal, but we need to realize that Joyce didn't think that himself; after 1904, the year of the story, he chose to be in exile for almost all the rest of his life, but he stuck to saying he had never felt at home except in Dublin. Now there is nothing in the book to stop you from assuming, what seems natural if you start from this point of view, that Stephen *did* go to bed with Molly, very soon after the one day of the book; and, what is more, that Joyce when he looks back thinks it probably saved his life and anyhow made it possible for him to become the great author who tells the story. Joyce was a very self-important man, as he had to be to do what he did, and he was also fanatically devoted to making his art tell the essential truth. He would never have turned the final book of his autobiography into a mere description of how sickeningly mean-minded and nasty he had been when he was young. He knew he was doing that too; he said to a friend who saw the work in progress, "I haven't let this young man off lightly, have I?" For that matter, there is a photograph of Joyce taken in 1904 which makes me feel sure that the later Joyce made him look much worse than he was.² As the

book shows the young man, he is downright dangerous; he is on the edge either of lunacy or crime. But that is why the young man needed what happened to him on the day of the novel; after that he turned into the novelist Joyce, an extremely fixed and reliable character, and there was no further development of his character that Joyce felt any duty to put in a book, ever after. You see, the first thing about his attitude to writing novels is that they ought to tell the essential truth. But here, as he was writing about himself, he had another duty, to hide the people he was really talking about. In this second duty, so far as I can make out, he succeeded completely; the *Dubliners* are wonderful gossips, but they have never found out.

We need therefore to consider Joyce's own life at the time. The day of the novel *Ulysses* is June 16th 1904, and that June was when he first met the lady who ran away with him from Ireland the following October, and remained his devoted wife through all his future troubles (incidentally her relations gave enough money at a crucial point to keep the family alive). Now in the rejected first version of the *Portrait of the Artist*, some of which happens to have survived, he describes how the young man became fond of a respectable young girl and expressed this by waylaying her in the street and saying that if she would go to bed with him at once he would fall in love with her later. It seems she didn't take this too solemnly but felt she couldn't have any more to do with him. We hear a good deal in his books about the brothels then in Dublin, and the peculiar mixture of fascination and disgust which he felt for the girls there. Now, for any young man, this makes a confusing experience when he passes on to try to deal with a respectable girl, but much more so for the young Joyce, who was in revolt against all convention, because such a man refuses to try out the accepted rules. Molly would be the first woman not a prostitute he had ever been to bed with, and this would be a very decisive thing in his life, one might almost say his

first real sexual experience. Molly was not too hampering for him, she wouldn't tie him down; but she was peaceful and domestic, she was earning her own living, and above all she would never put up with being despised. I tell you the first thing Molly would do; she would make him wash (he spends a lot of time, as part of his general revolt, boasting that he hasn't washed for a year or some such period.)³ Now it is very unlikely that he could have got his future wife to trust him so deeply as to run away with him unless he had had some such experience with an older woman first. Stephen as we meet him in *Ulysses* could not have induced a reliable level-headed girl to do that; she would have realized that he was already jeering at her, even though he didn't want to.

I have gone into all this at perhaps tiresome length because I believe it is the fundamental human point of the novel. When Joyce came to look back on his life, a number of years later, having finished the book *Dubliners* in the meantime, he thought, "How did it happen? How did I get out with body and soul alive from that appalling situation?" And then he thought, "What made it possible, the turning point, was that first minor affair with old Molly." This was a delightful conclusion for the novelist, because he could go ahead with a clear conscience, and tell the truth, and the more he invented things to hide the real individuals the better. On this view, the whole idea that the story of *Ulysses* was meant to feel "bitter," with nothing ever happening, in fact *not* an epic,⁴ is simply a delusion which the critics copy out from one another.

This much I think can't help being true, but there is another half of the story in *Ulysses* which I am less sure of. It is in the book, my question is whether it really happened; and the chief reason for thinking it did is that Joyce seems so very incapable of inventing it. You understand, I am now going further: I am postulating two happy endings for a story which has long been regarded as consecrated to frustra-

tion. Bloom is described, with startling literary power so that there is no doubt about it, as having a very specific neurosis: the death of his infant son ten years before gave him a horror of the business of having a child so that he can't try to have another one. At the same time he longs to have a son, and so does Molly; both of them, during their private reflections in the book, are made to express this with dreadful pathos. (By the way, I have no patience with critics who say it is impossible ever to tell whether Joyce means a literary effect to be ironical or not; if they don't know this part isn't funny, they ought to.) Bloom is not impotent or homosexual or afraid of Molly; he has simply this special trouble which has long upset his home life. He feels that if he could plant on her a lover he was fond of, who would even take his advice instead of jeering at him, he could even now have this son himself by his wife; and after that was over, and the present jam in his married life was broken, so his incessantly calculating mind begins to reflect, he might even fix Molly by marrying Stephen to their daughter Milly. That would be the best thing for Milly too; and if you could only get Stephen to be a reliable concert singer he would be a very useful man to have in the house. Now Joyce very nearly did become a concert singer, and was extremely proud of his voice, though he couldn't afford to have it fully trained. He failed in an audition for the profession after the day of the book. And we gather the main job of Bloom is as an entrepreneur for his wife's jobs as a singer, though the rude Blazes Boylan is doing it at present; so Bloom is in a position to make serious offers to Stephen. Some critics have described this sordid beast Bloom as trying to drag the great genius Joyce down into the mud, but Joyce didn't look at it like that, very reasonably. When Bloom says to Stephen, in effect, "I am only trying to save you for my own advantage," he is showing good feeling and good manners; in a way it is true, but he is going very far out of his way to do it. And music is one of the few positive arts in the curious world of

the book; everybody takes singing extremely seriously. If you join the sexual story onto the whole position of the characters, you needn't think it so very scabrous. We know that in the end Joyce didn't go in for singing, but the offer he describes as being made to him was a serious one all round.

Now, an enormous background of symbolism is piled up behind this personal story, or rather this preparation for a story; about mother-goddesses and fertility cults, about the son who has renounced his father and is searching for a spiritual father, about the father looking for a son, about what Shakespeare meant by the *Sonnets* and by *Hamlet*, and of course about the *Odyssey* itself. All this background seems fussy and pedantic until you realize that it builds up the terrible refusal to choose, done by Stephen in the Question-and-Answer chapter. This comes just before the final chapter, given to Molly. A parody of both scientific and legal styles of writing makes it almost impossible to find out what Bloom and Stephen are feeling about each other, or even saying to each other. Joyce said that this chapter was the Ugly Duckling of his book, meaning of course that in the end it would be recognized as a swan. The chapter certainly need not be taken to mean that Stephen will never accept; surely the chief point of it is that in real life he couldn't decide, at such a peculiarly exhausting moment. The drama of the thing is left entirely hanging in suspense. But at any rate a real offer is being made; there is no need for critics to say that nothing but grim acceptance of the sordid commonplace is going on all through the last third of the book.

As to the parallel with the *Odyssey*, which is made prominent in the title, that seems merely tiresome if it is only supposed to be what is called irony, that is, a joke because it doesn't fit; the point of it, I think, is that it was the only way left for Joyce to hint that there *would* be a happy ending for Ulysses-Bloom. In fact this is what makes the book an epic. Joyce can't do it any other way if he is to keep to his rigid convention of one day and also keep to his theory

that the author must not speak in person. The book is like the Ibsen Problem Plays which he greatly admired; the aim is to thrust on the reader a general problem, so one mustn't make it easy for the reader by ending with a particular solution. The reason for dragging in Shakespeare and the Sonnets, which happens chiefly when Stephen tries to get advance payment for an article on Shakespeare by talking about him in the library chapter, is simply that the reader needs this amount of help to understand the book; the situation that Joyce is leading up to is one that hardly any other author has handled, whereas something like it does happen to crop up in the Shakespeare Sonnets. And then, the reason for the magnificent but over-laboured chapter in the maternity hospital is that the book is leading up to Ulysses-Bloom recovering his son. And so forth. All this is evident, but critics usually deal with it by saying that the relation of a spiritual father to his spiritual son was what Joyce meant. But Joyce would have laughed at that; it could only mean to him a priest, and he was cross with priests; he had himself refused to become one. Only a real son would count, and he has laboured to present a special psychology for Bloom which makes a real son a possible result of this day. To be sure, the novel does not ask you to believe that Bloom *did* have a son, but it does expect you to believe that on this day Bloom is getting a real opportunity to produce a son; the problem as it is shown to you is not trivial. Nor is there anything in the book to make you assume, as the critics regularly do, that Bloom must have lost his opportunity.

Such is my general opinion about the book, and I ought now to present at least a little evidence for it. The bit about Stephen's Doom, in the Question-and-Answer chapter, seems a good example. I might first say that, early in the book, Stephen has struggled to remember, while alone on the beach, a dream he had last night which is in effect the Bloom Offer; he feels a certain fear about what the dream

meant. Joyce, as well as Stephen, was a quaintly superstitious man who would regard a prophetic dream as a serious part of the build-up. Towards the end of the book the exhausted Stephen, already drunk and half starving and half mad with remorse, and then knocked out by a soldier, has been searched out and picked up and taken home by Bloom, who is a Jew, and given cocoa; then Stephen sings a savage ballad about the Christian boy who went into the Jew's house and was killed by the Jew's daughter. This is his habit, and does not mean serious anti-Semitic feelings; as soon as he revived, he would insult anybody who was helping him, in the simplest way he could. Then, in the appalling style of this chapter, we have (and I quote):

Condense Stephen's commentary.

One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by inadvertence, twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope and youth, holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation, to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him, consenting.

This handsome paragraph has rather little to do with the song, and I think it must mean that Stephen will consent to the Bloom Offer, though he is automatically nasty about it. You may naturally think that he won't do it if he thinks it is a doom. But the reader has had some acquaintance with him by this time, and every time he has seen a doom he has run into it as fast as he could go. Why should we suppose he will keep away from this particularly interesting doom? I would take a small bet that he didn't.

So far as one can make out, Stephen rambles on drunkenly saying what is "condensed" in this answer, while the hurt Bloom is silent. Then there seems to be a long pause, while this insult makes Bloom think about his own daughter. (You understand I am trying to interpret this frightful text.) The next words are Bloom inviting Stephen to stay

the night, and Stephen is shocked by this kindness into rather more decent behavior.

Was the proposal of asylum accepted?

Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully it was declined.

So Bloom gives him back the bit of money he had saved him from throwing away, and Stephen then promises to come back and clear up for Molly the Italian pronunciation of the concert songs she sings in Italian. The promise is expressed so very obscurely, and has been so much ignored by critics, that it needs quoting. It goes like this:

What counterproposals were alternately advanced, accepted, modified, declined, restated in other terms, reaccepted, ratified, reconfirmed?

To inaugurate a prearranged course of Italian instruction, place the residence of the instructed. To inaugurate a course of vocal instruction, place the residence of the instructress. To inaugurate a series of static, semistatic and peripatetic intellectual dialogues, places the residence of both speakers (if both speakers were resident in the same place), the Ship hotel and tavern, the . . .

and so on, a farcical list of other places. It does look as if Stephen was bored and irritated by the efforts of poor Bloom to pin him down about these intellectual talks. But we must remember the meaning of the word *counterproposal*, which Joyce would not simply get wrong, especially when he is claiming to be pedantic. The proposal was made by Bloom, to stay the night; the counterproposal was therefore made by Stephen, to come later and improve Molly's Italian; this was ratified and reconfirmed. The tactless Bloom then suggested that Molly as a professional singer could train Stephen for that career, which would offend Stephen, so he is rude about it. But he urgently needs something to do, now that he has thrown up his job; he is very scornful of other people who break their promises, and he has just made a promise; and he has not yet met Molly, though he has heard

so much about her. Surely the Bloom Offer would at least excite curiosity. I think he refuses to stay the night merely because he wants to meet her first on some other footing than that of waif and stray; it would be very like his habitual pride. We need not suppose he thinks he is too grand or too high-class to do anything with the Bloom couple except tell lies to them; that is not the way Stephen's pride works, or Joyce's either.

The difficulty about *Ulysses*, as is obvious if you read the extremely various opinions of critics, is that, whereas most novels tell you what the author expects you to feel, this one not only refuses to tell you the end of the story, it also refuses to tell you what the author thinks would have been a good end to the story. A critic of *Ulysses* always holds a theory about the intention of Joyce in *Ulysses*, without realizing that he is holding it. Most of the critics who have hated the book, and also the American Judge who allowed the book into the States, which he did on the ground that it is emetic rather than aphrodisiac, seem to hold what I call the Jeer Theory; that is, they think there really was a couple, whom we may call the Ur-Blooms, who tried to be kind to the young Joyce, and as a result the elder Joyce spent at least ten years in trying to make them look immortally ridiculous and disgusting. No wonder these readers think Joyce a pretty disgusting author; no other objection to the morality of the book is half so serious as that one. I think Joyce simply miscalculated there; he did not foresee that people would read him like that, chiefly because it was so remote from his own sentiments. Most critics who have accepted him, so far as one can make out, have adopted what I call the Remorse Theory; that is, they think there was a Bloom Offer, and that Joyce rejected it, and perhaps went on feeling he couldn't have done anything but reject it, but even so came to feel he was a cad about rejecting it, and perhaps that somehow it could have been accepted in a better world. This gives you a decent moral basis for reading

the book, as far as the author is concerned, but it makes the book seem very dismal or even self-torturing. I am assuming that we cannot hold the Pure Invention Theory, which critics in their tactful way usually take for granted; I do not believe Joyce was capable of inventing such a good story, as it works out; the unearthly shocking surprise with which all the theorizing of the book at last becomes solid, as an actual homely example, hard to know what to make of. We have only to peep into *Finnegans Wake*, where Joyce clearly was trying to invent a story, to see how extremely short of novelistic invention he was in his otherwise wonderful equipment. For that matter his behavior in later life doesn't suggest the Pure Invention Theory at all, and positively refutes the Remorse Theory; he expected all his friends to come on Bloomsday for a sort of private Christmas and celebrate it in a farcical but rejoicing manner. As soon as you look at the matter from that angle, which most critics have refused to do, it seems clear the Acceptance Theory holds the field.

I am also rejecting the Pure Epiphany Theory, which some critics have deduced because Joyce himself said that a novel ought to give an Epiphany. I agree that this opinion of Joyce is important, because it shows he didn't think a novel ought to be pointless. But, the way the critics take it, even a tiny contact with the young Joyce is supposed to have been enough to bring happiness to the Blooms. This school makes great play with Bloom asking his wife for breakfast in bed next morning, just before he goes to sleep; it is supposed to show he has become a man again; but it seems a natural thing to do, after he has had such a hard day. He isn't shown as afraid of his wife, except in his nightmares; in fact the Citizen says he bullies her. What is wrong with him is a more specific psychological trouble. In any case, this theory, though it doesn't make the author malicious or poisoned, surely makes him ridiculously vain about his influence as a young man; he might as well have called the book *Pippa Passes*. There is, I would agree, a strand of silli-

ness in the mind of Joyce, but nothing near as bad as that.

A great deal of the difficulty of writing the book, and indeed I think its peculiar form, came from the fact that he had already told the reader he is writing about his own life. Surely this made it very hard to tell what he thought the essential part of his own story without dragging in the originals of the Blooms. I make no doubt that they were extremely different from the Bloom couple in the book; for one thing, I think making them Jewish was part of the business of laying a false trail. The whole game of keeping his secret while telling the truth on such a big scale was obviously a great spur to his invention, and also gave him a great deal of innocent glee. This also, I think, explains another rather puzzling aspect of the book. Once you realize that he has got hold of a subject of great interest, in fact one which novelists do not dare to treat, it does seem absurd to have hidden it completely from practically all readers while getting himself banned for years on completely irrelevant grounds of petty indecency. But he wanted to do both; his novel was meant to be the last word all round, the last word in using rude words, and also the last word in the problem novel treating a profound subject which would gradually open itself to posterity. You may well ask why I should suppose that the critics have all been wrong for so long; the answer is that Joyce felt he had to arrange things like that, and the business of doing it gave him a very exhilarating sense of glory.

Well, I do not expect to get agreement on this subject; many very keen minds have been at work for twenty years on what the intention of *Ulysses* can be. But my theory does at least prevent the book from seeming a record piece of dismal sustained nagging; and also I turn the puzzle into something which the mind of Joyce, always a straightforwardly well-intentioned mind unless he was kicking back at a supposed enemy, would have enjoyed doing.⁵ It may well be true that Joyce hadn't had enough experience of the

Bloom situation to finish the book properly; that is, he did go to bed with the original Molly, but he only felt afterwards that he hadn't been friends enough with her husband. So then he tried to work out the Bloom situation as far as he could just because other novelists had funk'd it. But I think it equally likely that the original Bloom couple did have a son as a result of this incident, a son by Bloom, who will now be about fifty, and that is why Joyce always felt such glee about the whole affair. Joyce might have said what Jane Austen said on a similar occasion; Jane Austen has just remarked, at the end of *Northanger Abbey*, that the rich young man in her story wanted to marry the heroine merely because she had recklessly shown she was fond of him, and then Jane Austen says:

It is a new circumstance in romance, I acknowledge; but if it be as new in common life, the credit of a wild imagination will at least be all my own.

III. (1956)

It occurred to me, when I thought about expanding this material for the *Kenyon Review*, that I am blaspheming against two dogmas which have great authority for many of its readers; I am committing both the Fallacy of Intentionalism and the Fallacy of Biography, and had better explain on what principles I do it, or what evidence there could be for the conclusions. Perhaps, however, it need not take long to dispose of those two bogeys. I think the case of *Ulysses*, and indeed the whole program of Ibsen which Joyce was following, reduce the attack on Intentionalism to farce. The attack says that it doesn't matter what the author tried to do; you must stick to what he succeeded in doing, because you can't get behind the words on the page. But Ibsen (I take it this is too well known to need proof) deliberately set out to stimulate the judgment of his audiences, and force them to agree with him by a slow process of

public bafflement and turmoil. He thought it would be aesthetically unsound to tell them his opinion, but he also thought this reason for silence unimportant compared to a kind of political claim in the technique; by the time they had realized his opinion, it would have become part of their own lives. To make you puzzle about his Intention was therefore part of his Intention, and he would have thought an Anti-Intentionalist even more sub-human than the beastliest member of his audiences. If you have a theory that you mustn't consider the Intention of such an author (and Joyce maintained the same determined silence as Ibsen on crucial points) all that you are really doing is refusing to read him.

But in the case of *Ulysses* I have also to commit the Fallacy of Biography; that is, talk as though what had happened to the author affects the value of the book. I agree that the process is circuitous, but any spontaneous reader of this novel is forced to feel that he wants to know what really happened; somehow, he wants to know what basis of experience Joyce is talking from. This is a normal situation, though Joyce used his great powers to give an extreme example of it. An author should try to produce a good book, and a reader should try to decide whether he can admire the whole ethos which has formed it. But in this case we have an extra factor; the autobiographer was too secret for his own purpose, as is clear from the absurdly divergent judgments which critics have actually formed. That is, too successful on a medium time-scale; on short time he welcomed a turmoil, and on long time I expect he will be understood (as he intended to be, after "exile, silence and cunning" had done their work); but I deduce from some number-riddles about dates and ages in the Question-and-Answer chapter that he expected to be understood in his own lifetime, which he wasn't. We critics can put up a decent excuse. To decide between the Jeer Theory, the Acceptance Theory, the Pippa Passes Theory and so forth ⁶ is at bottom a problem in what

the mathematicians call Inverse Probability; naturally it requires some information. It might seem fatuous to discuss what Stephen, a character in a book, did after the book was over; especially when the author is determined not to tell us. I agree with the critics who have said that we must not take simply his claim to be writing autobiography; no indeed, but we must take it deeply. Also I realize that Joyce saw himself as the fully detached Flaubertian artist, "paring his finger-nails," so that in one way it couldn't matter to him what happened next. But he got himself into this position by presenting a tremendous moment of choice, eternally suspended; the *situation* is what we are to consider, and in real life, we may reflect, it sometimes turns out one way, sometimes another. There could be no such aesthetic effect if it did not matter to the *character* what happened next. Thus we do need, in order to judge the book, to decide what the author thought the character *ought* to have done after the book was over, or which of the possible later events the author wanted the reader to regard as a happy ending. Now, we can discuss what the young Joyce actually did, using the book as part of our evidence; arguing from what he did, we may hope to learn the scale of values which the later Joyce was trying to express in his book. In this way, and in no other, we may hope to arrive at a purely critical conclusion. Actually, a critic always goes through this circuitous process, but as a rule he takes it in his stride and gives it no attention; in the case of *Ulysses* it needs to be given attention, as is clear from the divergent opinions that critics have formed. Not surprisingly, having been intended from the start as an enormous tease, it provides a good case to explode the idea that Biography is a Fallacy.

Putting so much weight on the influence of Ibsen (as giving us the right critical approach, unlike Flaubert) I ought perhaps to give some evidence for it. Joyce learned Norwegian as a young man to read Ibsen in the original, and wrote a florid article to praise him, printed in the

Fortnightly Review in 1900, when he was eighteen ("either the perception of a great truth, or the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost independent of the conflicting actors, and has been and is of far-reaching importance — this is what primarily rivets our attention"). Ibsen expressed pleasure at the article in a letter to William Archer, who quoted his remarks in a letter to Joyce. This arrived at dawn while he was pushing a swing, in the garden of his father's house, containing a young lady described as the original of Gerty Macdowell, with whom he had been all night at a ball. He remembered it as one of the most lyrical events of his life. One is rather baffled by this picture, after the fuss Joyce has made about the grinding poverty of his youth; it might suggest, too, that he wasn't quite as raw with girls as he gives us to suppose. But there is no doubt that he took Ibsen seriously; one might say, the belief that in Ibsen Europe was going ahead with its own large development was what prevented him from being an Irish Nationalist. It is also important I fancy that the last and most baffling play of Ibsen, *When We Dead Awaken*, printed in 1900, was analyzed by Bernard Shaw only in the second edition of his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, which came out in 1913, just before *Exiles* was written. Shaw's account is that the sculptor and his ex-mistress even now, at the time of the play, might get "an honest and natural relation in which they shall no longer sacrifice and slay each other," so that these dead can awaken; "she sees the possibility of a miracle"; but the only effect of the moment of insight, owing to their previous training, is that they sacrifice each other much worse, this time finally. I imagine that Shaw is right, but there is nothing in the play to show that Ibsen isn't being "mystical," in the sense of simply praising the double suicide as a means of getting to a less nasty world. Here we have the technique of dramatic ambiguity in full use, whether successfully or not. One might think that, under such an influence, the deeper meaning of *Ulysses* would have

to be something tragic; but Joyce would never imitate closely, and I think he merely felt that Ibsen had found how to apply to the modern world a technique already prominent in the classics. He himself, he felt, had somehow managed to face and handle the mysterious forces of life, and *not* sacrifice the Ur-Bloom; what made his theme an epic was that it was as deep as Ibsen and yet not about death.

To go back to the question whether Biography is any use, I have had to learn that I did not know enough Biography when I wrote my draft in Peking. I had admired the book greatly as an undergraduate, thinking as we all did, because we were told so, that it was defiantly pointless; and then reading it again twenty years later I thought it obviously had a great deal of point — the trouble was simply that the expounders hadn't experienced what Joyce was talking about. Irritated by the intensely snooty gloom which they evidently thought smart, I supposed instead a Joyce who was above the struggle and could look back benignly because he knew the happy end of it. I now gather that the truth is more interesting than either of these extremes. I began to gather this, without needing more Biography than the dates of writing (but these seem essential), by reading the disgusting play *Exiles*, which he wrote just before settling down to the final version of *Ulysses*. As to the earlier versions, I take it that the remarks which Joyce sometimes let drop were literally true but likely to mislead. No doubt, material from the short story of that name proposed for *Dubliners*, about the uneventful day of an ineffectual Mr. Hunter, got incorporated into some of the wanderings of Bloom in the middle of the book. By 1914 he had completed the *Portrait* in its final form, after shortening the first draft drastically in rewriting; presumably he now ended the story where he did because he had already decided that *Ulysses* would carry the sequel, the final crisis of his development. In between (during the first three months of 1914, says Mr. Herbert Gorman) he wrote *Exiles*.

It is about an Irish author who has sacrificed a career at home out of devotion to his art; this not unfamiliar figure is now visiting Dublin with his wife, and they meet an old friend who has achieved worldly success. The hero suspects the wife feels she would have been happier if she had married the friend. He tells her to go to bed with the friend, ostensibly to satisfy this part of her nature; meanwhile he displays torment about the process to both of them, and insists on trying to make them tell him exactly what they did to each other (Did he touch you here? — it is carried out like Joyce's savage parodies of confession to a priest); if only he *knows* everything, he keeps saying in a tightlipped manner, he won't mind so much. The play presumes that the audience greatly admire this hero, as an example of the author's own noble behavior; whereas he is obviously only torturing the other characters, because he feels sulky and resentful. Mr. Harry Levin well remarked about this that "no playwright can afford to be a solipsist"; the play is unproduceable. Joyce of course had every right to feel keenly and sometimes blow off steam about the privations of the way of life which he had chosen with so much courage. What is surprising about *Exiles* is to find him obsessed by a contorted attitude to sexual jealousy, hardly less so than Proust, though he let it interfere with his major work much less than Proust did. I can claim, at any rate, that an impulse to adventurous treatment of the Eternal Triangle was pressing on his mind when he started *Ulysses*; the literal story about Bloom seemed to him more dramatic than many critics have supposed. But one can hardly regard him as above the struggle.

We need to realize, I think, that this effect of resentment was an accidental result of trying to do something much more complex; to write a Profound Play, like Euripides and Shakespeare as well as Ibsen, which would have university lectures given on it in later years. In such a play, as Joyce knew very well, being himself an intellectual type of critic,

there has to be a series of "levels" of understanding, with little traps to force a member of the audience from his present level to the next one, and all the levels somehow affect the audience though perhaps no one till long after can see them all clearly. Such was the way he approached the theatre, and he was plumb right. It is impressive to see such a mind setting out to do in full consciousness what the old masters presumably did by instinct. But, in the nature of things, he was very liable to make a complete mess of this complicated technique; we need not be surprised that he got into a situation where the audience, at all levels, only think the author needs kicking. He went stubbornly on to apply the same technique on a grander style in *Ulysses*, in my opinion with success; but one had better admit how very bad the play was, because that helps one to recognize the interest and difficulty of what he was trying to do.

However, granting that he wasn't in such a bad state of mind as his hero, we still want to know what his state of mind was. By good luck (and by devoted effort under the German Occupation of France) some notes which he wrote while preparing to write the play *Exiles* have survived. They can best be described, I think, by a savage phrase of his own: "I smell the public sweat of monks." They smack of no direct experience of the situation he is to handle; and they suggest a very possessive type of mind, such as would have found the situation very painful. Even in these secret notes, he is taking care not to let himself know whether Bertha and Robert copulate or not in the absurdly brief time which the plot makes available to them; this was one of the "problems" which the audience were to go away discussing. Ignorance of contraceptives is also firmly pretended, so as to raise a further "problem" about whether they are going to have a child ("Bertha is reluctant to give the hospitality of her womb to Robert's seed" and so on). The tone of a virgin priest preparing a confessional manual seems astonishingly prominent:

As to the accomplishment of the act otherwise, externally, by friction, or in the mouth, the question needs to be scrutinized *still more* (Joyce's italic). Would she allow her lust to carry her so far as to receive his emission of seed in any other opening of the body where it could not be acted upon, when once emitted, by the forces of her secret flesh?

He surveys cuckoldry through the literature of the ages and shows that a new treatment of it is coming into vogue in various languages — the poor old brutal husband has now become the most interesting corner of the triangle. There are a few personal references; we find him noting gloomily:

Bodkin died. Kearns died. In the convent they called her the man-killer (woman-killer was one of her names for me). I live in soul and body.

One cannot help feeling rather disgusted with such a mind, incessantly superstitious and resentful, but anyhow it is obviously working on something that really happened. (Also it has a decisive saving quality; it is determined to work all its bothers into something eternal because universally true.) The play treats an almost insane degree of secretiveness as merely normal in domestic life; thus the hero every morning unlocks and relocks the letter-box affixed to the front door; after the distribution of letters, the members of the household lock up what they have received. Maybe he put this in to screw up the "atmosphere" and not because he took it for granted, but one can't be sure.

However, in stark contrast to this exacerbated possessiveness, an idea of extreme generosity was also haunting his mind:

Bertha wishes for the spiritual union of Richard and Robert, and believes that union will only be effected through her body, and perpetuated thereby. . . . The bodily possession of Bertha by Robert, repeated often, would certainly bring into almost carnal contact the two men. Do they desire this? To be united, that is, carnally through

the person and body of Bertha, as they cannot, without dissatisfaction and degradation, be united carnally man to man as man to woman?

This intention of Bertha was left pretty obscure when he came to write the play; not unreasonably, she does little but complain, and even the notes speak of her "mental paralysis." But it is working strongly in the husband's mind, and the lover has cottoned onto this in the seduction scene:

ROB. He has left us alone here at night, at this hour, because he longs to know it — he longs to be delivered.

BERTHA. From what?

ROB. From every law, Bertha, from every bond. . . .

Richard indeed makes a lot of it in his tormenting behavior to Robert the next day:

RICH. When I saw your eyes this afternoon I felt sad. Your humility and confusion, I felt, united me to you in brotherhood. (He turns half round towards him). At that moment I felt our whole life together in the past, and I longed to put my arm around your neck. . . . In the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her — in the dark, in the night — secretly, meanly, craftily. I longed for that passionately and ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and in lust . . . to be for ever a shameful creature and to build up my soul again out of the ruins of its shame.

In general, where the only holy or classy pleasure is inflicting and gloating over torture, a merely sexual scopophilia is the very lowest pleasure of all. And to be low is exciting in itself, for one thing because it is "taking a dare"; we get a lot of that in the mind of Bloom. Richard also says, more practically, that he wants her to be unfaithful to make her like himself: "She has spoken always of her innocence, as I have spoken of my guilt, humbling me." Even this he can express generously, when he reproaches himself for being jealous and "making her life poorer in love." The secret notes pretend to blame him at one point, as Bertha does, via the

paradoxes about freedom: "he wishes, it seems, to feel the thrill of adultery vicariously and to possess a bound woman Bertha through the organ of his friend"; but in general these notes are monolithically pro-Richard: "Every step advanced by humanity through Richard is a step backwards by the type which Robert stands for." I take it that the aura of horror about the intention of Richard is meant to express the tragic situation usual for an innovator in morals; what his feelings drive him into is really an advance, but even to himself, not only to the rest of his society, it appears an unnatural wrong. We may impute to him the heroism of Huck Finn, who says, "All right; I'll go to Hell," when he decides out of love to help the escape of the slave. This I think is what Ibsenite profundity requires, and it explains why Joyce gave himself what seems a very unnecessary warning in the secret notes: "The greatest danger in the writing of this play is tenderness of speech or of mood." That would be awfully embarrassing; much better call the play a "rough-and-tumble" between Masoch and de Sade (the notes dashingly write out their titles at full length).

The situation that Joyce is envisaging, especially in the note about Bertha wanting their spiritual union, is clearly fundamental to *Ulysses*. Here is the healing process through which Bloom hopes even yet to produce a son. What Joyce has in view is a startling transformation of the Eternal Triangle; from being one of the inevitable grounds of greed and aggression it becomes, one would suppose, the highest or most evolved of all forms of human intimacy. However much the relations of Bloom and Stephen become a mockery of this idea, Joyce had at least once taken it seriously. How easily, indeed, one can imagine the Ibsenites calling it the New Love, except that that would have been "going so very far"; I gather it is still not treated in novels, and would be considered a good deal more shocking than homosexuality. Like other adventurous minds, able to swing far over without losing the power to swing back, Joyce spent a good deal

of time in laughing self-protectively at his own past enthusiasms — as when he pretended he had always only meant to guy AE about theosophy. One is left in doubt whether he was still taking it seriously (or would have considered it a happy ending) when he came to write the novel.

A very helpful bit of biography, I think, was provided by Mr. Richard Ellmann's article *The Backgrounds of Ulysses* (Kenyon Summer '54). It seems that Joyce had a rather odd emotional upset during a visit to Dublin in 1909; not long before he wrote *Exiles*, considering how slowly his literary plans matured. He met a Vincent Cosgrave, "an arrogant wastrel," the Ur-Lynch with whom he had roystered, who "stupefied him by claiming to have betrayed Joyce with Nora in 1904"; so Joyce at once went to the legendary house No. 7 Eccles St., where the Ur-Cranly Byrne was then living, for comfort and advice. This period was when Byrne got into the house without a key, to let Joyce in, as Bloom does in the novel; Joyce checked the details of the house by letter with grotesque care. Byrne in his own memoir (*Silent Years*) describes this call ("never in my life have I seen a human being more shattered") but won't say what the trouble was; and by the way it is a nuisance, when you consider how ready some Dubliners are to give you a good story for another pint and then jeer at you for believing it (this of course was what Cosgrave had done) that Mr. Ellmann doesn't give the sources for his assertions; but I think we can feel sure enough that the upset mentioned by Byrne had this kind of cause. It turned out, says Mr. Ellmann, that Joyce's brother Stanislaus "had happened to meet Cosgrave on the very night when Nora rebuffed him. Joyce gradually became calmer and some time after went out to buy Nora a necklace," and so forth. It is clear then that Joyce's mind was hurled onto the subject of cuckoldry by this curious Dublin boast, to which he reacted as if the idea was a complete novelty; and then, as he collected himself, and one would like to think wondered why he had believed it, he

gradually came to realize that it had important literary possibilities. None of this, I have to admit, sounds as if something which greatly cleared his mind on the subject had happened on and after Bloomsday, 1904. All the same, we have to presume that he acted on his principles; he must have decided, after delving into his memories to examine his own character and its sources, that something important *had* happened then; the only novelty was that now he had learned or had been forced to look at it from the point of view of the Ur-Bloom.

As one considers a man with a keen sense of privacy, inflamed no doubt by knowing people like Cosgrave, who has yet decided it is his duty to lay his development bare to the world, it seems likely that to decide that this theme for his epic was the right one brought a keen sense of relief. "Thank God I needn't drag my wife in," would be one of the first reflections of the novelist famous for his shamelessness. Nora, we are told, was accustomed to say that he had first met her on Bloomsday, and that was why they always had a party for it; but Mr. Herbert Gorman asserted that they had met not on the 16th but on the 10th. She might have been helping to keep the secret, while telling the "essential truth," but he would be capable of keeping the secret from her too. One gathers she was proud of his books but not interested in reading them. Joyce might well choose the date of Bloomsday on some irrelevant ground of private magic, not as the real start of the Ur-Bloom Incident (it looks as if he had at least noticed the Ur-Molly when a schoolboy); and he needn't have been much struck by Nora at their first meeting; but one can well believe that the incident was brief and ended with a bang when he took Nora seriously. They left Ireland together on the 8th October. He must have heard considerably later, I think, that the Ur-Blooms had succeeded in having a son; and this would not be likely to come in the long letters of gossip which he got from Dublin, because his relation with the

Ur-Blooms was a deep secret; so I think he heard of it during this visit in 1909, at about the same time as the startling kick about his own wife. The combination would thrust the theme on his mind with sufficient force; he would take it as an omen, meaning that the happy triangle needed to be advanced upon with all his equipment, beginning with a historical survey. Always a recklessly courageous man in such matters, he would have liked, I think, to pretend that they had all three been to bed together, but then he realized that he did not know how to make that part up. He may on the other hand, as Edmund Wilson suggested long ago in *Axel's Castle*, simply have felt too shy about the subject to describe it plainly. He seems very unhomosexual and rather short even of ordinary intimacy with other men, though one gathers from *Finnegans Wake* that he felt a novelist had a duty to drag the subject in; to find himself in a triangular relation with the Ur-Bloom would be striking for him. After trying to look at the arguments all round, I cannot get away from feeling that at least an approach to the situation really happened.

To be convinced that his mind connected Molly, even if not Bloom, with a real and haunting memory, one has only, I submit, to read the dream, in the *Definitive Biography* by Mr. Herbert Gorman, which he "told to his friends":

He saw Molly Bloom on a hillock under a sky full of moonlit clouds rushing overhead. She had just picked up from the grass a child's black coffin and flung it after the figure of a man passing down a side road by the field she was in. It struck his shoulders, and she said "I've done with you." The man was Bloom seen from behind. There was a shout of laughter from some American journalists in the road opposite, led by Ezra Pound. Joyce was very indignant and vaulted over a gate into the field and strode up to her and delivered the one speech of his life. It was very long, eloquent and full of passion, explaining all the last episode of *Ulysses* to her. She wore a black opera cloak, or *sortie de bal*, had become slightly grey and looked

like La Duse. She smiled when Joyce ended on an astronomical climax, and then, bending, picked up a tiny snuffbox in the form of a little black coffin, and tossed it towards him, saying "And I have done with you too, Mr. Joyce."

Then we are told, very oddly, that Joyce had a snuffbox like the one she had tossed to him when he was at Clongowes Wood College. No doubt his imagination would do almost anything, but here it must have had something to work upon. "O Molly, handsome Molly," he wrote, in a "parody" about this dream, "Sure you won't let me die?"

iv. (1962)

After reading Mr. Ellmann's biography, I no longer believe that *Ulysses* describes a real event in Joyce's life at the date he gives. The question mainly turns on the date of Bloomsday; I realized that Joyce had stopped Nora in the street and taken her name and address on June 10th, so I did not believe that June 16th could be related to that in his superstitiously literal mind. But letters were then exchanged, and the 16th was the date on which the hotel employee first consented to walk out with Joyce; this is the decisive date from her side. As to the last paragraph of this article, I realize now that the grammar does not have to mean "Molly had tossed it to him while he was at the college"; I regret losing this interesting picture, but it is only fair to Nora to admit the evidence that she had to do the main work of healing him from the start. All the same, I think most of my article stands, and I still don't believe that he had only been to bed with prostitutes before he met Nora. Consider the "accommodating widow" in whose house the book-title *Chamber Music* was found so funny; she would seem about as much out of place in *Dubliners* as the Dalai Lama. And what, on the other hand, did Joyce mean by saying about *Ulysses* in later life that "the nature

of the legend chosen would be enough to upset anyone's mental balance"?

NOTES

1. "The Backgrounds of *Ulysses*," *Kenyon Review*, Summer, 1954.

2. *James Joyce's Dublin*, by Patricia Hutchins. Grey Walls Press, 1950.

3. A correspondent, after this was broadcast, thought Molly would be too dirty to bother; but the cautious Bloom seems to doubt at one point whether she would find Stephen clean enough. By the way if, as we are told, Joyce was in fact at this time greatly enjoying the swimming, that is all the more reason to think the detail has some purpose.

4. It seems he vowed in about 1904 that he would write an epic of Dublin after ten years; he settled down to the final version of *Ulysses* in 1914, and recalled the vow in the book.

5. "If there is any difficulty in reading what I write it is because of the material I use. In my case the thought is always simple."

6. Let alone the Joke Theories, such as that Joyce had foisted a bastard on the Ur-Bloom, or that Nora was the Ur-Milly.

The Yankee Interviewer in *Ulysses*

RICHARD M. KAIN

WHATEVER esoteric and symbolistic significances the book may have, *Ulysses* tells us much about human nature, particularly in its delightful Dublin form. For more than a century the Irish cult of personality has found expression in anecdotes. Dubliners still recall Dr. William Wilde, his sensational wife "Speranza," and his more sensational son Oscar. Gogarty brings to life the master wits of Trinity, Mahaffy and Tyrrell. During the revival, the key figures for such gossip were "Willie" Yeats and "Jimmy" Joyce. Joyce was early noted as a character, an "artist," in the slang of the period, who was expert at borrowing, and more expert at insulting his seniors.

Ulysses is filled with local tales, real and fictional, and Joyce, we know, never needed to invent epiphanies when he could find them in actuality. An event, whether sublime or trivial, "an old woman praying, or a young man fastening his shoe," to quote his 1902 Mangan essay, is enough for one "to see what is there well done and how much it signifies." Though he once characterized his native city as a center of paralysis — a hint that has been dutifully exploited by commentators — he has never been accused of being deaf to

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local anecdote. During Bloomsday we hear of the Hamlet theory of Stephen Dedalus (actually James Joyce), of how the Phoenix Park murders were scooped by the journalist Ignatius Gallaher (actually Fred Gallaher), of the comments on Stephen by Professor Magennis (actually Professor Magennis). The list is endless, and much of the Dublin background has been skillfully recreated by Richard Ellmann, as well as by other scholars.

One episode has not been hitherto noticed. At the office of the *Freeman's Journal* on the uneventful morning in 1904 a discussion of oratory is interrupted by an anecdote about Stephen Dedalus which J. J. O'Molloy has heard from Professor Magennis: "A.E. has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness." The professor, who in fact had been kind to Joyce at University College, knew his man well enough to wonder whether it might have been a leg-pull. Joyce would love this tale, both because it is enigmatic, and, more importantly, because it is about himself.

The story was told by the yankee nine years later. In *Irish Plays and Playwrights* (1913), Professor Cornelius Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania presented his first-hand interpretations of modern Irish writers, gained largely during his visit to Dublin in 1902. He was thus one of the earliest American pilgrims to literary Dublin, and one of the first to notice James Joyce, albeit without using the name. In his chapter on Russell Professor Weygandt illustrated the influence and the versatility of "A.E." by telling how a boy waited for him late one night on a street corner. Too timid to come to the poet, the young man had to be questioned as to which of Russell's diverse fields—economics, mysticism, or literature—interested him. It was, of course, literature. Russell found Joyce "an exquisite who thought the literary movement was becoming vulgarized." Moreover, he had become "infected with Pater's Relative,"

Go show you for strictures I don't care a button
I printed the poems of Mountainy Mutton
And a play he wrote (you've read it I'm sure)
Where they talk of "bastard" "bugger" and "whore"
And a play on the Word and Holy Paul
And some woman's legs that I can't recall
Written by Moore, a genuine gent
That lives on his property's ten per cent;
I printed mystical books in Dogens;
I printed the table book of Cousins
Though (asking your pardon) as for the verse

Manuscript pages of "Gas from a Burner" described in the essay by Robert Scholes on "The Broad-sides of James Joyce." Joyce wrote this pasquinade in 1912, upon his departure from Ireland. The manuscript, which was among the Joyce papers purchased from the widow of Stanislaus Joyce by Cornell University, also throws some light on how Joyce obtained the set of page proofs of *Dubliners* printed by Falconer. The second draft of "Gas from a Burner" is written on the back of an unsigned, typed agreement in which Joyce agreed to revise the proofs of *Dubliners* to the satisfaction of the publisher, Maunsel and Company. Reproduced by courtesy of the Cornell University Library.

'I would give you a heartburn on your aise;
I printed folk from North to South
By Gregory of the Golden Worth:
I printed poets, sad, silly and solemn:
I printed Patrick what-do-you-calm:
I printed the great John Millicent Synge
Who wars above on an angel's wing
In the play-boy shift that he pinched aswag
From Maunsel's manager's travelling-bag.
But I drew the line at that bloody fellow
That was over here dressed in Austrian yellow,
Spouting Italian by the hour
To O'Leary Curtis and John Wyse Power
And writing of Dublin, dirty and dear,
In a manner no blackamoor printer could bear.
Shute and onions! Do you think I'll print
The name of the Wellington Monument,
Sydney parade and the Sandymount team,
Dowries's cakeshop and O'Williams's jam?
I'm damned if I do - I'm damned to blazes!
Talk about Irish Names of Places!
It's a wonder to me, upon my soul,
He forgot to mention Curly's Haul.
No, ladies, my press shall have no share in
So gross a libel on Slep-mother Erin.
I pity the poor - that's why I took
A red-headed Scotchman to keep my book.
Poor sister Scotland! Her doom is fell;
She cannot find any more Stuarts to sell.
My conscience is fine as Chinese silk:
My heart is as soft as buttermilk.
Calm can tell you I made a ~~probable~~ rebate
Of one hundred pounds on the estimate
I gave him for his Irish Review.
I love my country - by heavens I do!
I wish you could see what tears I weep
When I think of the emigrant train and ship.
That's why I publish far and wide

My quite illegible railway guide.
In the porch of my printing institute
The poor and deserving prostitute
Plays every night at catch-as-catch-can
With her light-breathed British artilleryman
And the foreigner learns the gift of the gab
From the drunken draggletail. Dublin Dial
"I'll burn that book & help me Devil.
I'll sing a psalm as I watch the flames burn
And the ashes I'll keep in a one-handed urn.
I'll penance do with fasts and groans
Smelling upon my manor-bones.
This very next Lent I will anathematize
My penitent Cutthroats to the air
And robbing beside my printing press
My awful sin I will confess.
My Irish freeman from Bannochburn
Shall dip his right hand in the urn
And sign crosscross with reverent thumb
Memento homo upon my bum.

James Joyce

Flushing. September 1912.

100

and for the next 100 years

The Dore
TRI

I'm damned if I do! I'm damned to blazes!
Talk about Irish Names of Places upon my soul
It's a wonder to me to ~~complete the whole~~
He omitted to mention Curly's Hole.
No, no, my powers shall have no share in
So give a label on the other Erin
I pity the poor that's why I took
A red-headed Scotchman to keep my book
Poor Sister Scotland! Her Doan is felt!
She cannot find any more Stewart to sell
My conscience is pined a Chinese silk
My heart is as soft as butter milk
Come I can tell you I make a ~~rehab~~
of a hundred pounds on the station and
I gave him for his Irish Deirdre
I love my country - my herring - I do
O you should see what I can I keep
When I think of the emigrant train & ship
That's why I sent over the countryside
My quilt illegible railway guide
In the porch of my printing institute
The sick and indigent prostitute
Can play the game of catch-as-catch-can
With her tight-breeched, British artilleryman
And the stranger can learn the gift of the gab
From the drummer, Draggletail Dublin Drab.
Who was it said: Resist not evil?
I'll burn those books no help me I will
I'll sing a psalm - I watch them burn
And the ashes I'll keep in a one-handed urn.
I'll penance do with fasts and prayers
Knocking upon my man overboard
This very next day I will embark
Penitent but not to the air
And robbers here are my printing press
My terrible sin I will confess

deceiving

play on the
Word and
Holy Paul

To show - in for the owner 9th & 2nd case a broken
printed in paper 7th & 2nd case
where they talk of having, but I don't know
And some women's legs that I can't see
Whither they were - ~~the~~ a genuine
that is - the life of the 18th & 19th
printed mystical books in days
about 1800 - the 18th & 19th
to be - and you know it for the rest
would be in - the 18th & 19th
I have written from the 18th & 19th
by George of the Golden North
..... P. 18th & 19th - and 18th & 19th
I printed Patrick's 18th & 19th - 18th & 19th
I printed the great John the 18th & 19th
who is in the 18th & 19th
he the play by which he is in the 18th & 19th
from the 18th & 19th - 18th & 19th
But I am the 18th & 19th of that 18th & 19th
that is in the 18th & 19th in the 18th & 19th
Spoken Italian by the 18th & 19th
to the 18th & 19th in the 18th & 19th
and 18th & 19th - 18th & 19th
blackman printer he is in the 18th & 19th
18th & 19th - 18th & 19th
The 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th
Sydney the 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th
Doubt's 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th
9th & 10th of the 18th & 19th
Talk about the 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th
It's a 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th
The 18th & 19th of the 18th & 19th

I sleep every night at least 6 or 7 hours. Catch some
 water for trout broods. Pickled watermelon
 and the forebills leaves the gift of the fish
 from the duck. The dapplebill. The water
 who was it said. Resist most sent:
 Not given. At book 4 of help me devil
 tell me a volume of 9 with the blue
 and the other I'll keep in a 4. handled with
 I'll dance 80 with fish and power
 traveling among my new work
 This very night I'll 9 with the
 they plant but that birds to the air
 and looking for me my painting power.
 my angel from I will comfort
 my bird from me from 13 and work from
 that day this night from in the water

Good night. ^{entirely} with respectful kindest
Rements to you upon my beam.

gent

— June 15 1892 —

Wishes in the train between
Flushing and Salyburg/

Falconer on "Dubliners"



Photograph of James Joyce by Berenice Abbott, ca. 1930

as was borne out by his reaction to Russell. When he learned that A.E. sought the absolute, "he again sighed, this time regretfully, and said decidedly that 'A.E.' could not be his Messiah, as he abhorred the Absolute above everything else." This is the point of Russell's remark to Sarah Purser in a letter of August 15, 1902, quoted by Richard Ellmann: "I wouldn't be his Messiah for a thousand million pounds. He would always be criticising the bad taste of his deity." Professor Weygandt concluded his anecdote with an echo of the final exit of Marchbanks in *Candida*: "So the boy — he was not yet twenty-one — went out into the night with, I suppose, another of his idols fallen." Though an idol may have fallen, with "A.E." turning out to be another Morrell, the young poet, like Shaw's Marchbanks, had his secret. We have been exploring this secret for almost fifty years now, often with frustration, but, happily, more frequently with delight.

The Happy Hunting Ground:

SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMATIS PERSONAE IN THE "SCYLLA
AND CHARYBDIS" EPISODE OF JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES

T. LENNAM

✓ *"Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground
of all minds that have lost their balance."*
Ulysses

JOYCE'S fascination for Shakespeare and his use of him fuse in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode of *Ulysses*.¹ In that section the Shakespearean parallels, allusions, echoes and references are ordered into a pattern, rich in detail, rare in texture and weighted with symbolic complexity. Elucidation of the meaning of "Scylla and Charybdis," in relation to the work as a whole, has been the subject of several studies. This essay does not attempt to work that extremely fertile ground.² It is simply concerned with the structure of the episode and in particular with a structural pattern which has so far escaped notice.

Gathered in the office of the Chief Librarian of the National Library, Kildare Street, at 2 p.m. on the afternoon of 16 June, 1904, are Thomas Lyster (the Director), William Kirkpatrick Magee (Assistant Librarian), Richard Best (Assistant Librarian), George Russell (Poet and Mystic), and Stephen Dedalus (Schoolmaster). To his companions Stephen Dedalus propounds a theory concerning Shakespeare's life and its relationship to his works. The subject

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is of special interest to Stephen for two reasons: first, he considers Shakespeare an example of creative genius, a role to which he himself aspires; and second, he feels that unravelling the facts of Shakespeare's life will provide evidence for his own aesthetic theory, especially the central place in it of the artist as creator.

Stephen's exposition, which is a series of dramatic and dubious revelations, artfully contrived and persuasively argued, is subject to a number of interruptions. Lyster comes and goes upon official duties; Russell discreetly withdraws, excusing himself on literary business; a newcomer, Malachi Mulligan, joins the company; and Leopold Bloom makes a fleeting appearance.

By the afternoon of 16 June, 1904, we have come to know a good deal about Stephen, Mulligan and Bloom. Of Russell we have had only the briefest glimpse, as he emerged from the Vegetarian Restaurant a little after one o'clock, accompanied by an attentive woman, and wheeled his bicycle up the street, in all probability on his way to the library (163). The Librarians, however, are fresh figures on the vast canvas of *Ulysses*.

Thomas W. Lyster, it seems, was a conscientious and efficient librarian, dedicated to the service of his profession and to Irish scholarship. He was, at this time, forty-nine years of age and had been the Director of the National Library since 1895. He has been described as "Dowden's most ardent disciple," and was apparently given to echoing his master with enthusiastic repetitiousness. This tedious pedantry coupled with only a rudimentary sense of humour made him rather a vulnerable figure of fun.³

William Kirkpatrick Magee, better known under his pseudonym John Eglinton, joined the Staff of the National Library in 1900. He had, by the time of this meeting, already made his mark as a subtle thinker, essayist and critic. He was the editor of *Dana*, the magazine to which Stephen Dedalus hoped to contribute his article on Shakespeare, and the au-

thor of *Two Essays on The Remnant* (1894) and *Pebbles from a Brook* (1901), works which Stephen acknowledges having read. Although a contributor to the Irish Literary Revival, Eglinton was also one of its most stringent critics. He did not share Russell's confidence "in the regeneration of the Irish people by inducing 'spirituality' into their life," nor the poet's enthusiasm for the Irish Peasantry. "His chief concern was with the individual thinker, the man who forces himself to push aside facile solutions and popular dogmas in order to confront fundamental issues without a compromise." ⁴ Reticent, modest, independent and with a notable, if somewhat exclusive, literary reputation, John Eglinton is Stephen's chief opponent in the argument which follows.

The third Librarian, Richard Irvine Best, was the youngest and newest member of the Staff. He was later to make a reputation as a scholar in Celtic Studies. He had already by 1903 brought out a translation of H. d'A. de Jubainville's *The Irish Mythological Cycle and Celtic Mythology*, the first of his many books which were to contribute to the Revival. In 1904, none the less, Best appeared to his contemporaries as a literary dilettante rather than a scholar. His enthusiasm for Wilde, his sartorial affectations, prim, mincing manner and "beautiful shining hair and features so fine and delicate" ⁵ all combined to give the impression of an aesthete and a fop.

To these three Librarians and to Russell until he exits, Stephen expounds his Shakespeare theories. Their reactions are varied. Lyster is, between his departures and returns, politely curious; Best is enthusiastic and intrigued; Eglinton is sceptical and critical. Russell alone is uninterested. After registering a protest at "this prying into the family life of a great man" and scornfully suggesting that it is "interesting only to the parish clerk" (187), he excuses himself and leaves.

Although Stephen's remaining auditors are very willing to hear him out, he regards them with some hostility. Lyster's

obsequious affability is observed by Stephen and recorded in his thought-stream with mocking emphasis. Best's youthful and effeminate appearance, his jejune aestheticism and his verbal inanities are all sharply and contemptuously delineated. As for Eglinton, his keen and critical wit and his knowledge of Shakespeare very quickly distinguish him, in Stephen's mind, as the main opponent to whom he must address his theory.

All four listeners have two attributes in common which vex Stephen. They have already established, or, in the case of Best, begun to establish, a literary reputation. Further, they have all identified themselves, in one way or another, with the Irish Literary Renaissance, a movement which Stephen professes to despise and from which he has scornfully dissociated himself. Stephen uneasily faces his literary foes. Envious of their assured positions and their growing reputations, he masks his isolation and discontent with calculated arrogance and barbed hostility. In doing so, he once more assumes the role of Hamlet, whose predicament he has already identified with his own.

Both the Dedalus-Hamlet and the Bloom-Shakespeare parallels have been thoroughly explored: neither needs further treatment here. No one, so far as I know, however, has suggested that in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode some further identifications may be made with the characters of Shakespeare's plays. These are: Lyster with Polonius, Eglinton with Laertes, Best with Osric, and Russell with the Ghost. Mulligan, as I shall endeavour to show, plays the Fool.

The glimpses that we have of Russell are of a figure deep in shadow. His face is "bearded amid darkgreener shadow" (182). He "oracled out of his shadow" (183). He "rose from shadow" (189). At one point Stephen has a mock vision of Russell sitting cross-legged under an umbrel umbershoot ringed by disciples and communing with the spirit world, "hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing

creecries, whirled, whirling, they bewail" (189). He has little to contribute to the argument. When he does, his statement is "oracular." After one disapproving intervention of Russell's, Stephen repeats to himself Hamlet's question put to the voice from the cellarage, "Art thou there true-penny?"⁶ Like the Ghost in *Hamlet* Russell makes only a brief stay. Uninterested in Stephen's thesis, he takes his leave "more in sorrow than in anger," we may be sure. He gives his reason, "I am afraid I am due at the Homestead" (189), which, despite his phrasing, is perhaps not a very "fearful summons." Nevertheless he obeys it. Unveiling "his cooperative watch" he is as conscious of the hour as Hamlet's Ghost, which "faded at the crowing of a cock." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Russell, when he next appears (in "Circe") does so as the ghost of Mananaan Maclir, clad in druidic mantle and mumbling with a "voice of the waves" (499).⁷

Thomas W. Lyster is the 'Lord Chamberlain' of the National Library. Like the holder of the same Office at Elsinore, he is a busy, affable and earnest host. Lyster's frequent comings and goings throughout the episode are similar to Polonius' appearances and reappearances at Court, where domestic and official duties have claims upon him. Like Lyster, Polonius dances attendance, though to be sure, not with such a variety of movement. If a contemptuous remark of Hamlet's to the First Player is to be believed, Polonius is "for a jig and a tale of bawdry" rather than for the courtly steps Lyster performs. Lyster's zeal in the service of his profession was notable. Stephen observes him "zealous by the door" (182) and "bald, most, zealous" (182). Polonius, too, is zealous, a characteristic, it would be true to say, partly responsible for his undoing. Besides diligence, Lyster shares another attribute with Polonius. His conspicuous ears were a prominent feature of his bald head and Stephen observes him "eared, assiduous" (188). His "friendly, earnest" disposition attended all who approached him with any

request, however trivial. Polonius' counsel to Laertes, "give every man thy ear" and "Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment," bespeaks his auditive attentiveness. That Polonius practices what he preaches is only too clear. The Chamberlain, assiduous and eared behind the arras, is fatally rewarded for this propensity. Another mutual feature is their volubility.⁸ Stephen refers to Lyster as "voluble, dutiful" (198) and later as talking "with voluble pains of zeal, in duty bound, most fair, most kind" (198). This trait in Polonius is only too obvious and needs no emphasis. Hamlet sums him up in a succinct epitaph:

*Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.*

[III.iv.213-16]

It has already been noted that Lyster's younger contemporaries found him ludicrous and tedious at times, and certainly Stephen's contempt for him is plain. Lyster opens the debate with some generalizations of Goethe about Shakespeare, the obviousness of which draws Stephen's sneering reference to "Monsieur de la Palisse" (182). Polonius is similarly the target of Hamlet's unconcealed scorn. "That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts" and "Thou wretched rash intruding fool" are sufficient evidence for it. Hamlet's view of Polonius, the assiduous, prating bore, has much in common with Stephen's view of "the bald pink lollard costard, guiltless though maligned" (188) Director of the National Library.

"'Fore God, my lord, well-spoken, with good accent and good discretion," says Polonius approvingly of Hamlet's speaking of Aeneas' lines before the players at Elsinore (II.ii). And later Hamlet's advice to the players confirms Polonius' judgment. The Prince is an understanding and judicious critic with a penetrating insight into the player's art. That Hamlet is no mere theoretician but a talented

mimic as well, is demonstrated in an amusing scene when he and Horatio are confronted by Osric (v.ii.).⁹ The fashionable "waterfly" in winged doublet and feathered cap, whose posturings and stilted language are mocked, is a butt for Hamlet's gift. In the 'study' or 'inner room' of the National Library, Stephen likewise confirms Malachi Mulligan's estimate of his histrionic talent, "O, you peerless mummer!" (197).¹⁰

Stephen, like Hamlet, has a subject for mockery at hand, Richard Irvine Best, the assistant librarian. Best parallels Osric in several ways. Both are young, both are foppish and both possess irritating vocal and gesticulatory mannerisms. Best's youthfulness is emphasized. He is "young, mild, light" (184), "a blond ephebe" (196), and a "douce youngling" (213). Osric is similarly represented. "Enter young Osricke" (*Folio* v.ii), "Give them the Foyles yong Osricke" (*Folio* v.ii) and "My Lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric" (v.ii). Osric's sartorial refinements have already been mentioned. Best, too, is a dandy. Stephen thinks, "You would give your five wits for youth's proud livery he pranks in" (196), and elsewhere describes Best as a "minion of pleasure" (213), and as the "well pleased pleaser" (189). Osric possesses a feathered bonnet and is much given to elegant displays of it, an affectation which draws Hamlet's scorn. Best enters the room carrying "with grace a notebook, new, large, clean and bright" (184). Later he is observed "raising his new book, gladly, brightly" (189), and "lifting his brilliant notebook" (196); finally "Mr. Best eagerly quietly lifted his book" (208). Nor is Best's free hand entirely idle. On one occasion Stephen watches him write "tiny signs in the air" (185). These flourishes emulate Osric's perhaps more expansive gestures. At any rate they irritate Stephen, who observes to himself with contempt, "His private papers in the original" (192).

In no way are these two exquisites more alike than in their language. Osric's affected, ingratiating pomposity is

neatly taken off by Hamlet. Upon the young courtier's departure, Horatio comments: "This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head." The Prince replies:

He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he — and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on — only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. [v.ii.193–202]

Best's "tune of the time and outward habit of encounter" are, as Schutte has pointed out, the aesthetic movement headed by Pater and Wilde. Certainly he is an admirer of Wilde (196) and appears "to be trying hard to imitate Wilde's manner."¹¹ His contributions, however, are for the most part feeble, sometimes irrelevant, and often simply silly; truly a "yesty collection," words blown out "upon the topmost froth of thought." His irritating repetitive gestures are accompanied by equally irritating repetitive statements. He uses the phrase "don't you know" in this fashion, a habit which parallels Osric's "My Lord," "Good Lord," "Sweet Lord." (v.ii)¹²

About midway in the discussion the tempo of Stephen's exposition increases as his narrative moves forward to a climax. The excitement is reflected in the librarians grouped around him. They are, at this moment, silent, attentively following the patterns of Stephen's argument as they emerge and cohere. Stephen is very conscious of the spell that he has cast and also of his own casuistry, "They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour" (194). He has still much ground to cover, further revelations to unfold and more complex strands to weave into the brilliant fabric of his exposition. At this moment of dramatic climax he is interrupted, though, by an entrance; the tension is broken. What immediately follows is an entr'acte — as Stephen at once recognises (195) — which provides a natural diminution of

tension, and which gives him a brief respite before the resumption of his argument. The interrupter and chief figure of this small scene is his friend and "enemy" (195) Malachi Mulligan, and he is playing the Fool — "Puck Mulligan" (210).¹³

It is for Mulligan a familiar role. He is here (as his dress and behaviour confirm) an 'allowed' or 'licensed' Fool. Stephen notes his "ribald face" (195), "his head wagging" (196), his "happy patch's smirk" (214). Mulligan is dressed and equipped appropriately, "blithe in motley" (195) and carrying a "bauble," his doffed Panama hat. Throughout the remainder of this episode Mulligan performs his part. Being a 'licensed' Fool, his jests, jibes and antics often have a sharp edge. He can "gag sweetly" (203) and also speak with "honeying malice" (211). He can chant a snatch of verse or be seen "footed featly, trilling" a lewd lyric (213). He is popular with them all, a gay, privileged, jesting figure likely to be, at any moment, quite outrageous. Puck Mulligan is irrepressible and Stephen thinks of him as "My whetstone" (208).¹⁴ Though Mulligan wears motley (his primrose waistcoat) and for the most part plays the Fool, he does resort to traditional clowning. At the close of the episode, for instance, he proposes a lascivious jig, "Everyman His Own Wife" (214) which, as the full subtitle and cast suggest, promises to be as bawdy a tale as any.¹⁵

Before examining Stephen's remaining auditor and most formidable opponent, one should mention two other figures. These are Haines, who is referred to in two passages, and Bloom, who crosses the threshold "a patient silhouette," "a bowing dark figure."

The Englishman Haines had been at the Library talking to Best a little before the discussion began. Best, on his arrival, explains to the assembled company that "he couldn't bring him [Haines] in to hear the discussion" and that he had gone to buy Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*. Earlier that morning Haines, while walking with Mulligan and

Stephen, had shown more than a casual interest in Stephen's views on Hamlet. Indeed, he had admitted, "you pique my curiosity," and among other questions had asked, "Is it some paradox?" (19). Nor was this all. Haines had connected the Martello Tower and the Sandymount Cliffs with "Elsinore '*That beetles o'er his base into the sea.*'" Immediately following this statement Stephen has a moment of revelation. "In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires" (20). As Schutte points out, Stephen sees himself as Hamlet in mourning, flanked by Mulligan and Haines as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, each in gay attire. "Both are his enemies, though both pretend to be — and perhaps believe they are — his friends. Like Claudius' spies, Haines has been trying to pry out of his enigmatic friend what is in fact the secret of his life. Like them Haines is not adroit in his questioning; like them he fails; and like them he will not be present for the final self-exposure of the hero." ¹⁶

The company in the inner room is more conscious of Bloom's presence. He is glimpsed by Stephen very briefly as he is attended by Lyster and conducted to the newspaper files. He does not, however, escape the Fool's characteristic scurrility (198). When Stephen and Mulligan leave the Library, Bloom passes "between them bowing, greeting" (214). Bloom's relationship to Shakespeare within the symbolic framework of *Ulysses* has received extended treatment in other studies. Suffice it here to say that the appearance of the player Shakespeare, albeit in a very minor role, and as fleeting as a ghost's, is not inappropriate to the drama enacted in the 'study.' ¹⁷

Once Stephen is launched upon the mainstream of his argument, he is quick to perceive that John Eglinton is his main antagonist. Lyster's conscientious attendance to Library business precludes him from participating to any worthwhile extent. As for Best, his contributions are limited to verbal antics, digressions and self-displays. Stephen con-

temptuously records these and addresses himself seriously to Eglinton. It is with Eglinton that he duels. The thrust, parry and counter-thrust of their debate is at times vigorous and sharp. Eglinton plays Laertes.

There are several parallels which suggest this identification. Stephen's attitude to his opponent is ambivalent, a mixture of envy and respect. Stephen is envious of Eglinton's established and growing literary reputation and self-consciously aware that his own creative output is a mere "cap-full of odes" and that he is no more than a "bullockbefriending bard." On the other hand, Eglinton's independence of mind and his critical attitude towards the excesses of the Irish Literary Renaissance are respected by Stephen. Stephen has read Eglinton's work with care enough to be able to quote it deftly. Hamlet's envy of Laertes is less easy to assert. Claudius, of course, confirms it, but then he is a poor witness:

*Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.*
[iv.vii.103-6]

Nevertheless it cannot be entirely dismissed. As for the Prince's goodwill towards Laertes, does he not say,

*Give me your pardon, Sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman,*
[v.ii.238-39]

as earlier he had admitted to Horatio,

*But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.*
[v.ii.74-77]

Like Stephen, Hamlet feels that his antagonist holds his "follies hostage" (182). A wish to placate and make amends is present in both. Hamlet confides to Horatio, "I'll court his favour." Stephen courts Eglinton with a soothing reference to his published work (205), and thinks, "Flatter. Rarely. But Flatter."

The likeness between them is strengthened by the manner in which anger and bitterness are gradually modified. The sense of estrangement and suspicion gives place to a reconciliation. At the outset of the episode, a strong undercurrent of hostility flows between them. Stephen's observations of Eglinton are tinged with malice. He notes him "glittereyed" (182), his "carper's skull" (188), and "the bane of miscreant eyes, glinting stern under wrinkled brows. A basilisk" (192). As the discussion proceeds, hostile references such as these are modulated and then disappear. The glittering eyes which remind Stephen of a serpent are later associated with a pleasant memory of Charenton and the "Old wall where sudden lizards flash" (200), just as "carper" and "mockers" become "steadfast John" (202). Nor is this shift of attitude evident merely in Stephen. Eglinton, like Laertes, is at first antagonistic and does not conceal his dislike. He twits Stephen's arrogance with "elder's gall" (182) and belittles Stephen's intention, "Like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* he wants to make our flesh creep" (185). On one occasion his anger bubbles up, "Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato" (184), a very Laertes-like outburst. Like Laertes who, after the duel, asks, "Exchange forgiveness with me noble Hamlet," Eglinton's early scorn and bitterness are replaced by a more sympathetic attitude towards Stephen's theory. Evidence for this gradual change of feeling is surely clinched when Eglinton, immediately before Stephen's concluding statement, exclaims, echoing Dumas, "After God Shakespeare created most" (210). This is precisely one of the basic themes Stephen has woven into his final and comprehensive summary.

There are also some interesting resemblances between the two duels. The weapons mentioned by Osric, when he delivers the challenge, are rapier and dagger. "Unsheathe your dagger definitions" (184), thinks Stephen, shortly before the argument assumes the cut and thrust of debate. As for the rapier or 'foil,' an unmistakable allusion to it is made, as we shall see in a moment.

Laertes and Hamlet fight only three of the intended dozen bouts before the fatal strokes are exchanged. At the conclusion of each bout, two of which are in Hamlet's favour, the third being inconclusive, either Osric or Laertes acknowledges the outcome. Similarly, the verbal duel between Stephen and Eglinton has dialectical climaxes which appear to be the equivalent of these moments of triumph. The first of these, which follows a long struggle between the contestants in which Eglinton holds his own and manages to deliver some fine thrusts, is the citation by Stephen of the evidence contained in Shakespeare's will of the bequest of a second best bed. Osric's statement, "A hit. A very palpable hit," is paralleled by Best's rather obvious affirmation, "It is clear that there were two beds, a best and a second best" (201). The second decisive moment occurs when Stephen 'proves' that Shakespeare employed his own family situations in his plays. Eglinton does not challenge Stephen's bold assertions but merely assents, "The plot thickens" (206), thereby allowing Stephen the point. The final and inconclusive bout follows. Stephen extends the identification of Shakespeare's brothers, Richard and Edmund, with Shakespearean villains and speciously throws in the evidence of the "firedrake" knowing it to be false. At this moment Stephen appears to be victorious. He notes his auditors, "Both satisfied" (207). However, Eglinton then comments, "Your own name is strange enough. I suppose it explains your fantastical humour" (208). It is a telling *riposte*. Stephen's confidence ebbs as the train of his thought leads him to consider the "Fabulous Artificer" and the ig-

nominious reality of his own failure at flight. Far from being a Daedalus, the hawk-like man, he sees himself as Icarus, the lapwing. Of this climax "Nothing neither way" is apt judgment.

The duel then enters its final phase. It is set off by a striking allusion, "John Eglinton touched the foil.¹⁸—Come, he said, Let us hear what you have to say of Richard and Edmund. You kept them for the last, didn't you?" (208). It was after the third bout that Laertes made his fatal thrust with the 'bated' foil. Eglinton's challenging "come" echoes the conventional duelling term which both Hamlet and Laertes use before attacking.

The *Hamlet* identifications in the "Scylla and Charybdis" indicated above might appear, at first glance, to add a gratuitous complexity to the structure of the episode. Joyce has, however, merely extended a process begun in "Telemachus," where the Stephen-Hamlet parallel is first suggested. This extension is not only artistically appropriate, it is quite logical. As Philip Toynbee has observed, the Hamlet theme "is architectural rather than musical for its reappearances are not so much evocative as constructional."¹⁹ By correlating suggestively rather than in detail the figures of the Librarians, AE, and Gogarty with Shakespeare's characters, Joyce has succeeded in intensifying and dramatising Stephen's general predicament, that of his isolation from his environment. This episode dramatically illustrates his intellectual dislocation from contemporaries whose literary and artistic interests, far from forming a sympathetic bond, appear wholly alien to his own. Further, the frequency of the verbal echoes of *Hamlet* together with the visual effect of the advertisement-playbill mentioned by Best (185),

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reinforce the suggestion that Joyce, in the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode, intended to keep Shakespeare's play in the forefront of his overall design.

Another aspect of the structure of this episode illuminates Joyce's characterization. The technique that Joyce employs here, as elsewhere in *Ulysses*, is one of significant correspondences. By correlating the real-life persons in the National Library with the creations of Shakespeare's imagination, Joyce presents us with vivid re-creations, which are the result of a controlled balance of fact and fiction. Thus Ellmann's interpretation of the sketch of Dr. Richard Best as the product of Joyce's "pique at Best's refusal to lend him money in Dublin" is unacceptable without qualification.²⁰ As we have seen, the portrait of Best is justified by its artistic purpose and does not simply spring from an emotional state. Stanislaus Joyce has said of his brother, "Justice towards the characters of his own creation, or imaginative recreation, became an artistic principle with him."²¹

NOTES

1. References to *Ulysses* (New York: Modern Library, 1946) are by page number enclosed in parentheses. References to *Hamlet* are from The Globe Edition (London, 1956) unless otherwise stated.

2. William M. Schutte's *Joyce and Shakespeare: A Study in the Meaning of Ulysses* (New Haven, 1957) is the most thorough and I am much indebted to it. I should like to acknowledge also the helpful discussion and criticism of Dr. J. K. Johnstone.

3. See Stephen Gwynn, *Experiences of a Literary Man* (New York, 1926), pp. 64-65. For this and sketches of the other librarians see Mary and Padraic Colum, *Our Friend James Joyce* (New York, 1958), pp. 28-34; also Schutte, Ch. III.

4. Schutte, pp. 42-44.

5. George Moore, *Salve*, cited by Schutte, p. 37.

6. Calvin Edwards in "The Hamlet Motif in Joyce's *Ulysses*," *Western Review*, xv (1950), mistakenly takes this as a reference to Bloom hovering outside the room.

7. Oliver St. J. Gogarty in *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (London, 1937), p. 283, records AE's appearance as the ghost in his own play "Deirdre": "The golden-brown beard and full, fresh-cheeked face appeared. A sonorous voice chanted one long name: Mananann [sic] Mac Lir. It was the author, AE! Shakespeare is said to have played the ghost in 'Hamlet' because he had a fine voice. AE's only appearance on the stage was a partial appearance, the head of the God of the Waves of Erin, Mananann, the Son of Lir."

8. Gogarty, pp. 8-16 gives an example of this characteristic of Lyster: see also Mary and Padraic Colum, p. 30.

9. See Dover-Wilson's discussion of Osric's dress in *The New Cambridge edition of Hamlet* (1941), Notes, pp. 243-45.

10. See also p. 7, "Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all" and p. 213, "Mournfull mummer, Buck Mulligan moaned."

11. Schutte, p. 37.

12. Schutte notes that Best uses this phrase no less than fourteen times, p. 38. Osric's varied salutations number eighteen in this small scene.

13. See Schutte for discussion of Mulligan as Claudius. Ch. II.

14. In "Circe" Mulligan appears "in particoloured jester's dress of puce and yellow and clown's cap with curling bell . . . a smoking buttered scone in his hand" (565).

15. The theatrical jig was a lyrical farce, written in rhyme and sung and danced to ballad measure, traditionally executed by the clown as an afterpiece to the Play.

16. Schutte, p. 20.

17. Patricia Hutchins, *James Joyce's Dublin* (London, 1950), p. 77, notes, "The 'discreet vaulted cell' where the discussion in *Ulysses* takes place, may have been based on the room used by Mr. Lyster, 'John Eglinton' and Dr. Best which lies behind the counter and was only lit by a roof light at the time."

18. I am not sure what it is Eglinton has touched. It might be something to do with the lamp, a foil reflector, or perhaps a counterfoil lying on the desk. In a letter to me Dr. R. J. Hayes, the Director of The National Library, writes, "the word 'foil' is not used in the National Library," and suggests, "that 'foil' in this context is the reader's docket handed in by the attendant for the item which Fr. Dinneen (Dineen) required."

19. "A Study of James Joyce," *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, ed. Seon Givens (New York, 1948), p. 257; see also "The Hamlet of Stephen Dedalus" by William Peery, *Studies in English*, University of Texas, xxxi (1952), 119.

20. "The Backgrounds of Ulysses," *The Kenyon Review*, xvi (1954), 337-38.

21. *My Brother's Keeper*, ed. Richard Ellmann (London, 1958), p. 87.

Blake in Nighttown

MORTON D. PALEY

AT a number of points in *Ulysses*, William Blake's intellectual presence makes itself felt through the consciousness of Stephen Dedalus. The passages in question do much to establish a similarity between Stephen's way of looking at the world and Blake's, for the Blakean material is not merely quoted but used, worked closely into the texture of Joyce's own style. And even more striking than such verbal parallels are the broad conceptual resemblances between these two mythmakers: the organ symbolism of *Jerusalem* and *Ulysses*, the giants Albion and Finnegan as epitomes of humanity, London and Dublin as models of the universe. We may be tempted to speak of "influence," but there is something more important and alive at work here. It would be more to the point to say that Joyce, in the process of choosing — and thereby creating — a tradition, as every great artist must, realized that Blake participated in that tradition. There was, in addition to the intrinsic interest of Blake's poetry, the use Blake had made of sources of symbol and allusion which were also Joyce's — the Old and New Testaments, the Kabala, Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Paracelsus.¹ For example, we are not sure of whether

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Joyce has his own interests in mind or Blake's when he says in his Blake lecture: "Eternity . . . appeared to the Swedish mystic [Swedenborg] in the likeness of a heavenly man, animated in all his limbs by a fluid angelic life that forever leaves and re-enters, systole and diastole of love and wisdom." ²

It is, therefore, the awareness of a shared literary tradition, a tradition of esoteric symbolism, that informs Joyce's interest in Blake's poetry. This awareness allowed Joyce to look at the world through Blake's eyes when it suited his purposes to do so, and to attempt a Blakean style for such occasions. It also enabled him to empathize with Blake's personal experiences, perhaps to the point of patterning an episode in *Ulysses* upon one of them. I refer to Stephen's encounter with Private Carr. Before we consider this, however, it will be useful to review those passages in *Ulysses* which undoubtedly have to do with Blake.³

Blake first crops up in Stephen's mind during the history lesson of the second chapter: "Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then?" ⁴ The "daughters of memory" are the classical Muses, whose province Blake considered to be the bound circle of history: "Fable or Allegory is Form'd by the daughters of Memory. Imagination is surrounded by the daughters of Inspiration, who in the aggregate are call'd Jerusalem." ⁵ Like Vico and Joyce, Blake saw history as cyclical; but his great apocalyptic poems culminate in the destruction of history and liberation from space and time. Joyce's version of this theme — "time one livid final flame" — will reappear near the end of the Circe chapter, where a number of Blakean echoes reverberate. As far as I know, "Blake's wings of excess" is not a direct quotation, but it may be a telescoping of the similar meanings of two of Blake's "Proverbs of Hell":

*The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.*⁶

Such a portmanteau would be in keeping with Stephen's — and Joyce's — proprietary view of his Blakean material, which will be seen again in the Library scene.

Another link between the Nestor and Circe chapters is provided by a couplet from Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":

*The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding sheet.*⁷

This is called up in Stephen's mind by Mr. Deasy's "Old England is dying"; he will think of it again, but this time with reference to Ireland, in nighttown.

The next Blake reference, in the Proteus chapter, is concerned with space and time. Stephen, thinking of these in their relation to the senses ("ineluctable modality of the visible," "ineluctable modality of the audible") tests his sense of touch by tapping with his ashplant: "Sounds solid: made by the mallet of Los *Demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand?" (p. 38)

Los is one of Blake's four Zoas, or primal faculties. He is the embodiment of Imagination, "Prophet of Eternity." Blake frequently depicts him as a worker in metal, wielding a powerful hammer. In Blake's *Milton*, Los is an agent of regeneration through the poetic or imaginative faculty, figuratively rendered when Milton enters Blake through the left foot. Stephen seems to have in mind Blake's description of the epiphanal moment which follows this psychic event:

*And all this Vegetable World appear'd on my left Foot
As a bright sandal form'd immortal of precious stones & gold.
I stoop'd down & bound it on to walk forward thro' Eternity.*
[p. 503]

Stephen's thought, shortly before the passage quoted, of touch being the elemental sense is in accord with Blake's

idea of Tharmas, zoa of touch, as "Parent pow'r." Also, several of the preoccupations which Joyce shares with Blake are touched upon in references to Boehme ("Signatures of all things I am here to read," p. 38), "Edenville" (p. 39), and the kabalistic Adam Kadmon (p. 39).

In the National Library scene there are, as we might expect, several Blake references. John Eglinton begins them by using Blake's initials: "Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W.B. calls them" (p. 182). I know of no "shining seven" in Blake's works, although there is a "Starry Seven" in *Milton*. (These are the seven angels in whom Satan says he appears.) More important is another of Stephen's reflections upon space and time. "Through spaces smaller than red globules of man's blood they creepycrawl after Blake's buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past." (p. 184) This is a somewhat revised version of a passage in *Milton* which denies the reality of clock time and measured space: Only the intense moment of subjective experience is real; it is a link to eternity, not subject to chronometer or caliper.

*For every Space larger than a red Globule of Man's blood
Is visionary, and is created by the Hammer of Los:
And every Space smaller than a Globule of Man's blood opens
Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow.*
[pp. 516-17]

Later in the chapter, Mr. Best, the "blond ephebe," makes Stephen think of Blake's expression "Lineaments of gratified desire" (p. 196). This is perhaps best known in the epigram from Blake's Note-Book called "The Question Answer'd":

*What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.*

[p. 180]

Stephen refers to another Note-Book poem in his casuistry about avarice and incest: "Whether these be sins or virtues old Nobodaddy will tell us at doomsday leet" (p. 203). A leet, says the Oxford Dictionary, was a manorial court; the Nobodaddy who will preside there is Blake's comic version of the man-created god of hellfire and vengeance. He appears in "To Nobodaddy" and in the untitled poem about Lafayette, beginning "Let the Brothels of Paris be opened . . ." Joyce brings him back in the Proteus episode as a producer of thunder: "A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bowled back. . . . But the braggart boaster cried that an old Nobodaddy was in his cups" (p. 388). Perhaps Joyce had in mind the lines from "Let the Brothels of Paris . . ."

*Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belch'd & cough'd*

[p. 185]

This also leads back to the shout-in-the-street God of chapter II,⁸ a type of Nobodaddy.

Earlier in *Proteus*, Stephen delivers a critical interpretation of several of Blake's lyrics. He does this as part of the mock sermon which follows his mock Eucharist: "Know all men, he said, time's ruins build eternity's mansions. What means this? Desire's wind blasts the thorn tree, but after it becomes from a bramblebush to be a rose upon the rood of time." (p. 385) Having paraphrased a statement of Blake's ("The Ruins of Time builds mansions in Eternity," letter to William Hayley, p. 797), Stephen uses it as a gloss upon three or four associated poems. One of these is the Note-Book lyric which begins:

*I fear'd the fury of my wind
Would blight all blossoms fair & true;
And my sun it shin'd & shin'd
And my wind it never blew.*

[p. 166]

In this poem the speaker succeeds in restraining desire's wind, but the tree of his love is barren as a result. Another situation, equally bad, is that of "The Sick Rose" of *Songs of Experience*, where the flower is attacked and destroyed by repressed passion which has become lust:

*The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,*

*Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.*

[p. 213]

The thorn tree Stephen speaks of probably is that in another of the *Songs of Experience*, "My Pretty Rose Tree." Here the lover's desire is thwarted by the beloved:

*Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree,
To tend her by day and by night;
But my Rose turned away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.*

[p. 215]

The bramblebush of sexual frustration becomes "a rose upon the rood of time": In the retort of Yeats, the explicitly sexual symbolism of Blake's flower poems⁹ is sublimed into *The Rose*. Erotic passion is etherealized, flesh made spirit. Stephen goes on ironically to say: "Mark me now. In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away." Blake treats with a similar theme, likewise ironically, in another of the *Songs*: "Ah! Sunflower." The longings of the Youth and the Virgin are transferred from earth to an imagined hereafter:¹⁰

*. . . the Youth pined away with desire
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow*

Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

[p. 215]

The concision of Stephen's thought here, inweaving the meanings of several of Blake's poems into a single statement, shows us to what extent he — and Joyce — have assimilated Blake's poetry and symbols into their own views of reality. It is but a step from speaking in Blake's terms to identifying with him, as we shall see in considering the end of the Circe chapter.

II

At the climax of the Circe chapter there occur two very important dramatic actions: Stephen exorcises his mother's ghost and then is knocked down in the street by Private Carr. The first of these events realizes one of the central themes of *Ulysses*; the second, also of thematic importance, in addition makes it possible for Bloom to rescue Stephen and for them to enjoy their brief noncommunion. In the presentation of each of these crises, Blakean associations are important.

At the epiphanal moment when Stephen strikes at Bella Cohen's lamp with his ashplant, there is an echo of the "daughters of memory" passage of the Nestor chapter. "Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry" (p. 568). The claims of history are repudiated when Stephen rejects his mother's deathly call to repentance. His blow at the lamp seems to bring about a Blakean apocalypse in which history is destroyed together with time and space. But instead of being universal as in Blake, the effect here is limited to Stephen's consciousness, where it is only momentary. Bloom, having paid for the broken chimney, rushes

into the street to find Stephen reaching a misunderstanding with Private Carr.

Joyce's motive in creating a Private Carr was personal.¹¹ But the end that Carr serves in *Ulysses* is an artistic one — through Stephen's encounter with him is crystallized the conflict between the artist and the brute power of the state, of empire. Stephen does not willingly enter this conflict, nor does he do so for nationalistic reasons — he ignores the dagger that Old Gummy Granny proffers him. At last he is literally forced to accept its reality, after having Bloomishly attempted to live and let live. Now, Joyce cannot but have been aware that William Blake had had a similar experience with a soldier, that he had cast it into the symbolism of his *Jerusalem*, and that it had borne in his mind a significance very similar to that demanded by the Private Carr episode. With the examples that we have seen of Joyce's ability to combine Blake's vision with his own, it hardly seems too much to suppose that Joyce may have transcribed a page of Blake's life for Stephen's nighttown adventure.¹²

Blake's encounter with Private John Scholfield occurred in August 1803. Joyce could have read the poet's own account of it in Edwin J. Ellis' *The Real Blake*, which was probably Joyce's source of biographical information for the Blake lecture he delivered at Trieste in 1912.¹³ Blake says:

I am at present in a Bustle to defend myself against a very unwarrantable warrant from a Justice of Peace in Chichester, which was taken out against me by a Private in Captⁿ Leathe's troop of 1st or Royal Dragoons, for an assault & Seditious words. The wretched Man has terribly Perjur'd himself, as has his Comrade; for, as to Sedition, not one Word relating to the King or Government was spoken by either him or me. His Enmity arises from my having turned him out of my Garden.

Blake goes on to tell how he turned Scholfield out, pushing him fifty yards down the road while the soldier impotently struck, raged, and cursed. Afterwards, Scholfield, backed up

by one Private Cock, succeeded in having Blake indicted for allegedly uttering seditious and treasonable expressions; but at the trial in January 1804 Blake was acquitted. The Scholfield episode, which the poet believed to have been brought about by the government, left a deep impression upon him. "Is it not in the power," he complained, "of any Thief who enters a Man's Dwelling, & robs him, or misuses his Wife or Children, to go & swear as this Man has sworn" (Blake's Memorandum, p. 439). He proceeded to work Scholfield into the symbolism of *Jerusalem*, where the soldier and his friend Cock are two of the giant sons of Albion who war against the Eternal Man.

*All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,
Hand, Hyle, & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd &
Hutton,
Who are the Spectres of the Twenty-four, each Double-
form'd,
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain beneath
The dark incessant sky, seeking rest and finding none . . .*
[p. 641]

These spectral sons of Albion are products of that internal division of man which is the subject of Blake's epics. In their proper state, as the above passage tells us, they are "affections"; but in the fallen world they become embodiments of hatred and destruction. "Schofield is bound in iron armour . . ." (p. 628). "Hand & Hyle & Koban, Skofield, Kox & Kotope labour mightily/ In the wars of Babel & Shinar . . ." (p. 628). Scholfield is singled out as "Adam who was New-/ Created in Edom," Adam being Blake's figure for man enmeshed in the toils of the senses, in the illusion that the material world is real. As for Albion's other sons, Guantok or Quantock was the Justice of the Peace who signed a recognizance to insure the appearance of the two soldiers;¹⁴ Peachey and Brereton two other Justices; Bowen the prosecutor; Hutton, George Hulton, the lieutenant who

was made responsible for the soldiers' appearance at the trial. Hyle is probably Hayley, Blake's corporeal friend and spiritual enemy, who testified on his behalf; Hand represents the brothers Hunt in their capacity as editors of the *Examiner*.¹⁵ Coban, Kotope, and Lloyd remain unidentified.

If we compare the two episodes, some striking correspondences suggest themselves. In each one, a poet is attacked by a redcoat, who is backed up by another redcoat. A false accusation of traducing the king is made in each — Scholfield accused Blake of saying "Damn the King," while Carr threatens Stephen: "I'll wring the neck of any bugger says a word against my fucking king."¹⁶ Actually, Carr has misunderstood a Blakean gesture of Stephen's: "(*He taps his brow.*) But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king."¹⁷ Stephen blames history for his predicament, again echoing the second chapter: "You are my guests. The uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and the seventh of Edward. History to blame. Fabled by mothers of memory." "Go to it, Harry," urges Private Compton. "Do him one in the eye"; Scholfield, wrote Blake, "threaten'd to Knock out my Eyes." And while Carr rages for the honor of king and Caffrey, Stephen revises Blake's couplet:

*The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old Ireland's winding sheet.*

The ensuing combats end up rather differently, owing to a difference in the psychology of the protagonists: Joyce wanted to depict Stephen as a victim, while Blake, though willing to imagine himself persecuted, would stand for no nonsense. And just as Blake peopled *Jerusalem* with the villains of his trial, so Joyce paid back his enemies in *Ulysses*. Sir Horace Rumbold, British Minister to Switzerland, is a hangman¹⁸ — "Hanging Harry, your Majesty, the Mersey terror" (p. 463). Consul-General Bennett is the soldiers' sergeant-major (pp. 443-44). "Private" Compton is identified by Ellmann

as someone who Joyce believed had "bungled the affairs of the English players," "Joe Gam" and "Toad Smith" (two rogues hanged by Rumbold in his career) as consular employees who refused to testify for Joyce.¹⁹

These parallels suggest that Joyce, after the run-in with Carr in the consular office, was reminded of Scholfield's provocation of Blake, an impression which could have been reinforced by the lawsuits and trial hearings which followed. Like Blake, Joyce tended to see the hand of the government in his difficulties and to regard the state as inimical to the artist's freedom.²⁰ Joyce understood very well how a personal experience could assume universal import, as the Scholfield episode does in *Jerusalem*. "The life of a great poet is intense —" he had written, "— the life of a Blake or a Dante — taking into its centre the life that surrounds it and throwing it abroad again amid planetary music."²¹ This is exactly what Joyce did, with the example of Blake before him, at the climax of his Circe chapter.

NOTES

1. See Northrop Frye, "Blake and Joyce," *James Joyce Review*, vi (February 1957), 39-47; William York Tindall, "Joyce and the Hermetic Tradition," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, xv (January 1954), 23-29.

2. "William Blake," *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann, eds. (New York, 1959), pp. 221-22.

3. These were first listed by S. Foster Damon in "The Odyssey in Dublin," now to be found in Seon Givens (ed.), *Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism* (New York, 1948), p. 203n. In addition, there are some interesting conjectures in Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's Ulysses* (New York, 1930), pp. 131n., 132n., and 244. In the discussion below, however, I will take up only those identifications which seem certain to me.

4. Page 25. The Modern Library edition will be cited throughout.

5. From "A Vision of the Last Judgment," *The Complete Writings of William Blake*, Geoffrey Keynes, ed. (London, 1957), page 604. This is the edition I shall refer to throughout. Mason and Ellmann note (p. 81n.) that this passage of Blake is used both here and in the "James Clarence Mangan" essay. Blake's own source was Milton's *Reason of Church Government*: ". . . a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine . . . nor to be obtain'd by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternall Spirit who . . . sends out his Seraphim with the hallow'd fire of his Altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." *Complete Works of John Milton*, Don M. Wolfe, ed. (New Haven, 1953), I, 820-21.

6. Pages 150, 151. 7. *Ulysses*, p. 34; Blake, p. 433.

8. As William York Tindall points out in *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce* (New York, 1959), p. 202.

9. Anyone who doubts this should consult Blake's phallic illustration for "The Sick Rose."

10. Cf. Enitharmon's orders for enslaving the human race in *Europe* (p. 240), published the same year as *Songs of Experience* (1794):

Go! tell the Human race that Woman's love is Sin;
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come . . .

11. For Henry Carr, see Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959), pp. 439-41. Carr was a man-about-consulate with whom Joyce quarreled in Zurich in 1918. He first appears as "Private Carr" in some verses that Joyce wrote after the conclusion of the first lawsuit between them. Ellmann says that Carr pretended to have been an army officer when he really had been a common soldier; hence, "Private" Carr.

12. After writing this, I learned that Professor Ellmann had also suggested a connection between Private Carr and Blake's Private Scholfield; see "The Backgrounds of *Ulysses*," *Kenyon Review*, xvi (summer 1954), 373.

13. As Mason and Ellmann point out (p. 217n.), Joyce repeats some of Ellis' fancies.

14. Identified, with several of those following, by Sir Geoffrey

Keynes, "Blake's Trial at Chichester," *Notes and Queries*, iv (November 1957), 484-85.

15. The Hunts were not connected with the trial. However, as David V. Erdman has shown, Blake included them among his enemies because of a vicious attack made by the *Examiner* upon Blake's exhibition of paintings in 1809. The Hunts' editorial signature was a hand. See *William Blake: Prophet Against Empire* (Princeton, N.J., 1954), pp. 419-25.

16. Henry Carr had threatened Joyce: "Next time I catch you outside I'll wring your neck" (Ellmann, p. 440).

17. Blake's political philosophy in a nutshell, as well as an echo of such lines as: ". . . gone to praise God & his Priest & King/ Who make up a heaven of our misery." — "The Chimney Sweeper," p. 212. Also see Blake's letter to George Cumberland, 12 April 1827, where he speaks of "The Mind, in which every one is King & Priest in his own House" (p. 879).

18. See Ellmann, p. 472.

19. *Idem*.

20. Cf. Joyce's remarks to Georges Borach: "As an artist I am against every state. . . . The state is concentric, man is eccentric. Thence arises an eternal struggle" (Ellmann, p. 460).

21. *Critical Writings*, p. 82.

Joyce and Blake: Notes Toward Defining a Literary Relationship

ROBERT F. GLECKNER

THE study of the Blake-Joyce relationship was begun in 1912 when Joyce himself delivered a lecture on "that undisciplined and visionary heresiarch" at the Università Popolare Triestina.¹ Since that time a number of critics and commentators have called attention to the general similarities between Blake's archetypal vision and Joyce's, and some have documented specific usages of Blakean material in *A Portrait of the Artist*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*. It is the purpose of this essay to show that this vein has scarcely been tapped, that the full extent of Joyce's use of Blake is still to be explored, and that the final story of this most complex relationship is yet to be told. This last I cannot essay in a paper of this length, but I hope to provide here usable notes toward that final story. I have neither exhausted the vast store of Blakean material in *Finnegans Wake* (the most fruitful text for understanding the relationship) nor have I undertaken anything like a complete exegesis of individual passages, references, allusions. This I leave, properly I think, to the Joyceans.

To understand something of the rationale of Joyce's

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many and varied allusions to Blake in the *Wake* we need to be made aware once again of the many and varied reasons for Joyce's interest in Blake at all. The most prominent of these is Blake's "mythopoeic vision embracing in an archetypal pattern of fall, struggle, and redemption every mode of human activity; [the] bulk and complexity [of the works] derive from their method of counterpointing within this pattern particular chains of action at a dozen different levels: physiological, psychological, esthetic, theological, erotic — even commercial."² The description is Hugh Kenner's, writing about *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, and I use it here to dramatize the close affinity between Joyce's vision in his two great epics and Blake's in *The Four Zoas*, *Milton*, and *Jerusalem*. Northrop Frye has recently demonstrated this most convincingly, adding a valuable word of caution: that Joyce did not necessarily borrow the mythography from Blake, but rather wrote within the same mythographic tradition.³ Further, whatever specific material Joyce did consciously take from Blake was absorbed, modified, reshaped, and fused into the fabric of his own vision.

In addition to this fundamental kinship, however, there are other ties between the two men, which Joyce discovered partly on his own, partly through W. B. Yeats and E. J. Ellis.⁴ First of all Joyce seems to have accepted the Yeats-Ellis notion that Blake was an Irishman whose real name was O'Neil; and he comments pointedly in his lecture on the hearsay nonsense about Blake's "madness," the world's interpretation of genius.⁵ These two points alone were enough for Joyce to associate Blake with Swift (and himself) in *Finnegans Wake*.⁶ Joyce's veneration for Ibsen may also have brought to his mind thoughts of Blake. For example, a crucial speech of Irene in *When We Dead Awaken* is remarkably similar to the closing scene of Blake's *Book of Thel*, in which Thel enters her own grave-plot. Here is Irene: "I was dead for many years. Then they lowered me into a grave-vault, with iron bars before the loop-hole. And

with padded walls — so that no one on the earth could hear the grave-shrieks.” More important, however, than this echo, which Joyce surely heard (*vide* his Blake lecture), is the lonely figure of Dr. Stockmann at the end of *An Enemy of the People*: “The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone” — Ibsen himself, Blake the “heresiarch,” and of course Joyce. And Joyce, as exile, had a special sympathy for Blake’s exile within the country of his own mind, beyond the intimidating time and space of London, the “charter’d Thames,” and the world at large. There Joyce saw Blake “remaking himself” with his visions in a private circle of destiny, of fall, struggle, and redemption. As Northrop Frye has said, Blake looked forward to a world “no longer continuously perceived but continually created,”⁷ the world of Joyce, of Stephen, of Shem, the world of the artist, the world of *Finnegans Wake*. Joyce’s comment on this in his lecture is the most stirring and passionate of all his judgments of Blake:

Armed with this two-edged sword, the art of Michelangelo and the revelations of Swedenborg, Blake killed the dragon of experience and natural wisdom, and, by minimizing space and time and denying the existence of memory and the senses, he tried to paint his works on the void of the divine bosom. To him, each moment shorter than a pulse-beat was equivalent in its duration to six thousand years, because in such an infinitely short instant the work of the poet is conceived and born. To him, all space larger than a red globule of human blood was visionary, created by the hammer of Los, while in a space smaller than a globule of blood we approach eternity. . . . Flying from the infinitely small to the infinitely large, from a drop of blood to the universe of stars, his soul is consumed by the rapidity of flight, and finds itself renewed and winged and immortal on the edge of the dark ocean of God.

But while Joyce thrilled to the visions of Los, Urizen, Vala, Tiriel, Enitharmon, and the other eternals coming “from their ideal world to a poor London room,” he was

also intensely aware of another aspect of Blake's work, the *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, with which Joyce seems often in *Finnegan* to compare his own *Chamber Music*. And there is reference in the *Wake* to Blake's even more youthful jeu d'esprit, *An Island in the Moon*. Finally, largely from his reading of Ellis's *The Real Blake*, Joyce was attracted to some obvious similarities between his own life and career and Blake's. Brother Robert I have mentioned (see note 6), and Blake's "madness" and the exile theme; but surely Joyce, thinking of Nora, was even more impressed with the story of Blake's wife, Catherine Boucher, the illiterate daughter of a nursery gardener. Blake taught "her to read and write," Joyce reminds us in his lecture, but even more pertinent to his own self-confessed "shaping" of Nora, Blake "wanted the soul of his beloved to be entirely a slow and painful creation of his own."

In view of all this the question of "influence" is obviously a complex one. Suffice it to say here that Joyce was interested in, even fascinated by, what one might call the whole Blake; and L. A. G. Strong, then, is more nearly correct than most critics are at the moment ready to admit when he asserts in *The Sacred River* that Blake was one of the three writers who most deeply influenced Joyce.

II

I have counted about sixty references to Blake by name in *Finnegans Wake*, most of them disguised according to a fairly simple, and most appropriate, plan. Just as Joyce has his many sets of contraries in the *Wake*, so too he was aware of Blake's insistence (in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*) that "without contraries is no progression." The famous *Work in Progress* title, then, is no mere description of a partly finished manuscript, but an accurate description

of a work which in itself is the epitome of constant movement, rebirth, progress. The clue to Joyce's usage of Blake's name rests in the etymology of the name itself. According to the OED, *blake* is the direct phonetic descendent of OE. *blac*, pale, so that the word has immediately twin associations, black and white. This is supported by the etymological association of these words with ME. *bleche*, the origin of *bleach*. Further, *black* in ME. is *blak* (German *blak*), which is in turn derived from a word meaning *ink*. Thus Chaucer uses the word *blake* to mean *black writing* or *ink* (*Troilus*, II, 1320). There is a connection here too between ME. and German *blak* and Dutch *blaken*, to burn or scorch (cf. Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*, 3321); and Skeat suggests that this is related in turn to *bleak*. *Bleak* of course formerly meant *pale*, *pallid*, *wan*, to ally it on the one hand with *white*, but at the same time with a very slight brogue *bleak* becomes *blake* and hence *black*. Indeed *blake* is used to mean *bare*, *naked*, *bleak* in *A Mirror for Magistrates*. Joyce's use of *blake*, *black*, *blac*, *bleak* (and hence *white* and its various permutations) as virtually interchangeable is further supported by his references to Blackrock, where the Joyces lived in 1892-93: "Blake-Roche" (294:22), "Bleakrooky" (40:30).⁸

The problem of course is to disentangle black from white, Blake from black, place from person, and so on. This I have done only generally, and I have not pursued systematically my gnawing hunch that most (if not all) of Joyce's blacks and whites are also Blakes. In any case the following are a goodly number to begin with.

62:26-27 Here at the beginning of the story of HCE's encounter in the park and his ultimate arrest, Joyce suggests that we are reading the Book of Mankind, following our own journey through the Underworld ("Amenti"). These regions are described in "Chapters of the Coming Forth by Day in the Underworld" in the Egyptian Book of the Dead.⁹ By changing the "whiteness" of day to the "blackness" of Blake (in the madness, "amentia," of his genius) in the

last phrase, Joyce points directly to the Sixth Night of *The Four Zoas* (lines 141–175) in which Urizen explores his own fallen, cursed world and becomes subject to its terrors or, as Joyce puts it just prior to the passage quoted, “subjected to the horrors of the premier terror of Errorland.” In the Blake passage the guilt of HCE-Urizen is clear, as is the impetus to write, to create out of this chaos a world: “. . . nor can the man who goes / The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time.”

63:20–30 Here HCE claims that he’s had too much to drink, in several pubs with strikingly Blakean names (“House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell . . . the Sun, the Holy Lamb”), so that now he cannot distinguish “a white thread from a black.” Blake here appears as the white, truth, and the thread is obviously the confused and confusing “threat” voiced by the stranger in the park. But it is also Blake’s “thread” in:

*I give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven’s Gate
Built in Jerusalem’s wall.*

Fallen, HCE must now rely on “the engine of the laws” (i.e. Urizen’s iron book of laws),¹⁰ and it, of course, will not lead him to Jerusalem at all but to the gates of the Hell of this world.

114:10–11 In the account of ALP’s untitled “mamafesta” Blake-white again appears, in “lampblack and blackthorn.” The reference is specifically to Blake’s printing of his works, but the lamp also suggests light, whiteness, as opposed to the blackness of the lamp’s soot. In German *blak* is the fumes from a charred lampwick, and at the same time a slang term for nonsense. Thus in the same breath we have the wisdom of the lamp and the nonsense of the *blak*, the former seen in ALP’s letter if one uses imaginative vision, the latter if seen with the veiled eyes of the worldly senses.

This ambiguity is merely echoed by the word "blackthorn," a tree similar to our hawthorne which produces pure white flowers. Much of the rest of Joyce's paragraph can also be taken as descriptive of Blake's self-engraved ("homeborn"), strange, "antechristian" poetry, the "waste" in which there is "wisdom" (114:11-20).

121:27 This is in the context of the Professor's description of ALP's letter in the style of Sir Edward Sullivan's account of the Book of Kells. Campbell and Robinson note that it is also Joyce describing *Finnegans Wake*. More accurately it is Joyce describing the *Wake* in the light of Blake's illuminated "blackartful" prophetic books. Sullivan's opening paragraph, quoted in *A Skeleton Key*, pp. 103-4, applies, indeed, much more directly to Blake than to Joyce, as does the language of Joyce's Professor on pages 119-22 of the *Wake*.

177:23 ff Perhaps a reference to "Billy" Blake and his Shem-like "blaspheming" in *The Four Zoas* ("congregant of his four soups"). Some support for this lies further on in the passage with the mention of the "Ballade Imaginaire" of "Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a murderous mirrorhand." Shem and Blake are often merged by Joyce, perhaps following up Yeats' epithet, "Blake the penman,"¹¹ so that Blake's (and Joyce's) nom de plume is Shem and vice versa. Also Blake wrote occasionally in "mirrorhand" and more "murderously" engraved many of his copper plates in reverse image so that the print read in the correct order. The rest of Joyce's paragraph, while disclaiming vigorously that Shem has no rival in this style, ambiguously suggests a "model" via the double negatives: Shem is neither "prexactly unlike his polar andthishis [nor] the seem . . . as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was himself" (177:32-35).

182:30-35 A combined reference to the place of work of Joyce, Blake, and Shem, "The house O'Shea or O'Shame." The "Haunted Inkbottle" is related to the several other

Blakean printing-ink-black contexts, and Blake is further suggested by the address: "no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland." In *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* Blake associates himself continually with devils, the purveyors of eternal wisdom; for example, one "Memorable Fancy" begins: "As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and insanity. . . ." Joyce refers to this passage at least once more as we shall see, and follows up the present context with: "Angles aftanon browsing there thought not Edam reeked more rare" (183:7-8).¹² "Brimstone Walk" recalls another "Memorable Fancy," in which Blake recounts his visit to "a Printing house in Hell" where he saw "the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation." "Asia in Ireland" may refer to Blake's use of "Asia" in a section of *The Song of Los*, especially so since Los is identified so often with Blake and with Joyce in *Finnegan*. The passage continues with "his penname SHUT sepiascraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its wan phwinshogue" — the sepia a clear reference to Blake's frequent use of this medium, and the "SHUT" reiterating the theme of isolation, exile, separation from the world outside his cottage. In addition, of course, Joyce is referring to the black patch he wore over one eye, thereby suggesting curiously that his blindness was in effect related to his Blakean vision ("blind . . . black . . . wan [i.e. bleak as explained above] phwinshogue").

Of the catalogue of "furniture" for this house listed on pages 183-84 of the *Wake*, a few items are pertinent here: (1) the "bouchers" (line 12) refers to Blake's wife, Catherine Boucher; (2) the "blackeye lenses" (line 17) to Blake's way of seeing, his vision, and again Joyce's glasses and blindness; (3) the "seedy ejaculations, limerick damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits" (lines 23-24) probably to Blake's penchant for damning in rhyme all those who damned him in one way or another.¹³ Joyce's paragraph

concludes (184:4-10) with a reference to his own *Chamber Music* (and hence probably Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*) and his fundamental kinship with Blake via the exile theme. The "ineluctable phantom" is most likely Blake's "spectre":

*My Spectre around me night & night,
Like a Wild beast guards my way.*

This entire passage of course is related in turn to that on pages 185-86 of the *Wake* describing Blake's process of corrosive etching, his mythographic history, the cycle of unity to division to unity, and the proliferation of mythological characters in the prophetic books in order to chronicle minutely "his own individual person life unlivable" (186:3): "the first till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only foolscap available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marryvoising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history." ¹⁴

188:4-5 To all of this, of course, Shaun points as justification for his derision and disgust. And Joyce punctuates Shaun's revulsion with a nice irony via Blake's name: "It is looking pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick." For the more Shem looks like Blake, the more he looks black to Shaun — and to the world. This is precisely what Blake meant when he wrote in *The Everlasting Gospel*:

*Both read the Bible day & night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.*

As Shaun continues to pry into Shem's character and career (p. 188) further Blakean echoes are heard, most notably his early satire *An Island in the Moon* (which Joyce calls "this two easter island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven" — 188:10-11) and *The Book of Thel* (see below, section III, for the occurrence of Thel's name in *Finnegan*). Shaun also

calls Shem "anarch, egoarch, hiresiarach" (188:16), an echo of Joyce's description of Blake in his Trieste lecture: "that undisciplined and visionary heresiarch."

Blake next appears in the "Feenichts Playhouse" production as Glugg-Shem in Book II of *Finnegan*. He is introduced immediately as "GLUGG (Mr. Seumas McQuillad . . .), the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks" (219:22-24). And on page 229 Glugg, Shem, and Blake-Joyce all coalesce in a passage describing the writing of *Ulysses*, Blake's *Songs* and *The Four Zoas*. Still later Glugg is described as "born of thug tribe into brood blackmail" (240:12), a passage which looks forward to the later description of Blake as a "pair of men" named "MacBlakes" (409:21-23), the two "a" sounds and the "m" and "b" merely being reversed (i.e. Black-Make, Blake-Mac, black-mail). The culmination of the mockery of Glugg comes in a remarkable Swedenborgian-Blakean passage, in which Joyce makes use of a number of themes common to both mystics: the proprium or selfhood, light vs. heat, wrath and charity, "thisworlders" and other-worlders, the concept of "states," devils and angels, the four points of the compass, eternal conjunctions, and the theory of correspondences (251:4-17). Blake is referred to as the outcast Glugg, "marrer of the sward incoronate" (250:35), "Black-arss" the singer inspired by "a fammished devil." "The specks on his lapsan are his foul deed thoughts, wishmarks of mad imogenation" (251:11-17).

287:18-19 The first major identification of Blake with Swift — and with Joyce, Shem, Dolph (one of the twins of HCE), and Berkeley. Although I can sympathize with Mrs. Glasheen's confusion, in *A Census of Finnegans Wake*, about Berkeley's role in the book, it is clear that on occasion Joyce uses Blake-Berkeley as brother idealists, visionaries (cf. Berkeley's *Theory of Vision* and Blake's constant preoccupation with perception), imaginative creators of worlds of the mind, of eternity. Then too both were rebels, as was Joyce himself, so that in the present passage Dolph is said to have

"coached rebelliumtending mikes of his same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity" (287:29-30), anagrammatically Blakean University. The passage goes on to make the Blake reference more explicit through mention of Dolph's "doublecrossing twofold thruths" (288:3) and Druidic lore (288:5), the first an allusion to Blake's system of four-fold vision, the second to his interest in the history of the Druids in England. Finally Dolph and his twin brother Kev almost come to blows, and Joyce with an ambiguous reference to Blake uses him to apply to both brothers: "pray for blaa-blaablack sheep" (301:6). The "Blake" sheep are of course Dolph's, Shem's, and the black sheep Kev's; yet to Kev Dolph is the black sheep of the family because of his Blakeanism.

338:5 ff In the Butt and Taff radio skit Blake appears several times. He is at first associated by Taff with Butt. Taff urges Butt to tell his story of how he shot the Russian General: "And may he be too an intrepidation of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn hath razed out limplove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery" (338:29-31). But Taff too is described in terms of Blake, as a "blackseer" (340:13), characterizing his essentially un-Blakean vision. He is the Shaun to Butt's Shem and his comments punctuating Butt's account of the Crimean War reflect his relative myopia. Properly, then, he is presented as trying "to regulect all the straggles for wife in the rut of the past through the widnows in effigies keening after the blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from over draught" (340:13-16). He is a looker to the past, a regulator, a keeper of the codes of "decency," and yet at the same time he is the gross sensualist who looks to the rutting past through what Blake might call the narrow "widnows" of his bodily cavern, that is his senses only.¹⁵

Again at the beginning of his self-defense against the charges of debauchery and lewdness Butt is described in Blakean terms (the white to Taff's black): "with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite Cadderpollard with sunflowered

beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag mundaynism at Oldbally Court" (350:10-12). That is, like Blake's "Caterpillar on the Leaf" (*Gates of Paradise*), and shining in the light of Blake's sunflower, Butt comes face to face with the sensual world, Shaun the Postman, who "flaws" the sunflower in the same way that Sinclair Lewis' Mike Monday (a parody of evangelist Billy Sunday) in *Babbitt* flaws the light of Christianity, even to the point of perverting Sunday to Monday. Finally "blanck" suggests German *blank*, which means shining or white, to complete the sunlit context of Butt's Blakean characteristics. Since Joyce, however, seldom leaves things black and white he also characterizes Butt as a teller of outright lies: "Mr Lhugewhite" is equivalent to Mr. *Blanke Lüge*, a cad, and ultimately the two figures will merge into Tuff and Batt, each the "viseversion" of the other (349:7).

381:17 ff HCE's ultimate fall, drunk and singing, finds him "overwhelmed . . . with black ruin like a sponge out of water." This Joyce apparently compares to the many falls recounted by Blake in his poetry (Blake's "runes"); yet HCE goes down singing a Blakean song, "allocutioning in bellcantos . . . starkened by the most regal of belches . . . the blackberd's ballad *I've a terrible errible lot todue todie todue tootorribleday*" (381:18-24). The "blackberd's" is a most complex reference, all of which I do not understand, for it encompasses the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, Blackbeard the Pirate, Jack Yeats' famous painting of *The Ballad Singer*, and Blake's bard of *Songs of Experience*, who "Present, Past, & Future sees."

In HCE's drunken dream of the honeymoon voyage of Tristram and Iseult, Blake appears in a much more familiar role, that of the artist-creator, "Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack centuries when who made the world" (385:6-7). Mesh is of course Shem, and his title here locates the Blakean context as *Songs of Innocence*, in which Blake's piper "pluck'd a hollow reed" to write his

"happy songs." ¹⁶ The "pitchblack centuries" then are not black at all but the Blakean white of innocence, a world created by the artist as an Edenic realm ("when who [i.e. he] made the world"). This world ("neer the Nodderlands Nurskery") is peopled by "whiteboys and oakboys" (for even Blake's little black boy, we recall, is essentially white) and "piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin was shining" (385:9-11). The allusions to Blake's *Songs of Innocence* fairly tumble over each other here: "The Lamb," "The Ecchoing Green," "The Chimney Sweeper," "Nurse's Song," "The School Boy," "The Little Black Boy," "A Cradle Song." And just as the "old folks" in "The Ecchoing Green" lament the lost days of youth, so too do the four old men of *Finnegans Wake* (Johnny, Marcus, Lucas, and Matt) yearn for "the wald times and the fald times" and listen eagerly "spraining their ears for the millennium" (386:7-11), the ricorso, the achieving of a Blakean innocence with wisdom.

405:7 ff Book III of *Finnegans Wake* is dominated by the figure of Shaun, presenting himself to the people as their leader, saviour, and hero. And since he must constantly justify himself by disparaging Shem (whose letter he carries), Blake references appear in abundance. Here again black is often white and white black; sometimes one of the meanings is singled out to the exclusion of the other, sometimes both are employed to suggest the fundamental bivalence of all life, the contraries Blake and Joyce both insist upon. To support this usage Joyce on occasion uses another Blakean device, one which is indeed inherent in his treatment of Shem and Shaun throughout *Finnegans Wake*. Shem is the outcast, the scum, the evil, the devil from Shaun's point of view; and in the same breath Shaun of course describes himself as the opposite of these — the conventional good man, indeed the angel who brings good tidings of great joy. Hence Joyce's picture of Shaun on page 405 of *Finnegan* is doubly satiric — for it is seen through Shaun's self-approving eyes but couched in Blakean imagery of conventional dullness,

time-bound senses, and worldly tyranny: "Shaun (holy messenger angels be uninterruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blueblacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable timetable!) stood before me" (405:7-11). The references are to Blake's time-locked, restricted, confined, hypocritical fallen world, enchained by the firmament of stars to keep it from falling to pieces, the world of *Songs of Experience*, the fallen Urizen, Generation.

Joyce's ambiguous usage of black-white is most clear once Shaun begins his address to the people; for he wavers constantly between an inability really to understand the message (the letter) of Shem-Blake-Joyce and just enough understanding to thoroughly repel his conventional eyes and mind. His confusion is immediately apparent as he tells of meeting two men "whom I shuffled hands with named MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes" (409:22-23). The shuffling of hands is the key to the confusion, for Shaun cannot tell black from Blake. Joyce, however, tells us clearly that "their [the MacBlacks'] names is [i.e. nemesis] is MacBlakes." Thus, triumphantly and ignorantly Shaun can proclaim that he now has the whole truth from Blake's "prophecies. After suns and moons, dewes and wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag" (409:28-29). The reference is to Blake's "A Song of Liberty" (*Marriage of Heaven and Hell*), in which the Shaun-like King "With thunder and fire, leading his starry hosts thro' the waste wilderness . . . promulgates his ten commands." For Shaun this leads to the sabbath, to the day of contented rest; for Blake it leads to sabotage, for "the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morning plumes her golden breast, / Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to dust." It is of course the difference between the ignorant darkness of the conventional sabbath, and the blazing light of a new dawn.

Shaun's description of this world, then, is truer than he knows, for he says that he is "fed up be going circulating

about them new hikler's highways like them nameless souls . . . till it's rusty October in this bleak forest" (410:7-9). It is a bleak forest indeed, Blake's "forests of the night," in which the terrible tiger burns bright waiting to devour the lamb.

425:9 ff In turning from the world to the letter Shaun is provoked by the people to boast that he could do much better if he really tried; and in the course of his attack upon Shem and his language Shaun again takes Blake's name in vain while at the same time seeing himself as Blake's piper of *Songs of Innocence*. He begins by claiming that he is "innocent of disseminating the foul emanation" of Shem's pen, an outrageous placing of himself among Blake's innocents. At the same time the emanation in Blake's view of man is the Shemmian side indeed, passionate, feminine, and creative (just as Shem is constantly associated with and championed by ALP), while the Shaunian side is the spectre, the reasoning power, the male destroyer and devourer. Thus if Shaun did write his own version of the letter it would be a perversion of the eternal vision of the poet. Joyce's paragraph then is punctuated with words and phrases to suggest the perversion of Shaun's contemplated opus: "blurry wards," "allergrossest transfusiasm," "incredible faith," "take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just like a work of merit," "immature and a nayophight." But, happily, Shaun "would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing"; and he swears (lines 35-36) by Blake's child on a cloud and the piper's pipe of the "Introduction" to *Songs of Innocence* to destroy all such writers as Shem, Blake, Joyce. For they, after all, are a composite "bogus bolshy of a shame . . . conversant with in audible black and prink" (lines 22-24) — that is, Blake's poetry and designs, his printing-ink.

447 ff After Shaun's metamorphosis into Jaun he is shown even more glaringly in his proper light — delivering a hypocritical, trite, sickeningly moral, jingoistic sermon. Like Shaun, however, Jaun too, in the courting scene, invokes

Blake's piper of innocence, "my singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numerous fairyaciodes" (450:18-20). This is immediately preceded by Blake's name (line 18), bound up as we have seen it before with Blackbeard and blackbirds; but here the allusions are extended to draw into the black-white contrast a middle ground, gray: "Dorian blackbudds." The piper reference, then, is corroborated nicely by the reference to Billy Budd, Melville's personification of innocence, and Dorian Gray is sandwiched in between.¹⁷ Jaun, however, cannot allow himself such nonsense, and his essential nature finally breaks through his momentary gay, idyllic vision: "But enough of greenwood's gossip [an allusion perhaps to the first line of Blake's "Laughing Song"]. Birdsnests is birdsnests" (450:32-33).

The final two allusions to Blake in this Jaun section are again ambiguous. The first, at least on the surface, paints Jaun black, for after brief laughter (almost as if he forgets himself and becomes Shem-like for a moment), "swifter as mercury he wheels right round starnly on the Rizzies suddenly, with his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to see what's loose" (454:20-23). Literally this is truly Shaun — swift, mercurial, postman-like, governed by Blake's chain of stars mentioned earlier, black and threatening like thunderclouds. Yet at the same time Joyce reveals to us Shem — Swift-like, a corrosive sublimate (mercury), Sterne-like, Blake-like, Los-like (Blake's mythological personification of energetic creation). Thus again Shaun is truer than he knows when he later says of his brother, "And we're the closest of chems. Mark my use of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you, I foil, copy!" (464:3-5). And he concludes his speech with a typical attack upon Shem — with Swift and Blake again appearing: "The burnt out mesh . . . scaly skin and all, with his black-guarded eye, and the goatsbeard in his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd" (464:9-13).

Ironically we discover that it is Shaun, not Shem, who is

"burnt out," and as he lies sprawled across County Meath, the people sit in judgment over him — and with them Blake, or as Joyce has it, Blunt Blake, pen in hand, the attacker of everything Shaun stands for: "As were you suppose to go and push with your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes of some chubby boybold love of an angel" (474:13-15).¹⁸

Throughout the "inquest" over Shaun-Yawn's slowly fading body, Blake references are fairly frequent, though several are far from clear to me. For example when ALP begins to speak from somewhere within the depths of Yawn's being, she is interrupted rudely by one of the Four Old Men who makes fun of her via an allusion to the serpent's temptation of Eve (494:15 ff). The temptation, however, is seen lasciviously as the attack of a pervert (masquerading as a sacramental offering) upon a lewd wanton. To translate this into the black-white Blakean pattern: black interprets the attack of black against white as in reality an attack of white against black. Thus the pervert side of the Swiftian image is the tempter ("obesendean"), associated with that major mystery (as Mrs. Glasheen calls him), Magrath ("Dan Magraw"), who masquerades as Blake-white ("blancmange"). The references to Eve are equally complex since they involve Blake's fallen woman, Heva, and also a pregnant Mary ("Emfang de Maurya's"). The whole scene is obscured by a kind of sooty cloud (German *Russ* in "bullsrusshius") evoked by a portmanteau word which also alludes to Moses; and by the setting at Belshazzer's Feast (including the *Schottshrift*), which is also somehow a "writing academy" where Swift and Blake presumably create their prophecies; and by the over-all camouflage. However obscure all these references are, and however strained the Blake usage seems, the latter is corroborated almost immediately by the equation of Sully ("Magrath's thug") with Shem and Blake (cf. 240:12): "a barracker associated with tinkers, the blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyimgmost letters and skirriless

ballets" (495:1-3). The "letters" are of course *the* letter of *Finnegans Wake*, scratched up (German *reuten*) by the hen, its riddle (German *Reuter*) slowly unravelled, delivered by that archetypal news agent, Shaun the Post (Baron von Reuter). Finally toward the end of the same passage Blake is again paired with Sully via the motto hanging in that "leechers . . . Saxontannery": *Honi soit qui mal y pense* — or as Joyce transmutes it, incorporating Blake's supposed Irish name and his engraving trade, "O'Neill saw Queen Molly's pants: and much admired engraving" (495:26-28). Blake's "Irish ancestry" is alluded to again a few pages later where he is clearly described as a son of Erin: "grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann" (503:23). Swift may also be present here in German *gang*.

In the retelling of the Fall in Phoenix Park, there are a baffling series of references to Blake and his works. I give them here simply, with only such comment as will point the reference rather than trying to elucidate, even briefly, its usage in the context.

"Blondman's blaff!" (508:17) may be an allusion to Blake's poem "Blind-Man's Buff" in the *Poetical Sketches* which deals with what Joyce may have construed as a play version of the crime in the park. Blake's name seems to be buried neatly in the same line, in "skib leaked." The Blakean context of *Poetical Sketches* is corroborated by the reference in line 29 to the song beginning "My silks and fine array," which Joyce renders as "Silks apeel and sulks alusty." This is followed by an echo (line 33) of the Blake-white motif and an evoking of the figure of Nick, who is often equatable with Shem, Joyce, and Blake ("Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?").

Towards the end of this section of *Finnegan* HCE himself appears to deliver an eloquent defense of himself and his actions, in the context of which Blake plays his now familiar ambiguous role. First of all, like HCE, he has freed the enslaved through his engraved books (545:24, 34). But he has

also been calumniated, impersonated by "bleakmealers" (545:27). The double entendre is clear: the masqueraders of HCE and Blake, those who tell the false tall tales, are blackmailers (an allusion to Shaun the Post) while the true "I" (line 27) who wandered the streets of London is Blake-HCE. London I use advisedly here since several of the lines pointedly echo Blake's great poem "London": "in street wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb" (lines 28-29) and "in black pitts of the pestered Lenfant he is dummed" (lines 35-36), the latter incorporating a reference to Blake's uncomplimentary view of Pitt as well as to the plagued infant of "London."

563:4 ff As Karl Kiralis notes (*MFS*, Winter 1958-59), the subject here is Jerry, one of the Porter twins, who is associated with Shem, Joyce, and Blake. The first reference is to Blake's engraved ("craven") and self-"printed" works — just as earlier he was characterized by the printing ink trope; "he has pipettishly bespilled himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn. He is jem job joy pip" — that is, Blake's Job and the "Infant Joy" and piper of innocence. He is also Blake's "The Lamb" and the hand that "wrought" "The Tyger" (563:8-9). Next Joyce curiously couples Blake's name with Byron's [lines 11-17]:

He will be quite within the pale [the English "Pale" in Ireland, Dublin, Ireland generally, plus Blake as white] when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset [German *tosen*, to rage, roar] to be of the sir Blake tribes bleak while through life's unblest [life's sun blest, but unblest by the people of course] he rodes [German *roden*, to root out] backs of bannars [bans plus arses]. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels [Blake's poem, "When Klopstock England defied"]? Whatever do you mean with bleak? With pale blake I write tintingface. . . . And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha'scint for my sweet an anemone's letter.

And, finally, with references to both Porter twins, the Blakean and Joycean contraries, "I will to leave a my copper-

wise blessing [Blake's engravings on copper] between the pair of them" (lines 29-30). All in all the page is a major text for understanding both the significance of the Blake allusions in *Finnegans Wake* and Joyce's technique in making those allusions.

The final references to Blake occur as the new Viconian cycle begins, with Shaun in the ascendancy, Blake-Shem in decline: "So an inedible yellowmeat [French *jaune* meat, hence Shaun-meat] turns out the invasable blackth" (594:32-33); "and pfor to pfinish our pfun of a pfan coalding the keddle mickwhite [i.e. MacBlake plus Mick-Nick]; sure, straight, slim, sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift" (596:31-33). Also "Will [Blake], make a newman if any-worn" (596:36-597:1) "In the wake of the blackshape, *Nat-tenden Sorte*" (608:28-29). The new age is ushered in via the debate between the old druidic mystical mythology (Berkeley-Blake-Shem) and the new reality of St. Patrick (Shaun).¹⁹ The long passage (pp. 611-12) introducing "pidgin fella Balkelly" (Blake-Berkeley) is another remarkable Blakean tour de force, with allusions to the Four Zoas, Albion, the true reality of vision as opposed to that of this "vegetable" universe, Blake's engraving and mythology generally (as well as his obscurity when compared with this new world of light). The passage is too long to quote in its entirety, but here are some of the key phrases: "alb belongahim" (Albion); "all too many much illusiones through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world spectacurum of Lord Joss [a Pidgin English corruption of *Deus*], the of which zoantholitic furniture, from mineral through vegetal to animal"; "he savvy inside true inwardness of reality . . . all objects . . . allside showed themselves in trues coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually retained, untisintus, inside them"; "with other words verbi-gratiagradng from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious . . . with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty" (Blake's increasing

complexity, obscurity, and depth of vision). St. Patrick's reply is Shaun-like in its attack upon this Blakean obscurity: "You pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger [Blake-white-Irishman] . . . celestial from principalest [pale Blake] of Iro's Irismans ruinboon pot before, (for beingtime [Blake's Four Zoas] monkblindens timeblinged completamentarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the saint)" (612:18-24).

"'Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash" (613:8). And it is, of course, Shaun's day, the day of Dear Dirty Dublin, of Blake's London once more. The dream is over.

III

As Campbell, Robinson, and others have pointed out, "*Finnegans Wake in toto* is the fourfold aspect of every living moment: the whole round is entirely present with every tick of the clock" (*Skeleton Key*, p. 340). Hence the many groups of four in the *Wake*, including Blake's Four Zoas, the mythological equivalents of the four aspects of the grand man, Albion. Indeed the Zoas are so ubiquitous that one is tempted to see them everywhere.²⁰ The key to Joyce's use of them lies in his phrase "Zoantholitic furniture." In addition to the obvious pertinence of their fourness, Joyce I think was capitalizing on the idea of "furniture" as used by the printer, especially since he constantly thinks of Blake as printer in the *Wake*. This kind of furniture consists of pieces of lead placed around and between the type or matter to create spaces and to fasten the matter to the chase. In any case, whether this is so or not, fours of almost any kind clearly are the furniture at Finnegans's wake.

Of much greater importance to the student of Blake and Joyce, however, is Joyce's use of specific Blakean character

names, particularly Los, who is of course related to the Four Zoas, yet not one of them. He is for Blake the creator, the artist, the artificer of eternity; he is associated with the sun and with poetry; he is the personification of Time; and his symbols are the hammer and anvil. In *Finnegans Wake*, then, he is properly everywhere, yet curiously difficult to locate because his name is easily buried amid the melee of Joycean languages and puns. For example, he is readily absorbed into the words "loss" and "loose" (German *los*) or, in reverse, into "sol" or "sole." And just as Blake's own name is used ambiguously, so too Los can be the creative spirit as well as the destroyer (as *los* means destruction, loss in its fullest sense, and in Swedish and Danish *lös* is associated with both falseness and fire). A number of the following references then may be suspect, but should not be ruled out offhand; for even where a Los usage is certain, the context is often strange enough to lead one to expect him most anywhere (as in the case of the Four Zoas above). One major check, of course, is Joyce's association of Los with Shem and his kin — Blake, Joyce, Swift, Sterne, Nick, Grips, Glugg, etc. In the following paragraphs I do not comment upon each reference but only those which present Los in his most characteristic and associative form.

47:19 Perhaps Los, associated properly with Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, and (I think, consistent with Blake's usage) "a non-Moses." Other brief references which need no elucidation are 378:17 (with Lucifer) and 470:30 (with Christ and Agni).

57:26-27 The reference here is a complex one, outside of the Lewis Carroll allusions, for it presupposes some knowledge of at least two of Blake's early prophecies, *The Book of Urizen* and *The Book of Los*. The first deals with the cosmic fall of Urizen into chaos, indeed to the brink of nonentity, and the subsequent limit to that fall placed by the divine hand — to enable a world to be built as the first step toward regeneration and ultimately reunion. Los is that aspect of

Urizen which created out of the nothingness a world; Urizen becomes its Jehovah-like tyrant. Thus in the passage Joyce clearly refers not only to the fall (of the dark side of Los, blind Sol) but to the beginnings of life in the quivering globule of blood (*Book of Urizen*, v, 7) which he comments upon so pointedly in the Trieste lecture, and to the hope of regeneration which is implicit in the fall and in the figure of Los himself.

88:9 That regenerative power of Los Joyce capitalizes upon here in the wonderful portmanteau word "morpho-melosophopancreates." In order, this incorporates sleep and Morpheus, who is properly the fashioner and shaper of dreams (Greek *morphē*, plan, shape); morpheme, the shape of a meaningful linguistic unit; melos, a combination of Los and the Greek for song (cf. 57:2, 533:17); sophos, wisdom; Pan, as the pagan version of Blake's rural piper; and pancreates, which in Greek means literally "all flesh" and encompasses the idea of the creator of all wisdom.

140:15-18 The tools of Los's trade, the hammer and anvil, Joyce makes use of next, the specific reference being to the forming of the human body, forged on Los's anvil, described vividly by Blake in *The Book of Urizen*, especially Chapters iva, 5, and ivb, 1, 2, and 6. At the same time Joyce has also incorporated the theme of destruction ("destraction") into the context of Los's creation. For other references to Los's hammer see 316:25-26 and 356:1 (German *Fäustel*).

154:24-26 Los as symbol of Time, ultimately related to his "emanation," Enitharmon, who is Space, is inherent in this allusion (for Los and the angels again see also 296:16-17). Again here Joyce demonstrates his intimate knowledge and clear understanding of Blake's works, for again the allusion is to Urizen as well as to Los. After Los's acts of creation, it is Urizen who rules over it all, taking its measure, binding it with his iron laws, estimating its capacity, potential, and value for his own ends. Just as Los's act is a selfless one, so Urizen's actions are selfish, tyrannical. Even

Joyce's references to a two-dimensional world are pertinent, for in the Blakean system single vision (or dimension) is tantamount to blindness (cf. 57:26), what Blake called "Newton's sleep"; double or two-fold vision (or dimension) is of this world, Los's creation, Urizen's universe, the world of London (and Joyce's Dublin), the state of experience or "Generation"; three-fold vision (or dimension) is Beulah, Blake's state of wise innocence; and four-fold vision (or dimension) is Eden, eternity, oneness, Jerusalem, the millennium. Other references to Los-Time and Enitharmon-Space are 247:2, 425:10-12, 609:2-3.

222:23 Los here is singer as well as protector (cf. the sword of the Zoas in line 22), but he is also associated probably with Christ ("meekly") and more simply with loose morals. Thus on 343:31-32 Christ and Shem (and hence Los) are accused of bruiting forth "lewdbrogue" and "re-cip-ing his cheap cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry" (Los as the sun).²¹

224:35 Joyce here nicely combines "With a Song in My Heart" with the idea of restriction to which Los-Blake was constantly opposed. The sense of the passage is to loosen the bonds on art and hence to re-Los (release) it. Cf. 323:31-32 for the ideas of being bound by, and loose or free from, Los-time. Other brief mentions of Los as singer are 296:16-18 (with Nick and angels), 304:31 (with Jerusalem), 359:19, 533:16-17 (with Demelli, the original name of Austrian composer Franz von Suppé).

241:2, 8 These two contradictory references link Los first with destruction and loss, then with Blake himself: "loss-assinated" and "Collosul rhodomantic." The latter is especially interesting since it evokes the image of a colossal sun or Los along with Cecil Rhodes and the Colossus of Rhodes (the latter, of course, a statue of Apollo, god of poetry, music, oracles, associated often with the sun). Taken with 181:3 and 492:5, it also suggests that Joyce was thinking of Blake as a colossus of the Romantic Period.

247:2-3 Los and Enitharmon are mentioned here explicitly, and for the first time associated with Swift and Nick (and hence Shem) and the maker of literature. Los is of course the time maker (in the world of Generation) as well as the "timekiller" (in the world of eternity or Regeneration), and Enitharmon is the "spacemaker." More interesting, however, is the veiled allusion to Swift and Los's anvil in the same phrase, "velos ambos" (*véloce*, swiftly, a French musical direction, and *Amboss*, German for anvil).²² Nick of course is present in "knychts" (i.e. *nichts*) which is then both creative and destructive. Finally Arabic *rubai* means composed of four (like Omar's quatrains), thus evoking here the Four Zoas (four knights) and their epic Blakean "tales within wheels."

318:33-35 An especially fascinating passage since it seems to allude to Blake's vision of Leviathan emerging as "a fiery crest above the waves" in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; to the Blakean idea of the spectre as the reasoning power, the dark side of man; and to the sense of loss (the opposite of Los) at such a birth. The Los reference is strengthened by the more positive notions inherent in the "irised" sea (iris-rainbow, and perhaps the idea of Blake-Los emerging triumphant as Irish prophets) and in the word "nngnr," which I take to refer obliquely to Nunn, in Egyptian mythology the personification of the germ of all life which slept in the flood until creation, as Mrs. Glasheen notes. Then too, inherent in "spectrum" is not only Blake's spectre but also the idea of vision (Latin *spectrum*).

333:1 Los plus King Wenceslaus, and an evocation of Christ and Christmas in the curious Blakean context of wenching (cf. particularly Blake's *The Everlasting Gospel* for his view of the adulterous Mary). Skeat, whose dictionary Joyce used constantly, provides the key here, for he lists *wenchel*, as used in the *Ormulum*, to mean a male child, Christ.

341:23-24 Underneath the horse-race jargon and the

glance at Windsor Palace, we have also Blake's heliotrope ("Ah! Sun-Flower") and the sun-Los-scope, that is, Los's prophetic, bardic vision, which may be echoed in the last phrase, reminiscent of Blake's idea of the five senses being the body's gates (here the gates of sight).

357:21 In the context of HCE's comment on the Russian General story, Joyce pictures him sitting in the outhouse thumbing through a leaflet (Joyce's works, as well as Blake's, as the previous page makes clear), while at the same time a vision of Blake-Los emerges. The scene, a favorite of Joyce's (cf. Bloom in the outhouse in *Ulysses*), is consistently related in *Finnegan* to Joyce's and Blake's writings. Part of the connection, of course, is in Joyce's alleged crudeness and pornography but the rest of it, I believe, stems from Joyce's probably happy discovery of Blake's lyric, "When Klopstock England defied." So often indeed does Joyce evoke the figure of Blake's Nobodaddy farting, belching, and coughing "aloft," and so curiously apt for the crime in Phoenix Park are Blake's lines describing himself "giving his body ease / At Lambeth beneath the poplar trees," that surely the final lines of the poem would stick in Joyce's memory too:

*If Blake could do this when he rose up from shite
What might he not do if he sat down to write?*

Thus in the present passage from the *Wake* there is a reference to Blake's *Songs of Innocence* ("idylly"), to the turning of his bowels in the Klopstock poem ("turmbing"), to Los and Luvah, one of the Four Zoas ("loose looves"), to *The Book of Thel* and "The Lamb" ("the lamatory"), which is his "thesis" ("my this is"). The concluding lines of this passage (357:31-35) may also echo the oft repeated story of Blake and his wife sitting naked in their garden as Adam and Eve.

376:16-17 Nick, unbound by Time, and Los are joined here by Nefi (a seventeenth-century poet who was executed

for his satiric writings) and Justus van Effen (Dutch journalist who translated among other things Swift's *Tale of a Tub* into French).

410:4-5 Translated this becomes "O Los! Alas! O loss!" A solarium ("oloss olorium") in ancient Rome was a sundial or clock, and "Olor" of course refers to the dying swan and his song. In a similar passage involving swans (548:35) Joyce originally rendered the word "oloss" as "olos," thus clinching the Los reference. See also 547:8.

422:6-8 A vulgar scurrilous comment by Shaun upon Shem and his activities. The word "lowsense" combines Los's sense, licence, and probably nonsense; "cyphalos" combines cipher, phallus, syphilis, and Los. This idea of the production of dirty songs is followed up later on this page with the familiar reference to Los's song, "Melosedible" (line 26). Why it is edible I don't know.

450:10-12 An interesting combination of Sol, Shelley, Benn, and Los. The sun and singing (*solfa*) leads directly to Shelley and Los (buried in "jealosomines"), while "benvolent" evokes Benn, the Egyptian bird thought to embody Ra (the sun), plus the idea of flying (Latin *volare*). Since Joyce often associates Shelley with his poem "To a Skylark," the several Los references merge neatly, with Los as poet, skylark, sun, and singer.

469:21-22 A complex passage which begins with the frequent Joycean idea of the solitary singer or poet standing against the world, a role he consciously shared, as we have seen, with Blake: hence "So Los alone; Los goodbye" (cf. 496:13). "Erynnana" refers both to Erin, and to Erinna (a Greek poetess, friend of Sappho), and perhaps also to the rann, a stanza form in Irish verse. "Singame" I take as a reference to J. M. Synge as well as of course to the literal notion of the poet's song. And the passage concludes, after a possible nod to the Four Zoas ("soarem"), with the note of aloneness with which it began (Greek *erem*, solitary).

471:8 "Estellos and venoussas" involves not only Stella,

Vanessa, and the stars, but also the polar opposites of the beginning (Los as creator) and the end (Greek *telos*), day (Venus as morning star) and night (Venus as evening star).

580:18 Los and "Time's winged chariot" from Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," all in a Shemmian context. For Marvell and Los together see also 177:15.

593:32 Here Los appears backwards ("sowls"), conforming to the usage in the following lines of "Nuahs" (Shaun), "Mehs" (Shem), and "Pu Nuseht" (the sun-up), and also to signify the darkness being dispelled by the light of a new era — i.e. a new Los superseding an "owld sowl." That new "light" of course is Shaun-St. Patrick, who represents a world inimical to Los's world of the Blake-Shem-Joyce-like artist.

IV

Other Blakean characters in *Finnegans Wake* are not as consistent in their context nor as frequent in their occurrence as Los. Joyce did, however, have another favorite, Thel from *The Book of Thel*, whom he seemed to think of in relation to "Leutha's vale" and "Leutha's flower" (the vale and flower of sexual experience) in *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*. Briefly, Thel, despite the wise teachings of a lily, a cloud, a clod of clay, cannot bring herself to enter the grave of experience (the world of sexual experience and, generally, the world of Blake's London, Joyce's Dublin), and instead retreats to a kind of false, hypocritical innocence in the vales of Har. This false "paradise" is presented graphically by Blake in *Tiriel* in his bitter parody of the state of innocence in which aged Har and Heva dwell. In *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, however, Oothoon (another version of Thel) has the courage to move beyond innocence into the world of experience by plucking Leutha's flower. Joyce refers to all three of these contexts via the characters Thel, Har, Heva,

and Leutha. The following, then, is a list of the occurrences of the Thel story and of various other Blakean characters with some suggestion as to their pertinence to the Joycean context:

19:19 Perhaps an allusion to *The Book of Urizen*, ix, 4-8, in which the character of Fuzon appears. *The Book of Ahania* chronicles his further history.

94:6-7 Hand is another of Blake's great villains, whom Yeats (in *Blake's Works*, I, 383) calls "the most analytical, unimaginative, destructive of all the personalities that make up Albion, the Fallen Man."

113:36 Blake's Nobodaddy, equatable to the worst of tyrants, Jehovah, the conventional, hypocritical "God of this world," "nobody's daddy." He is referred to again on 253:16 as "Noodynaady's" (perhaps a pun on the Russian for tiresome).

117:22 Blake's Enion, whom Yeats calls "the eternal maternal."

173:13 Albion, Blake's version of HCE, is here combined with the idea of warring opposites inherent in the Manichaeic heresy of the Albigenes. Albion is referred to often in *Finnegans Wake* as might be expected, especially on 343:9, 346:5, 483:22, 484:23, 488:29, 489:32, and 611:8.

188:20-24 In this passage Shaun's self-righteous, hypocritical fear for his own loss is precisely parallel to Thel's ("the loss") fear of losing her crown, her beauty, her pleasant life if she enters the terrible, sinful grave of experience — that is, the life of this world. The horror of Thel's grave-plot is further intensified later (450:30) by reference to poisons of various kinds.

314:32-33 Besides the two references to Thel by name, this entire paragraph may be a vague parody of Blake's *The Book of Thel*, especially her fear of the "little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire." Cf. 422:28.

353:29-30 "Hullulullu, Bawlawayo" is not a character but probably Blake's Bowlahoola, a dark region of the glut-

tonous senses, associated with the stomach and the bowels. Joyce also refers to it on 520:33 and 608:8-9.

369:19 Luvah, one of Blake's Four Zoas, is fundamentally love, which relates him here to Samuel Lover, nineteenth-century Irish novelist, songwriter, and painter, born in Dublin. He wrote, among other things, *Handy Andy*, to which Joyce often refers in *Finnegans Wake*. Luvah is used again, more clearly, on 357:21 and 385:25.

427:32-33 For Blake the spectre is the blind, visionless, reasoning power in man, the contrary of the poet-prophet. Hence here Joyce properly elevates Shaun as the "spec-turesque" spokesman for the dark side of Shem. See also 299:5.

447:15 A phrase reminiscent, in rhythm and content, of Blake's triune tyrant, father-priest-king — although Shelley may also come to mind.

459:13-14 "Ithiel" in Hebrew means "God is with me" (as Thel fervently wishes) and "athel" is Anglo-Saxon for noble (Thel is inordinately proud of her noble bearing as Queen of the Vales of Har; it is this pride in self, indeed, which makes her unwilling to enter the grave of experience).

484:29-30 One of the most direct references to *The Book of Thel*, despite the fact that Thel's name is split between the two words "the leabhour." For Blake Thel's entering the grave means her entering the world of Generation, which is the image of, and the road to, regeneration. Since *leabhar* is the Irish word for book, the passage, translated, reads: the Thel book of my (her) generation. Cf. 485:31 for the "song" of Thel.

494:6 Orc is Blake's fiery spirit of revolt (cf. 612:2), properly associated here with Bellona, the Roman Goddess of War. At the same time Joyce seems to allude to Ona, the girl lost in the state of experience ("A Little Girl Lost") and to the fallen (or lost) Earth in the "Introduction" and "Earth's Answer" of *Songs of Experience*. Cf. 74:1-7.

515:28 "Bamboozelem" is a corruption of Blake's Edenic realm, Jerusalem and Golgonooza, the city of Art.

536:34-36 A striking reference to the world of Har, and of Har's tyrant son Tiriel, a world of Herod-like tyranny over nation and children ("kinder") alike, a world in which the will is exerted for selfish gain and comfort (German *wohl*). In such a world there is indeed nothing like Leutha's vale, in which the golden marigold freely gives of herself in the divine knowledge (and vision) that "the soul of sweet delight / Can never pass away" (*Visions of the Daughters of Albion*). The sentence carries the contrary meaning as well, for "leuther" also calls up the figure of Luther, whose own brand of religious tyranny parallels that of Har and Herod. For Har see also 579:28, and for Heva, his equally culpable queen, see 271:25 and 494:26.

V

There remains one other category of Blakean allusion in *Finnegans Wake*, Blake's works by quotation, title, and/or rhythmic pattern. This last of course is the most problematical of the three, and I have given here only a few examples that sound right to my ear; but with Joyce's good ear, his use of song rhythms and lyrics, and his mimicking of limericks and nursery rhymes, we should not be surprised to find him using Blake's poetry in the same way.

15:22 An echo of the marigold's invitation to Oothoon, in *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, to pluck her flower.

43:10 In the first "Memorable Fancy" of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* Blake is delighted with his vision of hell, which to others is "torment and insanity."

43:25-26 Joyce has in mind here the private process of "printing" Blake employed for his works, and especially the "heretical" *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in which Blake announces (1) that he will do his "printing in the infernal

method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal" (one of Joyce's favorite passages); (2) that he was once "in a Printing house in Hell" (the third "Memorable Fancy"); and (3) that he has written "The Bible of Hell, which the world shall have whether they will or no" (fifth "Memorable Fancy"). But Delville was also the home of the Delaneys where Swift and Stella often visited (and hence refers to their "private" language). More obviously the devil is Blake's (in the *Marriage*) as well as perhaps Deville, the phrenologist who made a life-mask of "the real Blake," a reproduction of which Joyce saw as the frontispiece of E. J. Ellis's book, *The Real Blake*. Finally the "rimepress of Delville" is reminiscent of Blake's phrase, "winepress of Luvah," glossed by Yeats as connected with the human heart, the French Revolution, poetry, and ultimately with Christ.

74:1-7 "He skall wake from earthsleep . . . in his valle of briers of Greenman's Rise O." These and several neighboring phrases suggest Blake's "Introduction" and "Earth's Answer" from *Songs of Experience*, "The Little Girl Lost" (lines 3-5), and perhaps "The Garden of Love," though the briar imagery has its ultimate source in the Bible. Also 74:9-11 recalls Blake's "Laughing Song" (line 1).

95:29-30 A combination of Blake's "The Little Boy Lost" and "The Little Boy Found" (*Songs of Innocence*) and "The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found" (*Songs of Experience*). Another of the songs, "The Echoing Green," is alluded to in line 36, though Joyce may also have in mind the "bud and blossom" of Blake's poem "Night."

96:1 Frances Boldereff (in *Reading Finnegans Wake*) identifies this with Mangan's *My Dark Rosaleen* and the earlier poem "My Little Black Rose"; but Joyce may also be alluding to Blake's "The Sick Rose," for the next line refers to a companion song of experience, "Ah! Sun-Flower." Mrs. Boldereff correctly identifies 150:26 as a reference to Blake's "Mary" (line 21).

169:22-23 In Blake's famous letter to Thomas Butts (22

November 1802) a thistle on his path has words with him, and he outlines briefly his system of four-fold vision. Joyce's "garden nursery" suggests Catherine Blake's father, who was a nursery gardener, a fact E. J. Ellis makes much of in *The Real Blake*.

175:1 A phrase from the "Proverbs of Hell" (*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*): "As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible."

229:26, 36 A quotation from the "Introduction" to *Songs of Innocence* (line 13) plus Blake's idea of innocence generally and the "inner," symbolic sense of his art.

252:11 Blake's harlot in the poem "London."

273:footnote 6 Probably a reference to Blake's conception of Mary as unchaste, and Christ's birth out of what the religious call "adultery." For example, in *The Everlasting Gospel* Blake writes, "Mary fear Not! Let me see / The Seven Devils that torment thee"; "But this, O Lord, this was my Sin / When first I let these Devils in / In dark pretence to Chastity"; and "Just such a one as Magdalen / With seven devils in her Pen."

315:30-31 At the end of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* Blake writes of a "converted Angel" who "is now become a Devil, is my particular friend."

387:35 Blake's famous picture of a naked youth rising in the sun, until recently was known as *Glad Day* (cf. line 36 here: "The new world presses"). Joyce mentions the picture again on 470:17.

390:16 and 391:6 A double reference to Blake's "The Chimney Sweeper," in which the child sold into sooty slavery "Could scarcely cry 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!" but in a dream freed from their "coffins of black," all the sweepers "leaping, laughing" run down a green plain.

470:7 Blake's "Ah! Sun-Flower," with its significance reversed to fit into the Shaunian context — hence a midnight sunflower, reflecting the familiar Blake-white pattern. Similarly on 350:11 the sunflower is "flawed." See also 509:21.

476:29-31 Blake's idea of man being closed up in the

cave of his body, with only "narrow chinks" through which to perceive the external world. This severe limitation of vision to sense perception is the opposite of the poet's vision, or, as Joyce puts it here, such blindness is tantamount to the body's censoring the soul's vision. On this point see especially *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and the beginning of *Europe: A Prophecy*.

481:7-9 A remarkable passage, which would take too long to elucidate here. To understand its wealth of allusion one needs to consult Blake's "A Dream," "The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found," "A Little Girl Lost," "Introduction" to *Experience*, "Earth's Answer," and "Ah! Sun-Flower."

505:16-17 This whole sentence has a Blakean ring to it, but Joyce again has in mind particularly *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*: "No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings"; "When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift up thy head!" *The Marriage* reference continues in line 21 with the phrase "steine of law," recalling another Proverb of Hell: "Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of religion." Lines 24-25 pick up the idea of vision (finite and infinite) and Joyce here seems to mimic Blake's Proverbs of Hell prose style (I find no particular source for the passage): "Finight mens midinfinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see."²³ And, finally, Joyce concludes with a reference (line 30) to the weeping Daughters of Albion in Blake's *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*.

549:9-12 This passage may be a parody of Blake's more horrific passages in the prophetic books, especially the string of resounding, melodramatic adjectives. Joyce has done this once before in the *Wake* (356:30-36), describing and imitating Blake's prophetic style (as well as describing the *Wake* itself). See also 409:28-29.

576:14-16 Blake's "A Cradle Song" (*Songs of Innocence*), though other lullabies may also come to mind.

621:30-31 An allusion to Blake's child of innocence, per-

haps more particularly the frontispiece of *Songs of Innocence*, a picture of the piper and his pipe, and/or the frontispiece of *Songs of Experience*, which shows the same figure striding away from the flocks of innocence (the "weenywhite steeds"?) in the background toward experience. That state of experience is alluded to a few lines later (lines 34-35) via phrases which echo the "black'ning Church" and "Marriage hearse" of Blake's poem "London." Le Fanu's *The House by the Churchyard*, a frequent reference in the *Wake*, is here also; but as if to strengthen the Blake allusion Joyce in line 36 evokes Sterne ("treestirm shindy"), with whom he associates Blake earlier in the *Wake*.

VI

Allowing for error, for overreading and overeagerness, one must still be impressed with the overwhelming evidence that Blake was seldom out of Joyce's thoughts when writing *Finnegans Wake*. On the simplest level these manifold allusions deepen the significance of separate passages and widen the scope of the whole; but they also suggest that Joyce's intimate knowledge of Blake's life and the Blake canon, and his intense sympathy with Blake's vision, were controlling elements in his own vast undertaking. As Frances Boldereff says, "Blake being a man whom he [Joyce] trusted and whom he was willing to accept as a teacher, from whose beliefs . . . he deviated in [no] major particular," represents "Joyce's closest alliance to another human being" (*Reading Finnegans Wake*, p. 73). I am not sure that I can go quite this far but certainly the alliance is as close as it is complex and difficult — and eminently worthy of continued study and exploration.

NOTES

1. A translation of the lecture appears in *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (New York, 1959). For the Italian original see *Criticism*, I (1959), 182-89.

2. Hugh Kenner, "The Portrait in Perspective," *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*, ed. S. Givens (New York, 1948), p. 142.

3. "Quest and Cycle in *Finnegans Wake*," *The James Joyce Review*, I (1957), 39-47.

4. *The Works of William Blake*, ed. Ellis and Yeats (London, 1893), 3 vols.; Ellis, *The Real Blake* (London, 1907).

5. Cf. Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, first "Memorable Fancy."

6. In his Blake lecture Joyce remarks that Blake and his brother Robert "recall the story of David and Jonathan," a relationship used often in the *Wake* and frequently associated with Jonathan Swift.

7. *Fearful Symmetry* (Princeton, 1947), p. 44.

8. All references to *Finnegans Wake* are to the Viking Press Edition (1939) by page and line numbers, as here.

9. I am indebted here, as I am constantly and obviously throughout this paper, to *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake* by Joseph Campbell and Henry M. Robinson (New York, 1944).

10. See, e.g., *The Book of Urizen*, II, 7-8; VIII, 4.

11. *The Works of William Blake*, I, 204.

12. For "Edam" (Edom) and the reeking see also plate 3 and the fourth "Memorable Fancy" of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

13. See *The Complete Writings of William Blake*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London, New York, 1957), pp. 536-59.

14. 185:34-186:2. On the corrosive etching see especially the first "Memorable Fancy" and plate 14 of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. For the "continuous present tense integument" applied to Blake, see the passage from Joyce's lecture quoted above, section I.

15. See *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, plate 14, and *Europe*, plate iii. On the basis of the Blake allusions alone, then, I am forced to disagree, at least in this particular context, with Mrs. Glasheen's reversal of the roles of Butt and Taff (*The Analyst*, xvii [1959], 11-14). Perhaps the solution to the problem (which may create graver problems of course) is that Joyce used the two names ambiguously at times. This is certainly suggested by the eventual merger of the pair into Tuff and Batt.

16. For the more severe, bardic Shem (still associated with Blake's reed and printing ink), see 433:8-9.

17. Joyce seems also to have in mind here Herrick's poem, "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time," in the phrase "gamut my . . . blackbuds." Joyce's description of Billy Budd on page 234 of the *Wake* seems to identify him with Shaun, however. Still, if the reference here on page 450 is to Billy Budd he is certainly placed in the context of Blakean innocence, pipers, buds, and blossoms.

18. The allusion in the last phrase is, I suspect, to Anna Letitia Barbauld's ("boybold") saccharine works for children, in which all the boys are chubby little loves — a reflection of Shaun's own sentimental conventionality as well as a contrast to his tyrannical brutality. For other possible references to Mrs. Barbauld see 169:4 (with Blue Beard) and 207:8-9 (with Anna Livia and Pavlova).

19. Joyce, however, says (letter to Miss Weaver, 16 Aug. 1924) that St. Patrick is Shem. I suppose we should accept this, but in terms of the Blake allusions the contrast between St. Patrick and Berkeley is a sharp one — and clearly Berkeley is not Shaun. St. Patrick and Ireland are as identical as Paddy and Irishman, and surely the new dawn is not idealistic or Blakean. Perhaps, though, because it is new light (Blake's Los) dispelling darkness, the dawn does have at least some Shemmian rays.

20. Part of the problem in spotting the Zoas, as well as one of the keys to their frequent usage, is Joyce's spelling. He seldom uses the awkward "z" sound, so that his reference inheres in such phrases as "so as," "so and," "so on," and so forth; or in any number of words subject to German pronunciation, such as "soap," "soar," "soak," "zoo," "soever." Our major check on Joyce's usage is his relative consistency in providing a four of

some sort in the Zoan context — “four,” “for,” “fur,” “far,” “fear,” “quad,” etc. Some of these Zoan contexts are 4:28, 57:7, 101:15, 152:1, 171:34-35, 180:6, 181:15, 200:13, 222:22, 241:28, 250:28-29, 266:9, 301:14, 305:note 3, 310:18-20 (with Los, his hammer and anvil), 332:26, 349:4, 393:2-3 (with Christ), 405:35-36 (with Blake), 407:18, 410:2, 415:23, 425:22-23 (with Shem and Blake), 469:22, 482:34, 505:17, 517:30, 522:34-35 (if one did psychoanalyze oneself, his findings are clearly referable to the over-all significance of Blake’s Zoas), 546:21, 552:15, 555:9, 560:28, 566:10, 597:12, 598:1-2, 601:2, 611:14, 614:5, 615:11, 628:6.

21. Professor Joseph Prescott has pointed out to me that “cheateary gospels” puns on the Russian words for “four Gods” (hence the Four Zoas?).

22. See 200:15 for the negative of this: “so umvolosy” — that is, unswift or un-Swiftlike, and unlike Los.

23. Such mimicry of the “Proverbs” is even clearer on 527:22-23.

In the Wake of the Fianna:

SOME ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO GLASHEEN
AND A FOOTNOTE OR TWO TO ATHERTON

VIVIAN MERCIER

IN offering these *addenda et corrigenda* to Adaline Glasheen's *Census of Finnegans Wake*, I don't want to belittle in any way the achievement which her book represents. Even now that James S. Atherton's *The Books at the Wake* has appeared, I feel that the *Census* is, for me, still the most useful book on the *Wake*. Mrs. Glasheen's brief "Synopsis" is valuable because it keeps the total picture before one in the minimum of space. As for the table "Who Is Who When Everybody Is Somebody Else," I can hardly praise it enough. No doubt it could use some additions and corrections, but it dramatizes the multiple levels of the book as no other method of presentation could, while stimulating the reader to fill gaps and find new parallels on his own. One suggestion I would make is that room should be found in the table for Oedipus and his unhappy family.

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The "Census" itself will certainly remain indispensable until somebody produces for *Finnegans Wake* the equivalent of Miles Hanley's *Word Index to "Ulysses"*; but it would be altogether unfair to regard the "Census" merely as an index, for it contains a vast number of accurate identifications, besides giving a world of insight into the treatment of the main characters and themes. An article like the present one is merely the frosting on the cake and would be impossible to write were there not already a rich, substantial cake to frost. Without the stimulus and guidance of Mrs. Glasheen's book, I would never have found the energy to assemble my scattered insights here.

Because I was brought up in Ireland and because Irish literature is my field, most of my comments will deal with the Irish background of the *Wake*. It is amazing how much of this Mrs. Glasheen has succeeded in tracking down. When I read, for example, her entry on Fintan Mac Bochra, I wonder how long it would have taken me to discover the information it contains were I not already familiar with this legendary figure through specialized reading. On the other hand, perhaps only a specialist could recognize the Irish sea god Manannán Mac Lir in "moananoaning" (FW 628).

The *Census* contains relatively few errors that the average Irishman could see at first glance, but if Mrs. Glasheen was reviewed in Ireland, she has probably heard of them *ad nauseam*. For instance, the Liffey becomes tidal at Islandbridge, but it does not empty into Dublin Bay for miles yet; the Four Courts were not burned in the Easter Rebellion of 1916, but blown up during the Civil War in 1922; Tom Kettle was killed in France in World War 1 and therefore could not have helped found the Irish Free State years later; Alfie Byrne may well have been a friend of Joyce's father, but he was also important to the *Wake* as Lord Mayor of Dublin from 1930 through part of 1939.

Omissions present quite a different problem from errors: in discussing such an all-inclusive book as the *Wake*, nobody

can ever hope to say with certainty that he has tracked down everything which Joyce intended to convey in even a single word. Still, there are certain Irish names which one would expect to find in the *Wake* but which do not occur in the *Census*. Let me give a few examples, some obvious, some not.

James Stephens, the Irish poet, whom Joyce had selected to finish the *Wake* if he himself died or became incapacitated before the end, would surely not have been omitted, though Mrs. Glasheen does not list him and Mr. Atherton thinks, very reasonably, that Joyce has adopted his personality as another facet of his own: after all, Joyce and Stephens were born on the same day and shared the same first name and profession. However, Stephens does appear in a list of Irish writers on page 211: "for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big." Stephens was very short and "Seumas Beg" ("Little James") was one of his *personae* in his poetry: in 1915 he published a volume entitled *The Adventures of Seumas Beg*. No doubt the crown he felt big was the doubtful privilege of being chosen to finish the *Wake*, though perhaps King James II, who lost the Battle of the Boyne, is also being referred to. Stephens, incidentally, had a large, domed crown to his head.

Another striking omission, if it occurred, would be that of Patrick (Padraic) Pearse, the real leader of the Easter Rebellion and thus the "father" of the Irish Republic. But I think he is always present when that father-figure Persse O'Reilly is mentioned, usually accompanied by The O'Rahilly, who was killed in the Rebellion. At any rate, Pearse occurs twice under his own name, in "Yes, pearse," (262) and "pearse orations" (620); Pearse was famous in Ireland as an orator even before 1916: his *Political Writings and Speeches* should be listed in Atherton. Incidentally, Persse was Lady Gregory's maiden name; I haven't yet identified her satisfactorily in the *Wake*, but she must be there.

Ulysses often suggests names that might occur in the

Wake, as Mrs. Glasheen is well aware. One of the more recondite is that of Solam O'Droma ("Solomon of Droma," U — Modern Library Edition — p. 331), one of the scribes of the *Book of Ballymote*; I believe he is referred to in "Solman Annadromus" (FW 451), along with the Salmon of Knowledge which Finn ate, Fintan in his incarnation as a salmon, and the biblical Solomon.

Equally recondite, but much more important to the *Wake*, probably, is the great Irish Neoplatonist philosopher, Greek scholar, and heretical theologian, John Scotus Eri(u)gena (830-880?), who is referred to in *Ulysses* (42) simply as "Scotus," thus leading many readers to mistake him for Duns Scotus; as can be seen on page 160 of the *Critical Writings*, Joyce was already familiar with some of his achievements in 1907. Mr. Atherton devotes a paragraph to him, saying that he is named several times in the *Wake* but quoting only "erigenating" (4), which I had already recognized. I think Mr. Atherton included this paragraph as an afterthought, not having realized that Erigena's *De Divisione Naturae* anticipates Vico and reinforces the structure of the *Wake* by its quadripartite and cyclical theory of the universe. James F. Kenney in his *Sources for the Early History of Ireland* (p. 584) describes this work as a philosophico-theological discussion of "Nature," which is divided into four aspects, one being the Neoplatonic "one" — God as the origin of all things. Note that the Greek for "one" becomes *hen* when transliterated; I am sure that Platonism or Neoplatonism in general is the source of "that original hen" (FW 110). Since Joyce mentions Erigena's translation of Dionysius, the pseudo-Areopagite, in *Critical Writings*, the two references to "Dionysius" in the *Wake* (70, 307) should be reexamined, though the second refers primarily to the god Dionysus. One of the weak points of Mr. Atherton's book is his neglect of the whole tradition of Neoplatonist philosophy, which obviously appealed to Joyce.

II

In the body of this article I shall be trying to do two things at once: first, to solve some of the puzzles concerning things Irish that have baffled Mrs. Glasheen; second, to indicate the kind of knowledge needed to solve them, so that future commentators need have less trouble with similar ones. In spite of Andrew Cass's two articles ("Sprakin Sea Djoytsch," *Irish Times*, April 6, 1947; "Child Horrid's Pilgrimage," *Envoy*, v (1951), 19-30.), the first of which is the more important, American scholars still fail to realize how much reference to the Irish scene of the 1930's *Finnegans Wake* contains. We must remember that Joyce read the Irish newspapers assiduously; also, once Ireland had a radio station, Radio Athlone ("Rowdiose wodhalooing," *FW* 324), powerful enough to be picked up in France, Joyce seems to have spent a good deal of time listening to it. The "tolvtubular . . . daildialler" (309) is blaring away all through the pub scene (309-82, especially 324-25, 359-60), and radio clichés occur elsewhere: "Sponsor programme and close down" (531); stock market and livestock prices (533); news headlines (610); "And here are the details" (611), a favorite Radio Athlone expression.

Andrew Cass has dropped broad hints that 1932 is the "ideal date" of the *Wake*; this fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of St. Patrick was a kind of *annus mirabilis* for Ireland: De Valera first came to power that year and the International Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic Church was held in Dublin, a Pontifical High Mass being celebrated before a congregation of one million in the Phoenix Park. Also, Joyce and De Valera both reached the age of fifty. Later in the year, a new Governor-General of the Irish Free State was appointed; he was destined to be both the last

and the lost ("the lost Gabbarnaur-Jaggarnath," FW 342), and his name was Buckley ("Don Gouverneur Buckley," 375). Let M. J. MacManus, the quasi-official biographer of Eamon de Valera, explain the motives for his appointment:

De Valera . . . appointed . . . Donal [also spelled Domhnall] Ua Buachalla (Donald Buckley), a Maynooth business man, and one of the few Volunteer leaders who had succeeded in bringing his men from the country to Dublin in Easter Week. Under him the office of Governor-General was shorn of all dignity and prestige. He attended no public functions and did not even occupy the official residence. In his place de Valera himself received envoys from foreign countries. The office was degraded, as it was intended that it should be degraded, and when the new Constitution came in 1937 it passed out of existence.

The coincidence of Buckley, Governor-General, with Joyce's father's story of how Buckley shot the Russian General must have delighted Joyce; I haven't worked out the details yet, but I think it follows that Buckley and the Russian General not only become "one and the same person" as Butt and Taff do (354) but were one and the same person all along.

In this same year of 1932 and for many years thereafter, Sean T. O'Kelly ("Shaunti and shaunti and shaunti again," 408) was De Valera's Deputy Premier, Alfie Byrne was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Lorcan Sherlock ("Sherlock is lorking for him," 534) was Sheriff. Joyce once calls Dublin "Lorcansby" (448), not merely because of Sherlock, however: St. Laurence O'Toole, the patron saint of Dublin, bears in Gaelic his rightful name of Lorcan Ua Tuathail.

More than one commentator on Joyce has already mentioned the "Dublin Annals" in Thom's *Directory of Dublin*, but I have found other sections of my 1942 edition of this year book equally useful. The alphabetical "List of the Nobility, Gentry, Merchants, and Traders in the City of Dublin and Suburbs" can be helpful in a number of ways. For instance, a passage on page 43 of the *Wake*, "Peter Pim and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O, Atkinson," baffled Mrs.

Glasheen. I recognized Pim and Atkinson as the names of two well-known firms in the drapery and poplin businesses, respectively; with the help of Thom's I soon discovered that Thomas Elliott (*sic*) and Sons are a firm of poplin and silk manufacturers and that Fry and Co. are "carriage lace, silk and trimming manufacturers." In the same long sentence as these names there occur the words "woollen," "poplin," "tabinet," "lace," and "weaver's," so I think my identifications are correct.

"Arnolff's" (443) is Arnott's department store on Henry Street, where a "flurewaltzer" or floorwalker might well be employed. I think the word also contains a reference to Arnolphe, the anxious husband-to-be in Molière's *L'École des femmes*, who prefers to be called Monsieur de la Souche because St. Arnulphus or Arnolphe is the patron saint of cuckolds.

"Varian" is a name given Kate the Cleaner, Mrs. Glasheen knows, but she does not know why; again Thom's will help, for I. S. Varian & Co. are a firm of brush manufacturers in Dublin, natural associates for a cleaning woman. The "Mutter Masons" (223) are not only Freemasons muttering their rites but also the late "Mother" Mason's hotel and restaurant opposite the Gaiety Theatre. A "Noblett's surprise" (306) is both a Nobel prize and a gift of candy from Noblett's store, as the phrase "parent who offers sweetmeats" indicates. "Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers," (28) recall James Adam and Sons, auctioneers. Issy's "coldcream . . . from Boileau's" (527) suggests Boileau & Boyd, an old-established Dublin firm of wholesale druggists. One could fill an entire article with the allusions to firms whose names are "household words" in Dublin.

Again, the "Alphabetical List of Streets" and "Dublin Street Directory" in Thom's sometimes provide useful clues, and not merely because Joyce mentions so many of Dublin's streets sooner or later: Many of the streets, naturally, are named after historical figures or have historical associations,

like those in any other city. For instance, "foster's place" (490) recalls Foster Place, but "Forum Foster" (542) is a reminder that Foster Place lies next to the former Irish Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland, and is named after John Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Information like this can be obtained from C. T. M'Cready's *Dublin Street Names Dated and Explained* (Dublin, 1892). Another useful little book is Wilmot Harris's *Memorable Dublin Houses* (Dublin, 1890), which would have explained "delville" (503) to Mrs. Glasheen. Delville was the home of Swift's friend and biographer, Dr. Patrick Delany. "Cope and Bull go cup and ball" (98) may again combine topography with a reference to Swift: Cope Street and Bull-Alley Street still exist in Dublin, the one named after Swift's friend Robert Cope and the other, when Bull Alley, having housed one or more of Swift's uncles. Thom's lists a Coppinger's Row, which, M'Cready says, was named from Robert Copinger or Coppinger, of near-by William Street, who was buried at St. Werburgh's in 1715. This is all the light I can shed on the mysterious "archdeacon F.X. Preserved Coppinger" (55), whom Mrs. Glasheen very tentatively identifies with Swift.

Before leaving Dublin topography, I must mention one list of proper names which gave Mrs. Glasheen understandable difficulty: "the Pardonell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean de Porteleau, Conall Grete-cloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eiligh ediculous Passivucant" (553). Many Dubliners would hardly need the hint contained in "statuesques" to recognize some of the city's principal statues, named in roughly North-South order. The first is Parnell's, jokingly associated with the Roman Catholic seminary of Maynooth; then come Father Theobald Mathew's statue and that of Admiral Nelson on his Pillar. "Jean de Porteleau" refers to the statue of Sir John Gray, Chairman of the Waterworks Committee, who was knighted in 1865 for his services in bringing the pure water of the

Vartry to Dublin: see "Dublin Annals" in Thom's. Next comes Daniel O'Connell's statue with its great cloak. "Guglielmus Caulis" ("William the Cabbage") is the statue of William Smith O'Brien, leader of the "rebellion in a cabbage patch" of 1848, whose statue now stands to the north of O'Connell's, but would be remembered by Joyce as lying to the south. Finally, "Passivucant" seems to be Thomas Moore's statue, standing over an *édicule* or street lavatory ("The Meeting of the Waters") and inviting the citizen to pass if he can't pass (water).

We can now move to another area which raises difficulties: Joyce's knowledge of the Irish language and Gaelic literature. As far as the language goes, some knowledge of its pronunciation and a phrase-book (Joyce owned Fourier D'Albe's) are about all one needs. For instance, "Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle!" (332) is a partly phonetic rendering of *Conus tá tú, a dhuine uasail*, Irish for "How are you, sir." Mrs. Glasheen identifies the "Dinny Oozle" part correctly. Kenny is such a common Irish name that it is hard to identify it further. Joyce knew the names of some of the colors in Irish, a fact which helps to clear up the series of seven names in note 4, page 277: "Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicoth and Vyler." These are the colors of the rainbow once again, in correct order. "Roe," "Bewey," "Gorham" are Irish *ruadh*, *buidhe*, *gorm* — red, yellow, blue. "Williams" is orange, after William of Orange; "Greene" is green; "McEndicoth" is indigo and perhaps also J. J. McElligott, long Secretary of the Irish Department of Finance, whose signature appears on many Irish banknotes; "Vyler" is violet, to complete the spectrum.

On page 267 we have another sequence of seven or "PRIMITIVE SEPT," but the rainbow is no help here, nor is a knowledge of Irish the only clue needed: "Adamman, Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely ogs Weib. Uwayoeil!" If one gives "mh" its Gaelic pronunciations as "v," Adam and Eve are easily recognized, with a reference to St. Adamnán and perhaps to Emher, wife of Cuchulain. Since

Irish *is* with an unvoiced “s” means either “is” or “and,” we have several choices for “Issossianusheen”; taking it as English, we can get “Is Ossian Usheen?” — to which the answer is “yes.” Ossian, Usheen, Oisín, are all acceptable versions of the name of Finn’s poet son. As for “Yggely ogs Weib,” if we take “ogs” as a phonetic rendering of Irish *agus*, also meaning “and,” we can recognize “W and Y.” As “Uwayoei” hints, what we have is a list of the vowels and semivowels of traditional English grammar: A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y. With fiendish ingenuity Joyce makes the word for “W” begin with “Y” and the word for “Y” with “W.” Perhaps the Earwicker family and their two servants are being named. None of this clarifies Issy’s footnote to “Adamman”: “Only for he’s fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out.” This, I think, brings us to Early Irish literature, for I see it as a reference to the *Cáin Adamnáin* (*Adamnán’s Law*) which forbade military service to women and laid down heavy penalties for the killing of women.

If I have explained Issy’s footnote correctly, Joyce must have read more Gaelic literature in translation than Mr. Atherton suspects. Professor Daniel Binchy of the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies has suggested in a lecture that Joyce knew George Calder’s translation of *Auraicept na n-Éces* (*The Scholars’ Primer*) from the text in the *Book of Ballymote*. Here Joyce could have read of Fenius Farsaidh, who brought the Irish language from the Tower of Babel; is Fenius alluded to in “Finnius” (615) or “pharce . . . phoenish” (4)? Is “Kennealey” (71) Cennfaeladh, the supposed author of *The Scholars’ Primer*, or is he Edward Vaughan Kenealy, the Irish versifier and counsel for the Tichborne Claimant, who in his old age turned to a pseudo-philological exegesis of the Apocalypse which is crazier than any parody of scholarship in the *Wake*? I wish Professor Binchy would publish something on Joyce’s knowledge of Early Irish law, literature and learning.

I hardly know how to describe the last kind of Irish knowl-

edge I am going to mention: perhaps "folk lore" or "nursery lore" would be a suitable term. Take for example this passage on page 180: "Cardinal Lindundarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Lorientuli and Cardinal Occidentaccia." Although Mrs. Glasheen identifies these prelates correctly as the Four, and therefore "Carchingarri" must be Mark Lyons, she places an asterisk against this name, meaning that she cannot identify it further. Now, this is no more than "Cork and Kerry" oddly spelled; these are two counties of the province of Munster, always represented by Mark. Clearly Mrs. Glasheen has never heard the riddle which many Irish children know:

*Londonderry, Cork and Kerry,
Spell me that without a "K."*

The answer is "T-H-A-T, that," of course. Notice that Joyce *has* spelled "Cork and Kerry" without a "K"! The four Cardinals here represent both the four "cardinal" points of the compass and the four Irish provinces: Londonderry is in Ulster; "Lorientuli" is our old friend St. Laurence O'Toole again, standing for Dublin in the province of Leinster; "Occidentaccia" is Ireland's western province, Connaught.

III

Besides many other Irish items, I have a number of identifications in my notes which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be described as Irish. The chief point which a random listing of them would make is that almost *any* sort of knowledge will help in annotating the *Wake*. To do the job properly, one would have to know everything, not because Joyce did, but in order to discover the limits bounding his and his friends' researches, some of which are *recherchés*

indeed. John H. Thompson once told me he had 120,000 file cards on the *Wake*.

For one thing, a commentator needs some knowledge of philology, or perhaps I should say pseudo-philology: enough of something, anyway, that will enable him to see that "Yokeoff . . . Yokan" (531) are Jacobus and Johannes, James and John, Shem and Shaun, once again. Or to see that "Will, Conn . . . Otto" and "Vol . . . Pov . . . Dev" (51) are both "will, can, ought to," whatever else they may refer to.

A knowledge of English history can help a great deal: Mrs. Glasheen knows that the Duke of Wellington began life as Arthur Wellesley, but she seems to be unaware of another English general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, whose name, along with Cardinal Wolsey's and Judge Woolsey's, get involved with Wellesley's in, for example, "woolselywellesly" (52). Another figure from nineteenth-century English history is Charles Dilke, who, like Charles Parnell, had his political career ruined by a divorce case. He is "Jarley Jilke" (61) and probably "Dilke" (90).

I don't know whether the famous urinating statue of Brussels, the *Manneken pis*, belongs in a census, but he is certainly in the *Wake* (17, 58, 334). So are the Reuters and Havas news agencies, as "Rooters and Havers" (421). So is London's Wallace Collection of art, as "wallat's collectium" (153), with overtones of "wallet."

Sometimes one is looking so obstinately for a particular identification that he completely misses another. This has happened to me so often that I wept for Mrs. Glasheen in her vain attempt to identify "Una Bellina" with a heroine of *The Faerie Queene*; the passage is "Hal Kilbride v Una Bellina" (576); although she placed "Hal" quite correctly as Henry VIII, she apparently could not see the reference to Anne Boleyn.

On the other hand, sometimes a reference looks too easy to be true: that there are three soldiers does not prove that

Kipling's *Soldiers Three* is a source. When the Three are referred to as "Oxthevious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemys" (271), they do have the same initials as Kipling's Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, but is this enough? Is "Orther" (510) a reference to Ortheris as well as "order" and all the Arthurs? I simply don't know.

Finally, there is one gift which Mrs. Glasheen and all Joyceans will agree with me in calling essential to any commentator on the *Wake* — luck! For example, when trying to identify "yateman" (225), which I hoped was a reference to one of the authors of *1066 and All That* as well as to *jedemann* ("everyman"), I came across the following book title in the New York Public Library catalogue: *The Shemetic [sic] Origin of the Nations of Western Europe and More Especially of the English, French and Irish Branches of the Gaelic Race*, by John Pym Yeatman (London, 1879). I would have to read this obviously preposterous book to discover whether Joyce in fact used it, but even to know of it makes me feel lucky. If John Pym Yeatman is not mentioned in *Finnegans Wake*, he certainly deserves to be.

NOTE

The title of this article translates a Gaelic phrase implying the loneliness of Ossian, the only survivor of Finn and his warriors, or, sometimes, as here, one who lags behind after the great have passed on.

Circling the Square:

A STUDY OF STRUCTURE

RUTH VON PHUL

JOYCE'S propensity for design is spectacularly demonstrated by the "Plan" of *Ulysses*. But those careful categories, although they outline thematic patterns of the texture, are hardly elements of structure in a strict use of the word: structure as the basic formal organization that both shapes the whole and governs the interrelations of the parts. A truly structural plan would dictate the total form and control more firmly the order and relationship of its components; the "Plan" resembles an interior decorator's scheme rather than an architect's blueprint.

Whatever the internal structure of *Ulysses* as an independent entity, however, the book is a major structural element of a larger whole, a tetralogy comprising the *Portrait*, *Ulysses*, *Exiles* and *Finnegans Wake*. The structure of the last book recapitulates the total design, and throughout *Finnegans Wake* the structure is reproduced in every gradation of scale. It reappears epitomized in a phrase, it is repeated in passages many pages long, and it governs the internal form and organization of the main divisions of the book. Under the

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dense texture other designs may have been imposed on the first, single, rather simple form which concerns us here. The form is clear enough once we recognize its presence, and since it comprehends the tetralogy we may regard it as the figure in Joyce's carpet. We can best assure ourselves that it exists by analyzing *Finnegans Wake*.

As everyone knows, *Finnegans Wake* has four major parts and is circular, since the incomplete final sentence serves as the beginning of the sentence that opens the book. The tetralogy has the same cyclic motion, for the last page of *Finnegans Wake* links architectonically with the first of the *Portrait*. We cannot take literally Joyce's remark that *Finnegans Wake*, being circular, unlike *Ulysses* has neither beginning nor end and may be read in any order. At certain levels this is simply not true. The dream of *Finnegans Wake* conforms in many ways to real dreams which lack a true chronology yet have a sort of timetable of their own. Although this dream embraces the cosmos and reaches beyond the limits of the temporal, it takes place in a single night that wears away toward dawn like any other. The dreamer, Jerry Earwicker, sleeps during his father's wake. In the earlier parts of the book we hear tinkling glasses raised in jovial celebration of the folk rite belowstairs; as the hours pass, these sounds are succeeded by the rattle of the day's first tram, by cockcrows, and an early broadcast foretelling the weather of the dawning day, while into the hungry sleeper's dream creep allusions to breakfast. Like everything else in the book these realistic details carry a full symbolic cargo, but they are concrete indications of actual clock time as well.

The numerous allusions to Vico should not beguile us into yet one more fruitless attempt to impose a four-part Viconian cycle. This is an older, more familiar cycle, the immemorial, ever-new round of birth, marriage, death and rebirth. We cannot always delimit the stages precisely, for life is a continuum, not a series of disconnected episodes,

and in each stage the seeds of the future are germinating. Nor can we apply the labels with rigorous literalness. Birth comprises heredity, early environment and nurture — it connotes preparation for life. Marriage too has a comprehensive significance; it denotes the period of creativity and connotes a certain participation in the whole society. When a youth becomes a man he incurs as the price of his creativity a two-fold obligation to carry on the work of creation, through his work and by establishing a new family. As paterfamilias and as worker, he must relate himself to other human beings. Death likewise must be liberally interpreted. There are more deaths than mere stoppage of breath: inertia, impotence, materialism, all are types of death.

In Joyce's most penetrating epiphanic illuminations he always sees that the things above are as the things below. For Joyce nothing was too abstract or too holy to allegorize in terms of his own self and his own life. These are the often very earthy foundations that support his topless towers as they soar toward the sky. Allegorical, anagogical and aesthetic exigencies sometimes compel him to adjust objective fact, but these tamperings are minor and touch only accidentals. They do not detract from but enrich the poetic truth of the long autobiography that depicts faithfully enough the actualities of his world and treats its spiritual and emotional realities with the utmost veracity. Sometimes lucidly, more often obliquely, he sets forth his life *as it seemed to him*. This highly subjective autobiography is the formal determinant of the tetralogy.

Since by definition the four-part cycle is the paradigm of all lives it may seem an exercise in futility to demonstrate how Joyce's life conforms to the universal norm. And so it would be if that were the end in view. We must synopsise his life story and recognize its various stages to discern its structural function. Moreover, the transmuted autobiography was virtually suspended with *Exiles* and the beginning of Joyce's fourth decade. It is retold in *Finnegans Wake* and

brought up to date but the new material, like the refurbished familiar tale, is set down in hieroglyphics. The "actual" life and the fictional account — projected by some bold guesses — are the legible inscriptions of the Rosetta stone that will enable us to decipher the final revelations.

The synoptic biography that follows is admittedly synthetic; it combines facts of Joyce's actual life with subjective data from the life stories of his fictional selves: Stephen Dedalus, Richard Rowan, and others. As historical method this is absurd, but taken as literary research into literary sources it is an enterprise of impeccable orthodoxy. Any singularity lies in the fact that the chief sources of Joyce's last work must be sought in his earlier books, and in his life.

The life story falls into six phases which, when we come to fit them into the four-part cycle, will group themselves in more than one way.

Childhood: birth to puberty. The child is an obedient, docile son and pupil. He practices his religion as a matter of habit with no more emotion and little more thought than he gives to tying his shoes. The Oedipus complex has its inception in infancy and then becomes latent, but from the age of six the child is cloudily aware of sex. He is learning other things: that the quarrelsome Irish invariably betray their saviors; that words are magical; that the Church has reprehensible spokesmen: the formidable Dante, the brutal, unjust Father Dolan. The phase is reflected in "The Sisters," "An Encounter," "Araby," and the first eighty pages of the *Portrait*. The voyage to Cork in the *Portrait* is the rite of passage to the next phase.

Puberty: In Cork the boy steps into his father's world. Here he recognizes his father's weaknesses, and seeing "*Foetus*" carved on a desk in his father's old school, is shaken by a tumult of sexual feeling and shame: He has entered the arena where, as in infancy, he will be his father's rival. In

this period, Freud says, the Oedipus complex emerges from latency. Sexual and religious conflicts tear the boy. He is captivated, although hardly enslaved, by a "nice" girl; like her predecessor Eileen, she is the type of maiden he is doomed to woo in vain. Such girls, in his mother's pattern, do not return his affection, much less requite it with the free surrender of body and soul which he longs for. Intolerable craving drives him to whores, to dreams of yielding love goddesses and to masturbation, a symbol of the sterile narcissism of introversion and withdrawal.¹ In his intellectual positions, puerile though they may be, the youth is increasingly isolated. This phase is shown in *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait*. At the end of the latter, Stephen is alienated from his world; saying a perfunctory "so be it" to his mother's prayer that he may learn what the heart is and feels — i.e. *caritas* — the young escapist is poised for his Icarian flight to "life" and Paris.

Adolescence (the word is used here to indicate only the final phase preceding manhood): The Paris sojourn combined physical malnutrition (which Joyce later blamed as an antecedent cause of his blindness) with mental forced feeding. Like many another tripper Stephen returned home unappeased yet gorged and bilious. But somatic or psychic, the maladies incubated in Paris are not the cause of Stephen's plight after his mother's death. All his dissipation with cronies cannot mask his total alienation nor the apathy that adds acedia to the other mortal sins he so joylessly commits. Remorse and grief are exacerbated by an Oedipal neurosis which now manifests itself in a classically Freudian syndrome: anxiety terrorizes him and paralyzes his will in vacillating indecision, while the scales of bisexuality tip toward overt homosexuality. Before noon on that fateful June 16th Stephen makes one attempt to cut the umbilical cord that shackles him to a ghost. Leaving the Martello tower he leaves the "Omphalos" and turns from the perilous path of inver-

sion. But only after *Ulysses* closes will Stephen discover that his complex is resolved and that, initiated into manhood, he is free — to love, to practise his art. Joyce shows clearly that Bloom is savior and liberator, but only hints that he will not be unaided in exorcising the baneful spell. He leads Stephen into manhood and back to mankind, and, almost as important for the nascent artist, opens his eyes to a new vision of the phenomenal world he has disdained. But Molly, who plans to garnish her spare room — Calypso's cave — for the eagerly awaited guest, will offer him more than cocoa to break his emotional fast. She will bring him eggs, the very symbol of new life, and by her joyous, undemanding gift of her body this somewhat maternal love goddess will be the bridge over which Stephen can carry his reawakened power to love from his dead mother to the still unknown beloved. Both characters may be chiefly fictional (although Molly is certainly in part Nora Barnacle as Bloom is partly Joyce himself) but they live in truth. They are Joyce's supreme creations, incarnate vessels of the spirit that breathed new life into him in midsummer of 1904.

Young Manhood: For a decade — 1904 to 1914 — Joyce seems to have struggled to achieve emotional equilibrium as a man while he labored to perfect himself as an artist. He had resumed close personal relationships, but they were stormy. His brother Stanislaus was (Frank Budgen excepted) his most trustworthy friend, the confidant who best understood him, yet Joyce irritably condescended to him while exploiting him mercilessly. All bonds chafed Joyce, and his emotional dependence on Nora seems to have been almost intolerably galling; this combined with his inveterate distrust of women and his distrust of himself — as man, never as artist — to make him vulnerable to a recurrent, lacerating jealousy. Richard Rowan's tawdry infidelities and gratuitous, agonizing confessions to Bertha are probably based on fact. Ostensibly Rowan's compulsion to confess — so like Joyce's — serves his masochism, but it is the scourge with which he

sadistically flagellates Bertha, who is without question modeled on Nora. In spite of squalor, quarrels and drunkenness, Joyce in this decade, drudging at teaching and writing only in his spare time, was truly creative. He begot children and he created art, though the work of the period — several *Dubliners* tales, *Exiles* (not completed until the next phase) and the *Portrait* — is not yet equal to what he would achieve. The period is reflected in “A Little Cloud,” “The Dead,” perhaps in some details of the Blooms’ early married life, and *Exiles*. Writing the play seems to have been an unexpected compulsion that delayed completion of the *Portrait* and the long anticipated start of the work on *Ulysses*. We may well deprecate this unsuccessful closet drama,² but it seems to have made possible the serene affirmations of *Ulysses*; Joyce appears to have purged himself in *Exiles* of bile that embittered his relationship with Nora. The play is set in Dublin in 1912; the situation is in part identical with the Joyces’, whose return to Ireland in that year may have intensified, and eventually resolved, certain tensions between them. The causes appear to have been jealousies old and new; dead lovers and living suitors were potential rivals but so, we may surmise, was Ireland, always alluring, always treacherous. Apparently Joyce resented Nora’s embarrassment in coming home as his wife only by courtesy; possibly he suspected her of a reluctance to return to exile. To regularize her status by marriage, to conform and remain in Ireland, would be for Joyce impossible concessions, but to refuse them could only fan his ever smouldering guilt, against which, as always, he would shield himself in a martyr’s robe. If some such emotional crisis existed, it coincided with the destruction of *Dubliners*, a disaster that gave focus to Joyce’s chronic, free-floating expectation of treachery and rationalized his eternal sense of martyrdom.

Maturity: From approximately 1914 to 1921, Joyce fully mastered his art. *Exiles* is no testimony to his ripeness; it is a bit of left-over business, green fruit of emotion recollected

not in tranquillity and set down prematurely. But *Ulysses* is a masterpiece, as he himself knew. *Finnegans Wake* shows him as Solness, fearful he cannot again scale the pinnacle he conquered in his prime. His portrayal of Bloom, his affectionate depiction of Molly, and — perhaps more significant — the compassion he exhibits toward all the other women in *Ulysses* suggest he had reached a sunny upland, an era of good feeling toward human beings, even those of the opposite sex. With Nora he perhaps felt an old-shoe easiness, for in these years he yearned rather absurdly for two unattainable younger women. These fruitless hankerings seem less a throw-back to his mooncalf days than a premature onset of the *Schwaermerei* of impotent senility. These girls lend attributes to such diverse images of sterile frustration as Gerty MacDowell, Martha Clifford, and Beatrice Justice of *Exiles*; the Stella and Vanessa of *Finnegans Wake* also derive from them. Bloom's sexual predicament perhaps resembles Joyce's. But otherwise, except for a few of the *Pomes Penyeach*, this period is for the most part an interim of silence that, like the entire phase to follow, is not reflected in Joyce's work until *Finnegans Wake*.

Decline: The publication of *Ulysses* brought full recognition and fame to Joyce at forty, after twenty years as a writer. The book was controversial, but fortissimo paeans from fellow artists, from critics and the reading public, almost drowned out the discords of dissent. Yet Joyce's ears were hypersensitive to Irish voices, and out of Ireland arose a cacophony of dispraise and gasps of jealous incredulity from the old Dublin circle who understood nothing in the book but the most obvious local allusions and, of course, the obscenity. As bewildering as the work itself was its reception; how could their old crony's unintelligible scribblings (charitably deplored as the ravings of insanity or grinned at as a practised japer's gigantic hoax) ³ so take in the rest of the English reading world? But without question, Joyce had ar-

rived, and a few well-wishers were distressed by his enthusiastic acting of the role of *arriviste*. He became something of a dandy and spent much time and too much money in restaurants de luxe, with a drunken seaman's disregard for his actual means; *Ulysses*, banned in England and the United States, was not the bonanza he thought it. This was a natural reaction from the long, lean years; it may also have been a bit of ostentatious nose-thumbing toward Dublin, conspicuous consumption to impress an insular coterie with the well-being of the prodigal son and the *chic* of his "companion." But the son was still far from home, although after years in the wilderness he had conquered the intellectuals' promised land and for literate sightseers in Paris was himself a three-starred object of interest. He was a prophet honored only in exile, and the fine sauces of the fleshpots could not disguise the flavor of husks. *Finnegans Wake* reveals much self-criticism of the excesses of the period, and a disquieted awareness that though effete luxury is a cliché, it is truth that creates a truism.

At many points *Finnegans Wake* discloses a bitter resentment of women: They are mercenary, and worse, they are venally treacherous. This seems to reflect Joyce's feelings midway through the writing. Both in anticipation and retrospect the marriage ceremony undertaken in 1931 was apparently a source of rancor; to substitute a golden fetter for the impalpable bond of the long union seemed betrayal. A few months after the marriage Harriet Weaver thought Joyce notably irritable; two years afterward Frank Budgen was surprised to hear Joyce for the first time speak bitterly of women, decrying their dominating invasiveness and disavowing any further interest in their bodies. Another grievance that began to rankle much earlier is also suggested in *Finnegans Wake*: Woman is self-pityingly nostalgic, always repining for a lost lover who is an embodiment of the ardor her mate no longer manifests. Like Bertha in *Exiles*, she laments always the "strange, wild lover" to whom she gave herself in youth.

"What is the time?" is a dreadfully important question in *Finnegans Wake*. Every calendar, every clock, reminds a man in the declining years that his days are numbered but eternity is endless. He cannot disregard the *memento mori* offered him by bodily aches, much less the pangs of spiritual malaise. In the 'Twenties Jung was the latest of the age-old succession of mentors who admonish that in the latter half of life a man must re-examine himself and his values, reconcile his conflicts, discover the meaning of life, fix his relationship with the cosmos. Joyce had spent his adult life doing just this, but now there is a sense of urgency. Moreover, many allusions suggest concern lest his inveterate retrospection, his habitual preemption of the protagonist's role (and his predilection for doubling in the subsidiary parts too) might dry up the wells of inspiration and leave him epicene like the Four Old Men, garrulously "remembering" their pasts. But his daimon would not let him rest until the grand design was complete, nor were his goals aesthetic only. He sought to set his spiritual house in order by an ultimate and mature examen of conscience. Since the technique required retrospection and introspection, the very scalpels and probes of dynamic psychology, perhaps the process might prove therapeutic and repair, if it could not renovate, the psyche's fleshly abode.

Jung's description of types must have struck home to Joyce. The arrogant "godlike" intellectual is young Stephen exactly, but (unlike Joyce's more recondite borrowings from Freud) nothing in Stephen's introvert posturings are beyond what the artist's own perspicacity might have shown him. But *Finnegans Wake* suggests that Joyce heeded Jung's warning to the man who has achieved prestige: the threat of regressive dissolution in the collective psyche as it represses the true individuality in "sociality" and adherence to community standards. Joyce, rebel against Irish norms, seems aghast at his conformity to the antithetical but also stultifying standards of Paris. Seeking to make reparation to the abused

psyche, the ignored Anima, the dreamer can never disguise from himself the pristine significance of these terms, nor from what "art" the psychologists had borrowed them.

Thus in this last phase the dreamer sees himself as a dead soul, or moribund in physical and artistic effeteness. Yet while he breathes he must struggle on, hoping for rebirth. To accept this as "death" makes it child's play to group the earlier phases. The phases from childhood through adolescence are the stage of preparation: "Birth." Young Manhood and Maturity, the period of fruitfulness, are "Marriage." To use "Marriage" as a label merely for sexual expression, ignoring the creative connotations, we must either blur the line just drawn between "Birth" and "Marriage" or set it back to encompass the sexuality of puberty and adolescence. But the puerile experiments, sterile and diffuse, are only love play, a rehearsal before the rite of passage to manhood. Joyce himself, however, often breaks through the demarcation at the other side of "Marriage," where it is contiguous with death. For to him woman is always equivocal, a divinity of death as well as of love, birth and rebirth. Her dirges modulate into lullabies, but any epithalamium is a *Liebestod*. The domesticated Muse becomes a hen, the nymph a crone. He who thinks he has conquered the goddess finds himself victim, not victor; he has incurred the penalties suffered by Oedipus, Osiris or Adonis: blindness, castration, dismemberment, death.

This grouping of the life phases necessarily omits "Rebirth." Joyce seems to have hoped that the publication of *Finnegans Wake*, nearly twenty years after *Ulysses*, would prove him as indestructible and dazzling as a phoenix. Whether he believed in the survival of personality is unclear, but he seems never to have lost faith in some form of resurrection, perhaps a sort of metempsychosis in which he would return not in his proper personality but as a type: the hero-artist-martyr. So he would be subsumed in artists yet unborn like Shakespeare in the young Stephen. Yet there are reasons

to think that, if he did not expect, he hoped for personal survival, and desperately feared extinction, if not eternal torment.

But Joyce's wheels always contain other wheels. Re-examined, the cycle proves to be dual, comprising one complete cycle and three parts of the next. In this grouping, childhood, when heredity and environment mold the still plastic boy, is "Birth." Puberty and early adolescence, in which the youth first experiences sex and first essays creative writing, are a feeble paradigm of "Marriage." But the adolescent, fallen Icarus is a walking corpse; Stephen in *Ulysses* is Joyce in the first "Death" stage. Hence the plan of *Ulysses* assigns no organs to the "Telemachiad," the three sections that are peculiarly Stephen's; what need has a cadaver of organs? In early manhood he is reborn, although his resurrection came between the acts, or books, as it were. This "Rebirth" is a stage of gestation leading to "Birth" in a new cycle. Joyce has learned to say "yes" to life, but as man and artist he is still nascent; the conflicts with his brother and with Nora, his struggles to write, are the birthpangs he suffers now. In "Maturity," Joyce is in the second "Marriage" stage, having reached a summit of his art and, presumably, enjoying halcyon days emotionally. The "Death" period of the second minor cycle of course coincides with that of the larger one when Joyce and his dreamer, latest of all his surrogates, confront death in its grimmest, most literal significance. The reduplicated life cycle explains the bicycle trope that recurs throughout *Finnegans Wake*.

To study the structural use of the life cycle in *Finnegans Wake* we can most conveniently begin with Book III, which Joyce called "The Four Watches of Shaun." He explicated it as "a description of a postman travelling backward in the night through the events already narrated. It is written in the form of a *via crucis* of 14 stations" (L 214).⁴ The events are those of Joyce's life, touched on allusively and cryptically in the first two books of *Finnegans Wake* and related clearly

enough, if not completely, in the earlier works of the tetralogy. It seems paradoxical that to Shem, his acknowledged surrogate, Joyce devoted only one of seventeen sections while Shaun, his antithesis, is the protagonist of a whole book of four sections. The paradox resolves itself as we study the vigils of Shaun and discover that once more the wily Joyce has misdirected those to whom he offered guidance.

Shaun the Post combines the antagonists and foils of all Joyce's books, and their originals, brought up to date. He is Maurice Dedalus and Cranly, Mulligan and Robert Hand, but he is far more. He is the bosom enemy, the inner adversary, the alter ego whom the dreamer repudiates, again and again, as he struggles to realize his true — or chosen — Ego. Once more Joyce shows us his possible selves, the Joyces who might have been if he had followed other paths. The choices made along the way were not easy; his antitheses turned their steps toward inviting vistas that often tempted Joyce. But each time the choice was made the "other" and the self parted company. *Via crucis* is a pun that plays on these partings of the ways. It is the road on which the perpetual martyr, Shem-Joyce, struggled to the consummation of his "cruel-fiction" (FW 192); it shows us the crucial choices he made on the way to becoming a man and an artist.

At many points the text shows us the *via crucis* is a way of crossroads. In his working notes Joyce designated characters and themes of the book by a sort of shorthand. Shaun's sing is Λ ,⁵ a lambda that diagrammatically represents the postman's sturdy legs. This lambda is included among the signs for the "Doodles Family" (FW 299), which also includes X, a St. Andrew's cross, but that sign of martyrdom is described in an apparent gloss as "a multiplication marking for crossroads ahead" (FW 119). Various allusions equate Shaun with gods of the crossroads, Mercury, or Hermes with his votive pillars (cf. the postman's pillar boxes) at the crossroads. Joyce remarked that III 4 must "be about roads, all about dawn and roads" (L 232). Yet

few such allusions appear in the section, which is chiefly set in the stuffy indoor atmosphere of the family's bedchambers; when twice we glimpse the outdoors it is to see the Constable at a standstill, not patrolling the roads. Yet in this section Shem and Shaun are children in the dawn of life, and the parents' bed where they were begotten and born is the *carrefour* ("carryfour," FW 581) whence all their roads set out. The bed is also the point of departure for a way of the cross in the religious sense, for the parents are Adam and Eve, reenacting the *felix culpa* that is the first step to Calvary and redemption. And here the child Jerry-Shem, gazing on his father's nakedness, is Ham, a figure for Adam; with his brother, witnessing the parents' intercourse, he compounds the unfilial offense. In Freud's earlier writings he insisted that such infantile voyeurism was an inevitable and weighty factor in Oedipal neuroses. Whether it is merely a figure for workaday cruxes to be traversed, or interpreted religiously or psychologically, the child sets forth from the womb on a *via crucis*.

Let us consider the regressive journey of Shaun in the order in which Joyce presents it.

III 1: The time is contemporary; the dreamer, Jerry-Shem, is the illustrious author of *Ulysses*, with *Finnegans Wake* as his dreamwork in progress. He beholds Shaun the Post who carries in his bag a letter that is Joyce's work. The Postman, a mock messiah, has assumed the Christ role that Stephen Dedalus once took on himself. He complains of fatigue, but seems strikingly euphoric and prosperous; he is extraordinarily dressy for a letter carrier, and regales himself with an almost uninterrupted succession of tremendous meat meals. Both here and in the following section he constantly runs the gamut. Shaun does not recognize his "celebrAted" brother (FW 421) in the dreamer who humbly asks if the Postman can read the letter he carries. Shaun's reply reveals his jealousy of the author's renown, and his baffled chagrin

that such obscene trash should be so praised. The work, he says, was partly his, and if he chose he could write as well. He recites the fable of the Gracehoper and the Ondt; he himself is the thrifty Ondt, having piled up treasures both on earth and in a Mohammedan paradise. In a little after-song he acknowledges that the antithetical insects are necessary complements, but at the end of the section, he violently denounces Shem and takes off, apparently for America.

Here "the voce of Shaun, vote of the Irish" (FW 407) speaks for Joyce's Irish critics. (The "voice of the Irish," heard in a dream, summoned St. Patrick back to Ireland.) Shaun, admittedly modeled in part on John McCormack, represents a Joyce who might have been if at Nora's behest he had followed a singer's lucrative career. This would have betrayed his true talent as, Joyce hints, McCormack betrayed his by catering to the mass public's taste with shoddy programs. But Shaun is also modeled on Oliver St. John Gogarty, Mulligan grown older, and on the middle-aged J. F. Byrne, the original of Cranly. A naturalized American, Byrne, in letters and during a personal visit to Joyce in Paris, revealed a total misapprehension of Joyce's work, and complained that in the *Portrait* Joyce appropriated and distorted one of his anecdotes. Shaun's most violent invectives echo Cranly's, and in Cranly's very tones he parodies the warning Cranly once gave Stephen: Even though he no longer believes in the Church, he risks eternal damnation by refusing to practise its observances.⁶

In this section, all those whom the Postman speaks for are dead. Joyce's external antagonists are dead souls; the might-have-been Joyces are his own dead selves. And there is another reason to assign III 1 to the "Death" stage. Shaun is ostensibly Joyce's polar antithesis, but at many points he embodies Joyce's present self-disgust. His fine apparel, as inappropriate for a man of letters as for a letter carrier, links him to the dandified Joyce. Complaining he is fated to be a nomad, Shaun is the restless, rootless Joyce who in pros-

perity changed his abode almost as often as in penury when, like his father before him, he seemed always to be evading an unpaid landlord. Reminding Shem of Cranly's unforgotten warning, admonishing the prodigal by means of a fable, Shaun embodies the dreamer's own misgiving; Joyce caricatures his present materialism in Shaun at his greediest.

Shem's way is not through the gate St. Peter guards, yet he has never relinquished hope for the grace of salvation. But the hour is late, he may have chosen the wrong turn, and the single theological virtue he claims may be not hope but delusion. The Gracehoper shudders not from literal cold and starvation but because an icy terror haunts him. Even a sizzling beefsteak, "a lugly whizzling tournedos" (an allusion to the indifferent deity; here it is Lug, the Gaelic sun god, whistling with his back turned) evokes a spectre: it is "an irritant, penetrant . . . spuk. Grausssssss! Opr!" (FW 416-17. *Spuk* is a spectre; *Grauss*, horror. *Opr* is perhaps *Opfer*, a sacrifice.) No café can shelter him from the dread the gate may be locked; always he hears the chill wind "ruching sleets off the coppee-houses" (*rutschen* is to slide; *schliessen* to shut, to lock; the house is François Coppée's — an apostate who late in life returned to the Catholic fold).

III 2: Here we are taken back to 1904-12, to the second "Birth" into manhood, and the early years with Nora. Shaun is now Jaun: a compound of Don Juan and *jaune*. Yellow is the color of gold and glory, and of the papacy; it is also Judas', the emblem of jealousy and venal betrayal.⁷ As Shaun's jealous envy dominated the last section, Jaun's sexual jealousy dominates this. Still singing, still a pseudo savior, Jaun now resembles St. Patrick returning to convert the pagan Irish and transform their lovely Muse goddess Bride into a Christian saint. Jaun meets his sister Issy with her twenty-eight schoolmates. The girls fondle the "lady-killer" (FW 430) and he preaches them a sermon borrowed from Father Mike, "bishop titular of Dubloonik" (FW 432).

Celibacy ill suits the priest; he is both “nuncupiscent” and beset by homosexual urges. The homily advocates chastity but the sexual motivations of both Shaun and his bishop are obvious. The prurient preacher is jealous of the girls’ suitors, and threatens with violent chastisement any maiden who responds to a wooer; to Jaun these threats are promises of sadistic delight. Confessing that he would prefer to remain in Ireland if he could be guided by the one True Church and the Virgin who is its type — “Mona Vera Toutou Ipostila, my lady of Lyons” (FW 449) — Jaun sadly prepares for exile, promising to return. Issy becomes Veronica and bids her brother farewell, although she seems curiously confused as to his identity, mixing Shem’s appellations with Shaun’s.⁸ She cheerfully anticipates material and sexual gratification without him, and reveals her readiness to “bettrue” him with another whom she will “betreu” (*betreuen*, attend to, FW 459). Jaun becomes Jaunathan and welcomes Shem, as David, back from continental exile. In a passage of egregious lewdness he offers for David’s sexual delectation — while deploring David’s lack of enterprise — “me aunt Julia Bride” who has “plenty of woom in the smallclothes for the boths-forus” (FW 465; this is the Station of the Cross in which Christ meets his Mother, as well as his subsequent commendation of her to John’s care at the cross).

In 1904 Joyce left in Dublin a circle of malcontents who vocally rebelled against the British Imperium or the Roman Church, or both, and derided the mores imposed by these alien institutions. He returned in 1912 to find the impudent tongues prudently stilled and their owners occupying comfortable niches in the established order. George Roberts was manager for the potential publishers of *Dubliners*; Joyce blamed him for the destruction of the book but it is not clear whether he was the false friend whom Joyce later accused of having betrayed him at that time (L 311). No published data suggest that a conformist friend had, like Robert Hand in *Exiles*, urged on Joyce a conformity that

would make residence in Ireland comfortable and nominated him for a post that would make it economically feasible, while slyly undercutting his candidacy (and perhaps wooing Nora at the same time). But the Julia Bride episode echoes Hand's councils of expedience, and in context with *Exiles* offers circumstantial evidence that in 1912 some such temptations were set before the Joyces. Gogarty may be implicated; Jaunathan at this point long since was recognized as a caricature of him and, equating the Mother of Christ with the pseudo Christ's aunt, Jaunathan is like Mulligan, who by subservient assiduity to his rich aunt virtually substituted her for his mother. Like all Joyce's "brides," Julia is venal; like the Henry James character whose name she bears she is a slightly tarnished virgin on whose behalf a coarse quondam suitor inveigles a more eligible *parti*. She is both Ireland and Irish Christianity, corrupted by the dual hegemony. Her name of Julia denominates the Roman imperial *gens*, while Bride is the indigenous goddess transmogrified into a saint. Between her thighs she can accommodate the Bosphorus, which in the plan for *Ulysses* flowed between the European shore — the British State — and the Asiatic shore — the Roman Church. Goaded David to ravish her, Jaunathan urges him to follow his cynical example and exploit Ireland and the Church.

But this section also mirrors the literal sexual conflicts of *Exiles*. Joyce's working notes for the play suggest that he was unaware how sadistically Rowan, the embodiment of his own admitted masochism, manifests the jealous possessiveness that he tediously disclaims throughout three acts. In the *Exiles* notebook Joyce smugly, almost triumphantly, records that Nora denounced him as a "woman-killer" (E 118); in *Finnegans Wake* it is Jaun who is derided as a ladykiller. At the period of *Exiles*, Joyce indulged himself, as his private *Giacomo Joyce* notebook reveals, in an unconscionably cruel Don Giovannism; he gloated over his deliberate emotional — although uncarnal — seduction of a

young pupil. In *Exiles* he was probably entirely conscious of splitting his masochism and his concomitant but unacknowledged sadism between the rivals for Bertha, who is frankly Nora; he was certainly aware of the homosexuality latent in Rowan's confessedly "ignoble" hope for vicarious gratification by an affair between Bertha and Hand. (The same motivations underlie Bloom's plans to bring Stephen and Molly together, but they are combined with an altruism that seems utterly beyond Rowan's capacity.) Just before the 1912 sojourn in Ireland, Joyce had encouraged Nora, up to a point, in accepting the attentions of Robert Prezioso, a somewhat effeminate Triestine editor whose Christian name and profession he bestowed on Hand (Prezioso's patronymic appears in the *Exiles* notebook). Thus III 2 shows us as in a distorting mirror the emotional situation of the play which itself seems to reflect actual crises that came to a head in 1912. Father Mike and the preaching Jaun are less timebound; they exemplify demonstratively the generalized observation that Irish inhibitions, like clerical celibacy, lead to homosexuality and sadism. But Joyce does not indict only his own obvious antitheses. He reproaches himself for similar aberrations: jealous possessiveness, sadism, latent homosexuality. And though Issy, unable to distinguish between her brothers, acts out Nora's inability to see Joyce as different from any other man — a lack of discrimination for which he reproached her — she is not totally blind and confused; in her view, as in the dreamer's, the antitheses are after all identical.

At the end of *Exiles* Hand, rather surprisingly, plans to go into exile; thus Joyce symbolically banishes another unworthy alter ego. Here Jaun departs under the name Haun, i.e. Hand (vd. *Webster's*). But a careful reading leaves us uncertain whether it is Shaun or Shem who departs; they have merged once more, and the fleeing Haun seems to comprise Joyce in his final return to exile; he is urged to "work your progress" (FW 473); this Joyce is now doing,

as writer and as dreamer. Yet a strong admixture of Mulligan remains, and we are reminded that Gogarty too finally exiled himself to the United States. The Postman, pseudo Christ and type of Mercury, takes off in a high wind, like "mercurial Malachi" Mulligan who, with his "Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind" (*U* 21), in conscious blasphemy impersonated Joking Jesus saying goodbye on breezy Olivet. This section, with all its echoes of the tumult and strife of early manhood, must be assigned to the second — "Marriage" — stage of the major life cycle.⁹

III 3: Shaun is now Yawn, a simulacrum of an effeminate, perversely tempting, cherubic boy. The Old Men discover him lying so inert that they plan an inquest. But Yawn is not dead; he merely "lay low" (*FW* 474), swooning or entranced, so their investigation combines a psychoanalysis — an in-quest — with a seance. To the squabbling oldsters, alternately hectoring and bewildered, Yawn replies in many voices. A yearning boy vainly seeking a responsive beloved, he wails for his "typette," his "tactile O" (*FW* 478); a woe-ful Tristan, he anticipates betrayal by his Isolde, the Brina-bride, whom he warns in Parnell's words: "When you sell, get my price" (*FW* 500). He appeals for prayers and protection to the "mother of my tears" (*FW* 500). The fraternal struggles of the whole book are recalled, and so is the wedding in the tavern, that ended in a brawl. At one point Yawn repudiates Kevin-Shaun as a "sinted sageness" (*FW* 482); at another he denounces as mad the fifty-year-old "Toucher 'Thom'" (*FW* 506) — Joyce, eternal doubter, whose *Ulysses* is a mosaic of references from Thom's *Directory*. Yawn says his name is "Trinathan partnick dieudon-nay" (*FW* 478). Through his mouth we hear women's voices: the sister's provocative accents, and for the first time an extended speech by ALP as Mrs. Earwicker,¹⁰ fiercely defending herself and her man against calumny. Oscar Wilde's ghost speaks, compounded with less celebrated, unidentified

inverts; this dubious personage blends into HCE, who closes the section with a long speech, at first defensive, then boastful, in which he speaks as Dublin.

The Four Old Men, truculent and rather stupid, are the four provinces of Ireland, but these bumbling inquisitors are also the Four Evangelists. As such they seem to incorporate the irreducible residue of a Christian conscience based upon Christ's ethical message. For all his seeming blasphemy, Joyce mocks only the self-anointed messiahs, the blasphemous false prophets who wield the keys of the Ondt's meretricious heaven as weapons of temporal power.

Yawn fears the Brinabride: She is venal, married to "salt" — money, wages, soldiers' pay — and will prove herself "I sold" (FW 500). She is also a looker-back, like Lot's wife a saltbride; so Yawn voices Joyce's grievances against Nora. But Yawn is also the youth who, despairing of winning a flesh and blood girl, phantasized an impossible she. Although he ostensibly invokes a typist, a *dactylo*, she is only a "type pet," an idealized love object. In his inept "Vilanelle" Stephen offered incense to the apotheosized temptress who hovered over his erotic dreams; so *dactylo* suggests both the finger alphabet of the Celtic bards (who, like Stephen, used rigidly traditional verse forms) and hints at masturbation, a sterile union with an imagined beloved. But "tactile O" alludes also to the youth's recourse to whores, the only tangible flesh accessible to him (in *Finnegans Wake* "O" is often the vulva). Oscar Wilde merges with the father partly because Stephen's invert companions were snobs sharing Simon Dedalus' notions of the good life, partly because the father is equally implicated with the mother in the etiology of the complex that underlies the sexual aberrations, partly because Anglo-Irish Dublin, for all its sightliness, corrupts its sons.

The appeal to the mother reflects Stephen's anguish when, losing the Faith, he feared to lose the mediation of the Virgin to whom he had been so devoted; it also is a belated

acknowledgment of the need for the human mother's prayer that her son should learn the ways of the heart. But Yawn is not without his own faith. As Trinathan partnick dieudonnay he now identifies himself with St. Patrick, offering Irish idolators a pure faith, the gift of God (Nathan is a gift; Jonathan — the Lord has given — perhaps more nearly approximates *Dieu donné*). Yet he is part-Nick, the devil is still in him. In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce indicates more than once that his lifework is a thank-offering to the creative Spirit. The saint returning to Ireland as God's gift and bearing God's gift is the antithesis of Gottgab and Baggut (FW 490-1) whose worship is lip service and the reeking sacrifice of Abel. Yet Joyce's surrogates are Promethean, and Prometheus, as crafty as Jacob, tricked Zeus of the choice flesh for his burnt offering by disguising it as a bag of guts. Here again Joyce seems to re-examine the position he has held for so long: Is he *Dieu donné*, or after all only Baggut, one with the antagonists he has scorned?

In all the babble we miss Shaun's familiar bluster, censoriousness and condescension: Byrne, Wyndham Lewis, Gogarty, are forgotten. The conflict now is purely interior, the contestants truly bosom enemies. We hear only the voices of Yawn's inner selves, or those of his nearest and dearest, that molded Ego and Super-Ego and set them at odds. Small wonder the Four cannot discover the true identity of this "regressively dissociated" Yawn. At one point Matthew (Ulster) himself dissociates into Loyal Ulster-Europe, i.e. the British Empire equated with Europe, and Down — also a part of Ulster — as Asia. The latter speaks cogently: "He is cured by faith who is sick of fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there originally. That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches for now in soandso counterpoint words" (FW 482). The poetaster who by displaying his booklearning disclosed his hostility (discovered his raiding — or read-

ing) blends aspects of Prout — spoiled priest and Irish humorist — with those of Proust, the confirmed chronicler of his own past seen from a Parisian point of view; he is the inventor of the writing in which the polyphonic voices even now express the aging man's own eschatology. In his suggestions for diagnosis and therapy Matthew is truly catholic; he prescribes both faith and psychoanalysis. In Freudian jargon he observes "affects recausing altereffects": the present emotions cause a recurrence of the old (*alter*) symptoms of the patient's youth; perhaps the same religious terrors (*altar*). He advocates Freudian techniques: to twist "the penman's tale posterwise" — to take a posterior (retrospective) view, and to interpret the dream by opposites. Thus he discovers that "the gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is the hand of Sameas" (*FW* 483). He who lies here (gist is a place of repose or burial) seems to be Shaun-Esau, but appearances are illusions (*Schau* is show; *Schaum*, foam). The hand is that of Sameas, James; he is Jacob, who wrestled all night with God and, prevailing, received His blessing but never learned His name.

It is unnecessary to point out that in this section Shaun is a figment; Yawn is entirely Shem: Stephen and Joyce. The tormented youth, closing his eyes to the phenomenal, blind to eternal verities, lying low in neurotic acedia, we have met before. But he is also the Joyce of the present, tottering at the edge of doom, his eyes literally darkened, his inner vision clouded by emotional woe and spiritual terror. Yet he is never so blind that he cannot view his soul sickness with the dual insights of theology and psychology.

III 4: The dream regresses to the dreamer's early childhood. The parents arise from their "bed of trial" (*FW* 558) to comfort the little Jerry-Shem, who, frightened by a nightmare about his father, has "bespilled himself from his foundingpen" (*FW* 563). In the next bed is his twin, "bright bull babe Frank Kevin" (*FW* 562) — Shaun, whose vigil we

are ostensibly sharing; their sister lies nearby. The mother rebukes the father for exposing himself to the children, the father urgently demands his marital rights, both express doubt whether the children are safely asleep. At one point the scene is described as a pageant of medieval royalty. The parents return to bed and a joyful, carefree coitus; practising contraception, they "never wet the tea" (FW 585). A eulogy praises the parents and all progenitors bowed by the burden of family cares. We see a boy grown older, a Tristan poetically wooing his sister as she urinates behind a door. Outside the house the Constable alternately surveys the landscape and the lighted chamber windows. A hissing catamite accosts him, calling on "my auxy, Jimmy d'Arcy" (FW 587) and on Freddy, another homosexual, to confirm his tale of the suspicious interest taken in them by an elderly refugee who, with his "scented mouf," boasts of past greatness.

In Shaun's Fourth Watch he is mentioned only when he is introduced as Kevin; thereafter the twins merge into one. The youth enraptured by the sister's "chamber music" is the young Joyce whose lyrics were so melodious yet emotionally so dilute. The duality of the twins here suggests the artist's dual nature. Kevin-Shaun, ever striving to impose organization and form, is always heliotrope, an Apollonian child of the sun god. Jerry-Shem is hyacinth; like the flower, he bears the woeful imprint "ai, ai," Apollo's scarification. For Shem is Dionysian, suckled at the buckgoat paps of another father, and drawing inspiration from dark wells sacred to the moon. Rank's *Myth of the Birth of the Hero* probably accounts for the depiction of the family as royalty in an Oedipal or Hamlet-like situation. The Oedipus complex motivates the brother to seek a beloved in his mother's pattern as he woos his sister, "brooder's cissiest auntybride" (FW 561). As prototype of the still undiscovered beloved, she is an ante-bride, this side (*cis*) of the mate to come. The usual defence masks the degree of consanguinity, displacing

mother to aunt. There is also Irish allegory here; Issy is a younger Julia Bride, virgin-mother-aunt. As early as the *Portrait* Joyce symbolized by sibling incest the parochial ingrownness of the Irish.

The father's person is described with strong homosexual overtones as the topography of Phoenix Park. This too uses sexual inversion and Greek myth to symbolize Irish politico-social realities. The father is again inculcated as a factor in the son's neurosis; and again the father image is the British regime (Phoenix Park was the site of the viceregal residence). The viceroy holds the sons of Ireland in the same sterile bondage as the fixation that paralyzed Stephen. The homosexual redcoats convey similar meanings, but while their spokesman leeringly forces on "Jimmy" shameful memories of his past, he compels the dreamer to even darker reflections on his present. Now impotent in two senses, he is estranged from his muse and his wife, doubly a widower. Incurribly retrospective, remembering past greatness (as author of *Ulysses*), he sees himself always as a refugee, a "collideorscape" (FW 143), a "fuyer-escaper" (FW 228). Exile seemed to him escape from the intolerable; was it perhaps only escapism that in the end brought him to Paris like the dying Oscar Wilde, a pathetic, epicene penitent?

But impotence may be retribution for another sin, that Stephen Dedalus saw as truly impious: the frustration of procreation. These parents avoiding impregnation are very inadequate exemplars of creativity. One suspects that here as always the dreamer, identifying himself with his father, projects his own misdeeds on HCE. Throughout *Finnegans Wake* green leaves are figures for the poet's pages, but the sere tea leaves, untouched by the life-giving fluid, offer no refreshing draft brewed with water drawn from the Muse's springs. (The magical urine is another end product of these mysterious waters.) In middle life Joyce told Frank Budgen, rather wistfully, that he hoped for more children. But Nora

bore him only two; a third pregnancy ended in a miscarriage. Once again the book discloses itself as a prolonged, total confession, no matter how it obscures its revelations.

The Constable takes on new dimensions in III 4. Previously an alternate for Shaun as the "parochial watch" (FW 186), censor of Joyce's work and conduct, he seems transmuted into Shem, who has finally attained the comprehensive vision Stephen lacked: He can look inward through the windows of the house while also observing the world about him. Anticipating breakfast, he is Joyce of the present, enmeshed in materialism; yet he is also the troubled Joyce dreaming of the dawn when he will break his spiritual fast.¹¹

Book III is a *ricorso*, a book of the eternal return, a night of Brahma preparing the new cycle to come. As such it epitomizes *Finnegans Wake*, which serves the same function in the structure of the tetralogy: Each is a Book of Death containing the promise of rebirth. We must now place the remaining divisions of *Finnegans Wake*. There will be some overlapping, since each stage, revolving, evolves its successor. We must also be mindful that in each cycle rebirth, the stage of quiescent gestation, leads to birth, in the next cycle, and remember that Joyce sees himself as twiceborn, having already experienced one death and rebirth.

Book I was well named, by the authors of the *Skeleton Key*, the Book of the Parents. Although we rename it the Book of Birth, it is clear that in the four sections that compose its first half the male heritage and the father image are central, while the remaining four sections emphasize the mother's influence on her artist son. Yet the work begins with the female birth image of the river; falling asleep, the dreamer both returns to the womb and invokes the Liffey as Mother, Anima and Muse.

I 1 concerns wars and battles, invasions and fraternal strife; the past as recorded in anthropology and history, legend

and literature. Female figures appear chiefly in ancillary roles. The Prankqueen, however, is more than a handmaiden; a legendary figure, she bursts through the legend to become the Female Principle: Mother, Goddess, Anima, Muse. The Prankqueen episode epitomizes the dreamer's life cycle from puberty to the present.

12: Here the father is ostensibly the protagonist. He is the victim of calumny, but his rumored guilt is really another's (who is recognizably Joyce in his Dublin days). A Cad (also Joyce) accosts HCE, and taking his panicky response as a sign of guilt, spreads further scandal about him. Another surrogate of Joyce composes a scurrilous ballad about HCE, and with his unsavory gang sings it to a delighted public. The ballad imputes to HCE various familiar misdeeds: He is an invert who seeks to remake Dublin by imposing religious reform, contraception and prohibition. We recognize Joyce's symbols for sterility and frustration, and recall Stephen Dedalus presumptuously aspiring to form a new conscience for his race. HCE bears both Dublin's guilt and the guilt Joyce incurred in the period of alienation, the first "death." The ballad may perhaps be equated with *Dubliners*, of which the greater part was written before the 1904 "rebirth." It was Joyce's first major creative writing; so the section embraces a modicum of the artistic creativity of "marriage."

13 concerns the fate of the singers of the ballad — all surrogates of Joyce. They are rumored to be dead, mad, or in exile. There is mention of the slaying and resurrection of a sacrificial god. Two passages refer to old men who love young girls; one is C. L. Dodgson. Maudlin, he limply holds the "tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys" (FW 57). This is Joyce "self-exposed" as Stephen, unable to let go the lily (*lys*), the reminder of the *liliata rutilantium* of his mother's obsequies. He is still immobilized, a statue in "clerical ease"

garb, by the maternal farewell (*tata*). But the grave's victory is nothing (*rien*). A drunken wretch gives "pseudojocax" reasons for hammering on a gate crowned by a "cow's bonnet" (FW 63). It is the student Joyce (Jocax was a college nickname) attacking and vainly seeking to impress a bovine Dublin; it is also Joyce of now, seeking truth by storming the horn (here "horned") gate of dreams. The section thus deals with the self-examination and remorse of both death stages, but hints at rebirth.

14 also treats of death and promises rebirth. HCE, who is both the son's victim and the culprit son, is unmindful of the "watchful treachers" at his wake; they compound Joyce's antagonist betrayers and Joyce himself, always the voyeur seeking the Creator's secrets and His power. HCE repeatedly escapes the tombs made ready for him. An unidentified assailant ambushes an unidentified victim, but they are reconciled. Festy King, author of the ballad, is tried for assault and indecency. Numerous witnesses reveal themselves as composites of Joyce's perennial antagonists and of Joyce; they are said to be identical opposites. The trial, with the Four Old Men as judges, is in essence the same as the inquisition of Yawn. Its conclusion points to atonement through reconciliation, and rebirth by the aid of the beloved, the Leap Year Girl. While her Twenty-Eight schoolmates adulate Shaun, who compounds the hostile aspects of the witnesses, she consoles the dejected Shem, even though he has reviled their father and expressed his contempt of court by emitting a stench. There is an account of a fox hunt; the prey saves his brush (the artist's implement); we can only guess whether his pursuers are avenging hell hounds or the Hound of Heaven. The first four sections complete a cycle; they pivot around the father-son, but, circling back to the maternal river, conclude: "we list as she bibs us, by the waters of babalong" (FW 103). The exiled dreamer knows his bent (*list*) was determined by his first nourishment (*bibs*).

15 is Anna Livia's "mamafesta." It is Joyce's work (*Ulysses* and probably *Finnegans Wake*); a manuscript as priceless as the Book of Kells, it was exhumed from a dump by the mother as a hen, and found by the twins as children. Yet in its pristine form it is the tea-stained letter of a simple, subliterate Irishwoman; it alludes to birth, marriage and death, and closes with four "crosskisses" (FW 111); this is a woman's prayer. But "mamafesta" is also mammary feasts (*festa*); the mother's breast is an equivocal fount. If the son remains fixed in inversion, the milk is poison; if he weans himself, accepting from his mother only what will foster the bisexuality that inspires the artist and deepens his insight, her gift is bountiful. With its allusions to suckling and the twins as children, this is the "Birth" stage, comprehending both the original birth and the rebirth.

16 is an examination in which the dreamer questions himself and his alter ego. The twelve questions and answers once more recapitulate the cycle. The first three, concerning father, mother and the home (the Inn, or Dublin), are Birth. The fourth answer has four parts; it treats of the four provinces of Ireland represented by four cities; each reply is delivered by a lover in the appropriate local brogue, and the parts respectively emphasize birth, marriage, death and rebirth. Questions Five and Six deal with the manservant and the crone, bowed by the practical cares of domestic life. The seventh concerns the jurors — or the Apostles. Twelve, Joyce said, was the public number, and these men represent the whole society. Question Eight portrays womankind as the tempting and delectable Maggies. Question Nine reveals the artist "collideorscape" dreaming of his work in progress. Question Ten has the acrid reek of a burnt-out love match ("lovemutch," FW 143): An apparently materialistic, faithless, self-centered woman gives the answer.¹² Thus from Four to Ten the series mirrors various aspects of "Marriage": its tasks and joys, its social connotations, its creative rewards, and the bitter mystery

of love that Stephen's mother knew so well. In Question Eleven the "acheseyeld from Ailing" asks, *de profundis*, whether his adversaries and critics would save his soul; the long reply (in part a parody of Wyndham Lewis' censure of Joyce) is negative. This is the present stage of deathly despondency. The final question and answer imply rebirth through reconciliation: "Sacer esto?" despite the mark of interrogation, is an imperative; the reply, "Semus sumus," suggests that the dreamer in atonement is not accursed, but dedicated and holy; it also suggests he is brooding and muttering to himself (*mussumus*, Latin: we brood or mutter). The examination section, showing the interrelationship of sex and art, is "Marriage," but it mingles the fruitful introspection of the reborn artist in young manhood and maturity with the bitter self-examination of the present "death" period.

17 shows us Shem the Penman, self-immured in an ivory tower littered with discards of the past. He fears perpetual egocentric retrospection will dry up the springs of inspiration — this is the dreamer now. The Constable accosts him, disparaging his work in terms of *Dubliners*, the sour fruit of the first death stage, disapproving his drinking and his free union. Absurd though the Constable is, for Shem he is a bridge to the past and the real world of the present; when he becomes Justius, his censure is more valid, and Shem — now Mercius — despairs. This is the present death. He cowers, remembering the reproachful voice of his dead mother, but he exorcizes the "brown mummy" by invoking the riant, living Anna Livia, and raising the life wand that makes the dead speak. Thus this section too shows us death but promises rebirth.

18 is the poetic Anna Livia section. ALP gives her children equivocal gifts. Robing herself like a goddess she emerges as a figure of fun, a pigmy conjure woman. But when her

man sinks into depression and acedia, to restore him she enlists the allure of all women. The light fails, the voices fade, but we are conscious that through the night the river flows on bringing birth and rebirth. Even now it has completed the cycle once more, bringing us back to the opening page of the book.

Book II is of course the Book of Marriage. Its central theme is sex in the life of the artist. While each section touches on several periods of Joyce's life, there is in general a progression in time; the focus of each section is a period later than that of the preceding one.

II 1, the *Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies*, is both a youthful battle of the sexes and the conflict between the Apollonian and the Dionysian. The dreamer, as Nick-Glugg, cannot give the required answer, heliotrope, in the girls' game. Equally vainly he seeks to unriddle their equivocal nature, but receives from them only mocking negatives. Are they jewels, or tokens of the devil? Are they "jaoneofergs" (FW 233), embattled saintly virgins, or like Molly, affirmers of life, yea-sayers, and sources of power (*ja* one of *ergs*)? Rebuffed and angry, he rejects the sacraments and, as Joyce explained it (L 295), threatens to write "blackmail stuff" about his parents. He escapes—into exile—again and again. The "first death" is mirrored; "dazed and late in his crave" he is Stephen of *Ulysses*, even the once urgent libido defunct. But he is rescued by a "moliman" (FW 240-43 is a conglomeration of allusions to "Circe" and other episodes involving Bloom). Finally, "croonless, creedless hangs his haughty" (FW 252) and the "producer" of the *Mime* causes Glugg to fall into "abuliousness." This is the first acedia and the present one; he will be rescued by another Eve, created "at a side issue" (FW 255) from his own being to meet his need. The section parodies all Joyce's work including unpublished juvenilia; it mocks especially the

young Stephen in his Shelleyan mood, so that although it reflects the present abuliousness, it specifically concerns the early experiments with sex and art, the protomarriage period.

II 2 portrays the intellectual rather than the artist. A would-be philosopher, a juvenile pedant, prepares lessons with his mocking brother. Their sister sits by teasing them with comments vulgar and anti-intellectual, but pregnant with ageless female lore. Whatever subject the curriculum touches, the pupils somehow relate it to sex, the topic that fills their minds. At mid-point, while Dolph (Shem) diagrams the female genital — and urinary — apparatus in a quasi-Euclidean demonstration, there is a recess. The future is revealed in a vision: The brothers will someday sit together, reminiscing, over the fleshpots of Paris. They will recall the return of an exile to Ireland, and a wedding in exile that marries a “companion” to an isolated, self-pitying Isolde. An inept critic will attempt to explain the artist as though he were a conventional writer of infantile simplicity (this is J. F. Byrne’s estimate of Joyce). As lessons are resumed, the satirical twin has exchanged places with his solemn brother, as in captivity to the Prankqueen Hilary becomes Tristian and Tristopher is transformed into the dissipated Toughertrees. This section, revealing the life-changing effects of love hoped for and love attained, touches on puberty but chiefly concerns the early married years — the period of *Exiles* — with reference to Joyce’s grievances against Nora. Throughout, mother wit sets at nought the male intellect.

II 3 is the Tavern scene. The dreamer is first seen as a tailor or screeder, a scribe who cuts things up, shadowed by the Ship’s Husband, his dull domesticated self. The Tailor vainly attempts to fit the hunchbacked Norwegian Captain; this sea rover is both father image and the dreamer’s self. In a television skit the dreamer is Taff, and at first indistinguishable from his partner Butt. They diverge into the fa-

miliar antitheses, but at the end are specifically said to be identical. As accomplices in shooting the Russian General they are Joyce in late adolescence seeking answers to cosmic riddles in esoteric cults and looking for political solutions to mundane problems. The general is two "das" (FW 101; i.e. two fathers, two Russian yeses): The Church-State tyranny is equated with the alien Russian domination of Finland; each requires from its yes men a double assent. But the general also symbolizes Joyce's double vision of the atonement of son and father, for the father-general rises apotheosized and confesses all Joyce's oft-confessed offenses. The tavern becomes the scene of a wedding; ostensibly the marriage of the Norwegian Captain, it is also the Tailor's. Like Tim Finnegan's wake, the festivities become a "mellay," but it is no jolly sportive brawl. The celebrants are a menacing mob, the chimes ring knells, dreadful forebodings of death are heard: *timor mortis conturbat me*. In truth it is a lament for a maker, for the roving seaman is "Cawcaught. Coocaged" (FW 329) in a deadly domesticity. The Four Old Men, inundated by water parted from the sea, plaintively cry "Hide! Seek!" (FW 372). The once inspiring water, cut off from its living source, is literally lethal; the wine of inspiration has become Heidsieck, emblem of stultifying luxury. At the end the Tavernkeeper, thinking himself alone, drains the dregs his guests have left.

II 4 again links marriage, emasculation and death, yet hints at resurrection. The tale of Tristan and Isolde is interwoven with an account of the Four Old "heladies," utterly senile and epicene. Their names — those of the Evangelists — are telescoped into Mamalujo; not the years alone, but luxury, has effeminized them, for *lujo* (Spanish) is luxury. In "remembering" the escapades of their Dublin youth, it is always Joyce's past they recollect. One former boon companion, a sort of Houyhnhnm, is the bitter young Joyce equating himself with Swift; another, a "nailscissor," slyly derides

Stephen's ambition to emulate, as artist, the detachment of a nailparing deity. All the old friends meet sad fates, and all their names are variants of Mark of Cornwall's. (Although the second oldster, Mark Lyons or St. Mark, is the patron of marriage, allusions to him often suggest impotence: e.g.: "there was never a marcus . . . among the manlies." *FW* 96.) Drooling as they watch Tristan and Isolde, the Four are Joyce recalling his own elopement when he was virile as this athletic Tristan and, like him, mouthed abstruse philosophy and derivative verse to an Isolde who had "nothing under her hat but red hair and solid ivory . . . and . . . bedroom eyes" (*FW* 396). Isolde is Nora, always decrying Joyce's work and mourning for her "lost lover," and thus unfaithful to the mate at her side. For Mark is the same lover grown older, betrayed and unmanned by her incorrigible repining. In Isolde's backward view her "luftcat revol" (*FW* 388) is the ardent young man who offered tact, and a tactile love; now the "nephew" is only a "wehpen"; Joyce's pen is her woe. To close the section the Four sing a song of four stanzas, each concerning one of the life stages; the third particularly is packed with death imagery Joyce used as early as "The Dead." So the section shows marriage as deadly, but it promises rebirth, for to the old men, bedridden and dying a few pages earlier, the gift of song returns at the end.

Book iv is, of course, Rebirth, as the radio proclaims: "Array! Surrection" (*FW* 593). Now the dreamer offers more affirmatively than before the "left hinted palinode" (*FW* 374) as confession, expiation and atonement. How far-reaching and unequivocal the positions are is debatable, but in view of the whole tenor of the tetralogy and in the light of readings of the last book too involved to be attempted here, Joyce's cunningly veiled statement can be tentatively summarized as follows. An omnipotent, intelligent creator continues to create a dynamic cosmos; becom-

ing rather than being, it is process, work in progress though not necessarily "progressive." The Creator eludes dogma and dialectic. He seems indifferent, but to a maturer Stephen He is not a malign hangman, but inscrutable, as infinitely beyond human question and judgment as Job's Creator. But though He is remote, to those who, like Anna Livia, have never ceased to commune with Him, he is not impersonal. This the dreamer now realizes, accepting that he is in his Father and his Father in him. The immanent Creator is also transcendent; in Him are combined all the concepts expressed by the Trinity, the mystery reason can never define although intuition may sense it and symbols show it forth. Anna Livia, the necessary mediatrix, returns at the end as the lost mother, lost wife, who to her "sonhusband" has been a benign Jocasta. On the penultimate page she seems to betray and desert her human loves, but it is because she hears and must obey the far call of her Father. On the last page she seems once more the wife always lamenting the lost lover: "If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Ark-angels, I sink I'd die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup" (*FW* 628). The backward-looking, lonely, human woman, who has suffered her own religious terror, is now the repentant Magdalen at the feet of her Lord. But she is also the Virgin of the Annunciation; humbly assenting to the will of her Father made known by the archangelic messenger, she accepts the burden of the unborn savior. Like the crone Kate, she is custodian of the keys, and they open a better heaven than the Ondt's. All along she has offered them to the recalcitrant male as she lured his body and led his spirit to the edge of the waters of death that are the waters of rebirth. Beyond them she can hear — and perhaps the dreamer may yet hear — the far calls of the unseeable Father whom the little Stephen thought he saw with the eyes of the body as he gazed upon his father according to the flesh.

Thus *Finnegans Wake* circles back ineluctably to the first pages of the *Portrait*. There the child saw his father looking at him "through a glass: he had a hairy face." If the human father's vision was faulty, so was the child's: Making an anthropomorphic god in his father's image, he too looked through a glass, and darkly. His mother had "a nicer smell" than his father; she plays for him to dance the sailor's hornpipe; she knows her son, a little Adam, will apologize. By perfume Joyce always symbolizes feminine allure, and music and all things heard represent aesthetic and spiritual promptings. So Stephen's mother is a figure for all women, the beloved temptress and the Muse as well as the mediatrix Virgin; she tends, inspires and intercedes for the son who in his old age, after his long Odyssey, will hear her voice once more before death closes his ears until the cycle brings rebirth.

In each book of the tetralogy women, whose unearthly power Joyce so often fears and resents, have the last word. In the *Portrait*, the Book of Birth — and of the first "Marriage" — the mother's prayer for Stephen's *caritas* is rendered almost inaudible by the clamor of his overweening ambition. In *Ulysses*, the book of the first "Death" with its promise of rebirth, Molly's aspect as death goddess is obscured by her affirmation of life and beauty and her impregnable undogmatic faith. In *Exiles*, which only adumbrates a true marriage, Bertha voices the detested feminine nostalgia that, in the event, Joyce recognizes as the manifestation of a tenacious fidelity. In the Book of Death, Joyce masks himself as the dreamer at the wake, mourning an earthly father whose death inevitably brings his own terrifyingly closer. And once again he looks to Woman for rebirth, and his passport to immortality.

NOTES

Note on Sources: The title is from *Finnegans Wake* in which, on page 186, Shem the Penman is seen "on his last public

misappearance, circling the square." Perhaps a more appropriate subtitle would be "An Apology for an Apologia," since in "James Joyce and the Strabismal Apologia" (A *James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series*) I brashly opined that *Finnegans Wake* is "unstructured."

For the biographical data I am indebted to the following: Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company* (New York, 1959); Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* (London, 1934) and *Further Recollections of James Joyce* (London, 1955); J. F. Byrne, *Silent Years* (New York, 1953); Mary Colum, *Life and the Dream* (Garden City, 1947) and Mary and Padraic Colum, *Our Friend James Joyce* (Garden City, 1958); Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959); Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce, Letters* (New York, 1957); Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce* (New York, Revised Edition, 1948); Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper* (New York, 1958).

Quotations from Joyce's own writings are from the following editions, abbreviated in citation as indicated: The Viking Press: *Exiles* (E), *Finnegans Wake* (FW) and *Letters* (L); The Modern Library: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (P) and *Ulysses* (U).

1. See W. Y. Tindall's introduction to James Joyce, *Chamber Music* (New York, 1954), pp. 63-4, on onanism as a symbol.

2. And so did Joyce, in perspective. In Gorman's *James Joyce*, p. 226, the play is described as Joyce's "final compliment to Ibsen" in which he attacked, although "one cannot say he solved," the problem of "complete spiritual freedom" between lovers and the "fear of the intellectual that he bind with his will and desire the intuitive gestures of the beloved." The style unmistakably identifies this as one of Joyce's own third-person contributions to Gorman's book. If while writing the play Joyce extenuated Rowan's moral obliquity and cruelty, eventually, this later comment suggests, he saw him as an older but not wiser Stephen; equally self-centered and devoid of an artist's empathy, both are mere intellectuals. But love, like religion, is a mystery that eludes the intellect and can only be apprehended by intuition. Rowan incessantly proclaims freedom, but his silence indicates how complaisantly he accepts Hand's congratulations for having remade Bertha's personality. Actually he is another

Helmer, who has from the first tried to mold a doll for himself. True, the model he selects is Nora Helmer who, resembling Bertha in a capacity for self-forgetful love, is her antithesis in her need for self-reliant freedom; to Bertha, the freedom Rowan persistently forces on her is terrifying. By his will and desire he thwarts her characteristic intuitive gesture of dependence on his love. She begs pathetically for an assurance that he needs her, but the word she implores he withholds, for he is still unable to give or accept love ungrudgingly.

To read Ibsen Joyce taught himself Norwegian, in which, as Clive Hart helpfully informs me, *gift* means either married or poison. The lesson sank in. But the Norwegian Captain, that reluctant bridegroom, is partly a jibe at the doctrinaire views of marriage Joyce derived from Ibsen. That Nora Barnacle was anti-intellectual as well as mindless seems often to have embittered Joyce, yet imagination shudders to contemplate his suffering if he had espoused an Ibsenian "strong-minded" intellectual who could — and would — adduce rational arguments to support her opinions and wishes.

3. Oliver Gogarty until his death alternated between the two characterizations. If either had been more plausible it might have served as defense against the innuendoes about Mulligan; together, they cancel out. The Doctor did protest too much.

4. The explication has cost exegetes much labor trying to reconstitute the conventional stations of the devotion. In fifteen years of revision Joyce so overelaborated the text that only a few stations can be identified, and they are in disarranged order. So the conjurer misdirected attention for the meaningful clue: that twicetold events are repeating themselves backward. The lapwing Joyce, like the dream censor, displaces emphasis, magnifying the trivial to defend the significant.

5. Lambda may allude to Judas, since to the Greeks it signified thirty. The letter Y is also somehow an attribute of Shaun and Issy; to the Pythagoreans it symbolized life's crossroads, one good, the other evil (vd. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, xi edition, under "Y").

6. Thus FW 412.13–19, echoes Cranly's admonitions (P 281 ff.). For Cranly-Byrne as one model for Shaun, see my "Shaun in Brooklyn," *The Analyst*, xvi.

7. Lynch, Stephen's Judas, swore "in yellow" (*P* 239). The original, Vincent Cosgrave, drove Joyce into hysterical paroxysms of jealousy in 1909 by claiming that Nora Barnacle had clandestinely accepted his attentions while Joyce was courting her. In *Ulysses*, Mulligan doffs a yellow dressing gown to put on a primrose waistcoat. Yellow is particularly the color of Issy or Isolde; here Shaun is her "male corrisponde" (*FW* 487).

8. She calls Jaun "benjamin brother" (*FW* 457), though he is the elder twin; "Jaunick" and "Jer" (*FW* 458), but Shem is Nick and Jerry; she also addresses him as "Jaime" (*FW* 461).

9. And to Birth of the second minor cycle. The section opens with Jaun as a fast-growing "cotted child" (*FW* 429).

10. We seem to know Mrs. Earwicker's voice better than we do because her letter so perfectly suggests her speech. To this point we have heard in direct discourse only a characteristic three-word sentence (*FW* 12). ALP's lament (*FW* 201) mingles the woman's voice with the river's; the voice Mercius remembers (*FW* 194) is that of May Dedalus' ghost.

11. We might have availed ourselves earlier of a hint in Joyce's catalogue of rumors about himself (*L* 165). Wyndham Lewis had been "told that I . . . always carried four watches and rarely spoke except to ask my neighbour what o'clock it was." The "Four Watches of Shaun" is a pun; the vigils are Joyce's own. The timepieces, like Paley's watch, are both micro-cosmic metaphors for the macrocosm and evidences of design; their hands point to the unseen maker.

12. A mutch is a shawl. The smoke imagery evokes the sex-ridden Stephen censing an idealized temptress, yet embracing cheap shawlswathed harlots. The dulling embers are sour because the beloved is materialistic (i.e. lovemutch, love of apparel); yet, suffering qualms about her unsanctioned union, she longs to return and light a candle at the altar she abandoned. But there is compassion too; the penitent is forgiven because she has loved much.

Notes for the Staging of *Finnegans Wake*

DAVID HAYMAN

JAMES Joyce may well have envisaged a drama or, as Stuart Gilbert suggests, a film based upon one or both of his later novels: *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. In both works we find sections written in dialogue form and complete with stage directions. But, of the three plays thus far drawn from Joyce's novels, only one, *Ulysses in Nighttown*, can be classified as a successful adaptation of Joyce's work. The other two are instructive failures.

Allan McClelland's *Bloomsday*, was produced at Oxford under admittedly unfavorable conditions in the winter of 1958. It represents an attempt to condense a complex 767-page book into two-hour's entertainment, a difficult enough job when you are working with, say, Maugham, an impossible one when Joyce is the subject. The author, an English actor, has demonstrated both his awareness of theatrical values and his rather limited acquaintance with *Ulysses*. Using Joyce's words wherever possible, he has cut the action to the bone sacrificing in the process all but one of the book's themes and destroying its structural balance. Understandably, the play emerges a varied, but shallow, naturalistic drama, lacking in continuity and point, racing relentlessly

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through an elaborate series of more or less disconnected sequences: a theatrical version of the motion picture that was played too fast.

Ulysses in Nighttown (New York, 1958) was first presented at the off-Broadway Rooftop Theater in 1958 and later taken on tour to London and the continent. Introductory material has been taken from two of the book's early episodes; but the adaptor, Marjorie Barkentin, draws most of her material from a single chapter, the "nighttown" or "Circe" sequence. Like Mr. McClelland she omits much that is extraneous to the conflicts treated, but she does not distort Joyce's meaning or change the mood of the chapter, the most vivid and stageworthy in the entire book. Elsewhere in the novel we find only brief snippets of existence contributing to a larger progression. In this chapter there is a clear dramatic development; there are easily defined conflicts, complex character interrelationships; and there is a satisfactory if ambiguous resolution. Elsewhere, the effects hang on literary techniques alien to the stage, and the drama takes place mainly within the minds of the protagonists. Here the contents of the brains of the two exhausted heroes, their inner drama is projected in the form of dialogue and mime against the tawdry substance of the night world with its witches' sabbath of whores and males in rut. Secret meditations and hidden urges become overt, if almost surrealistically conceived, activity. Nowhere else in *Ulysses* are the internal and the external aspects of events so thoroughly integrated; nowhere else are action and reaction so mingled as to make visible all facets of behavior. It is here that the themes meet and interlock, that the essence of the day's experience is reconstituted and given point.

Working with the relatively narrow compass of this ideally constituted chapter, the adaptor and the director were able to create a convincing spectacle. The production emphasized the language and tonal qualities of the original, its imagery

and the implied rhythms, the dreamlike effects which lend themselves best to expression through dance and the mime. Initiation was not a prerequisite for enjoyment.

Finnegans Wake, a less accessible work, has thus far found no comparable champions. One major play, Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, shows the influence of Joyce's book. But while we discover here the *Wake*'s basic situation, the existence throughout the ages of an archetypal family, Mr. Wilder's play uses neither Joyce's words nor his structural devices. There remains Mary Manning's version, published in 1957 under the title *Passages from Finnegans Wake* (Cambridge, 1957) and produced at the Poet's Playhouse in Cambridge (1955). I have heard from friends who were present at the early performances and from Nora White Shattuck, the choreographer, that the production was well received and that both the cast and the audience made contact with Joyce's book through the medium of the spoken word, the gesture and the dance.

Unfortunately, Miss Manning, like Mr. McClelland, overstepped herself by purporting to take as her domain the whole of *Finnegans Wake*'s rather ponderous bulk. Given the nature of her material, the density of its language and the complexity of its organization, we need hardly be startled to find Joyce's dreambook of mankind distorted by this adaptation. As any reader of *Finnegans Wake* will see, the stage version resembles nothing more than a paste and shears job; it brings more mud and new confusion. Lines are attributed to the wrong characters, actions are misinterpreted, while whole passages are lifted out of context for reasons which are suspect. Miss Manning pays much attention to characterization, drawing heavily upon the first and third sections of the *Wake* for random lines and sequences. But the characters she creates are only partially Joyce's and the more coherent sequences from book II are virtually ignored. Even more than Mr. McClelland's play, this spectacle tends to demonstrate how easily Joyce's values can be misrepre-

sented by a broadly generalized adaptation of his work. Here meaning, substance, balance and dramatic consistency are all sacrificed to the carnival spirit. Though the act of bringing Joyce's words and some of his humour before an audience is in itself worthy of praise, the atomization of his characters and structure in the name of his creation is not.

The Harvard production, good vaudeville and bad Joyce, represents a fine bit of spadework and a useful precedent, but perhaps there is a more valid approach to the staging of this book. My suggestion would be to follow the lead of the *Nighttown* adaptation and concentrate on the one segment of the book which best lends itself to the stage: the pub scene from section II with its detailed account of the tragicomic demise of the Hero. But before entering into a discussion of the dramatic possibilities of this chapter, I should like briefly to resume some of the principal aspects of *Finnegans Wake*.

II

A compendium of man's experience, *Finnegans Wake* treats of the night and apparently takes place in a dreamer's mind. The story told is simple, elusive and redundant. According to the theory upon which the book is based, history repeats itself with predictable regularity; each man is the universe in small and every event of his life reflects the form of the whole. Like *Ulysses*, the *Wake* is cyclical and its people are archetypes or lowest common denominators for mankind. But in the latter, little emphasis is laid upon the contemporary level. Even place is as uncertain as it is multiple. The past, present and future here merge kaleidoscopically, and Man's experiences become as the notes, motifs, themes and as the overtones of a complex piece of music. Instead of individuated or rounded characters Joyce creates an archetypal family in an archetypal locale: the family

Earwicker of Dublin, father-mother-sons-and-daughter or HCE-ALP-Shem-Shaun-and-Issy who give their identities to countless individuals past and present, fictional and real; to parts of the landscape; to planets and stars in the sky, animals and birds, nations of the world, religions and philosophies. Most remarkable of all is the language which the author devised to help him suggest the above: the wordplay and puns which permit him to evoke not only all sorts of actions but all sorts of reactions and moods simultaneously, to provide his readers with a perspective that shifts elusively as we bring it into focus, that modulates itself to the individual mind and even to the individual's mood.

Here in its broad outline is Joyce's plot: With the sunset, man falls under the spell of the female or instinctual. During the night, he must redeem himself by means of a quest, must refresh his powers through sleep which takes him beyond himself into a world without definition. Man's goal is lucidity or the day: a fresh awakening. But the quest itself carries him through all history and his own individual past, present and future.

For the purposes of this discussion we may call the *Wake's* four major sections childhood, maturity, senescence and death. Book II, or the second section, treats of the most vital part of a man's existence: the period during which his activity bears its fruit; the peak of his development in the post-fall or night world. But each subdivision of the *Wake* is logically a microcosm of the whole. Hence the four chapters of book II contain treatments in this order of childhood or the children at play; adolescence or the young at their studies; maturity and decline or the males at the tavern; and finally, old age and death with overtones of rebirth.

It is the third chapter of this section which is concerned with the most dramatic phase of the vital second period of a man's development. Occurring at the structural center of the *Wake*, this chapter is the only compact unit with a stage-worthy dramatic organization and a significant denouement.

It contains in fact several such dramatic units, as Joyce, predictably enough, divides the chapter into four "tales," each with its own development and climax: each with its four parts. Within the larger context and through a progression that is at once subtle, lucid and consistent, the tales make manifest the steps of the mature hero's dissolution.

Joyce's plan is such that an abridged adaptation *can* reproduce the major facets of II-iii's action, which is in turn complex and varied enough to convey the implications of the *Wake's* language to an uninitiated audience. Also in the chapter's favor are its unity of theme, its orderly and conventional plot development, plus of course the complete integration of part with part, aspect with aspect and character with character. All of these qualities are available elsewhere in smaller quantities, but nowhere else are theatrical values so evident.

This chapter deals directly with the tragi-comic circumstances of the hero-figure or all-father HCE, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, in our times a pub-keeper or *host* in the small suburban village of Chapelizod, on the outskirts of Phoenix Park, home of the Dublin Zoo and the Wellington monument. The location is significant. We are outside the Garden of Eden or alongside the Phoenix' pyre in the company of post-fall man living in the memory of the fall and the primal sin. Like man, the day has fallen; dusk is deepening; and though the female is not present in this turn-of-the-century pub with its roistering rout of male drinkers, her spirit hovers over the proceedings and colors the action. For the night world is traditionally female, unconscious or instinctual. HCE himself participates in a number of existences, all of them consistent with the epoch described by our chapter: he is Odin, Christ, Noah, Roderick O'Connor, King Mark, to name only a few. Standing behind his bar, the pub-keeping hero dispenses drink to his twelve clients in a manner reminiscent of Christ serving wine to

the twelve disciples, Odin feasting the dead heroes, and King Roderick O'Connor entertaining his dissatisfied nobles. His physical movements are, however, minimal. Once or twice he leaves the tavern to visit his privy. At other times he is seen counting coins or uneasily picking up bits of his client's conversation. Furthermore, his role is a mute one until half-way through the chapter when, impressed by a growing sentiment of opposition, he feels called upon to defend his present position as server of drink, leader of men and bestower of grace.

At this point, by attempting to justify himself before his guests, he lays himself open to the overt judgment of custom or of public opinion. He is saved only when, at pub-closing time, the reluctant drinkers are expelled from the pub by the old manservant, Siggerson. Once out of doors the angered clients raise their voices in drunken revelry reaffirming their condemnation of HCE to the tune of the scurrilous lampoon, "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" (or *perce oreille*: earwig), the death hymn of the hero's reputation. Now the exhausted host accepts his fate or succumbs to it by drinking his guests' leavings and falling into a drunken slumber, ready at last to dream the dream which is *Finnegans Wake*.

In terms of the particular night of *Finnegans Wake*, the hour is nearing midnight. In terms of social history, the autocrat has abdicated in favor of popular rule. In terms of archetypes, we are witnessing the tragedy of the masterful leader or father-figure gone to seed. What follows after II-III is his theophany, or the rise of his somewhat etherealized spirit in the form of the dream son or new leader, the successor in whom the heroic past reigns as the sign of authority.

III

In the stage version HCE's place is behind the bar until the customers have left, but he should have a silent helper or counterpart in the management of his establishment: Siggerson or the hero grown old. This personage has a clear dramatic function. He embodies the true condition or fate of the Hero as opposed to the illusory one evidenced by the vital bar-keeper. Siggerson, whose Scandinavian name identifies him as a debased descendant of the original Viking rulers of Dublin, is occupied serving drinks, cleaning tables, keeping order and finally clearing the house. It is in this role or as a counterpart of Siggerson, the worn-out King Roderick O'Connor, that HCE finally falls under the influence of drink. The two should metaphorically blend into one at the end of the play. In all events, Siggerson is an ironic constant, a mirror image of HCE; and the narrowing of the gap which separates master from servant is part and parcel with the tragic development illustrated by this chapter. It calls to mind the conversion which takes place at the end of *Oedipus Rex* where the king becomes the equal of the blind seer Tiresias. Characteristically, in Joyce's book the same progression may be interpreted as comic; for there is much that is ridiculous in the fate of an aging pub-keeper who, having rid himself of antagonistic guests, proceeds to finish their drinks while dancing a tipsy jig. On the surface everything in the *Wake* is hilarious. This paradox was intended by Joyce. Its nature can be made clear to an audience with the aid of cleverly manipulated language and perhaps also with the aid of masks suggestive of the ritual origin of drama.

Till now I have paid scant attention to the action taking place in front of the bar. Here, along with the host's sterile future or Siggerson, we find the above-mentioned twelve clients: the king's subjects, the worshippers or disciples of the scapegoat hero, the hours of his day or the months of his

year. They are also a cross-section of the useful trades, a group of citizens in the act of getting drunk or surrendering to some primeval urge, that is, coming into contact with their universal or archetypal heritage. Hence we may equate them with the ritual audience or the chorus of a Greek play. In terms of the pub-keeping present, this group of ordinary citizens is occupied drinking, quarreling, telling barroom tales and listening to the pub radio. Its components are an aspect of the mass mind, hardly worthy of differentiation, but capable of making rough and ready distinctions and of acting with violence when aroused. As Joyce says, "Group drinkards maaks grop thinkards."

These clients occupy a middle plane in the stage version of the chapter. They are not brought into clearer focus until the penultimate scene. However, the action of the chapter, which may best be envisaged as taking place mainly in the pub-keeper's brain, is capable of expression partially through the medium of their reactions. Filtering through the Hero's consciousness, their behavior evokes deep sensations raised from the primitive or shared substrata of experience: guilt feelings associated with the Hero's past or feelings of inadequacy linked to his present. Cast in narrative form these are projected onto the stage through the medium of a mirror group of clients whose substance and behavior are ultimately more convincing than are those of the primary set of drinkers. Ideally both the primary HCE and the primary set of twelve along with the "real" or "temporal" level of the action should serve as a backdrop for the mental activity of the hero-figure. In the night world, what we normally perceive as real becomes bidimensional or flat. But, given the limits of the stage and of the audience, we can only approximate this condition by placing in the foreground or in front of the basic barroom scene physical embodiments of the pub-keeper's fantasy.

There are a number of ways in which the scene could be reproduced. The primary level might be projected upon a

gauze backdrop; it might be portrayed by actors placed directly behind, to one side of or even above the mirror group. It might include a primary HCE with a primary bar or it might not. This would depend upon physical factors. What is important however is that the audience understand the nature of the dramatic situation and the locus of the drama. It must be reasonably evident that, as Joyce says in one of his earliest notebooks, the "characters exhibit to [the] terrified protagonist [HCE] their dream malevolence." Given this knowledge, the theatergoers will be equipped to appreciate the humour of the *Wake* and the pathos and irony which filter through that humour. The swift pace of the action and its multiplicity make it necessary that these qualities be gently affirmed by means of such devices as the animated backdrop.

Joyce thought of the entire chapter as a single tale narrated in a single voice, a frame story in the tradition of the *Decameron* or of the *1001 Nights*. The sub-tales, four in number, each contribute to the coherence of the major unit, and taken together the chapter and its parts represent an account of the progression of the oral tradition and of the short-tale form through the ages or from historical period to historical period. Narrators are therefore an essential part of the stage version. The voice of the frame tale might emanate from among the primary group of clients. For dramatic effect his identity could be withheld until in the final sequence a spotlight reveals him to be none other than HCE's double, Siggerson. This "mystery" narrator should be heard only at the beginning of the chapter and in the intermissions between the acts or scenes. Each of the individual scenes has a voice and locale of its own and in each case the narrator should speak from the level on which the particular tale originates.

Taken separately, each of the stories gives a differently modulated account of the Hero's fall. First, there is the capitulation to woman or the procreative act; then, the fall

at the hands of the progeny or a usurpation of function; third, comes dissolution or the loss of position or face before inferiors; and fourth, the acceptance of age, inanition and death. Viewed as a part of a rational framework these tales form a logical and coherent progression, a variation on the four phase structure of the *Wake* itself.

As the chapter opens, we are told how a certain Norwegian Captain made three raids on the Irish coast or three visits to the port of Dublin, each time taking something without paying for it. On the fourth and final visit he is apprehended by his landlubber counterpart, baptized and married off to the daughter of Ireland, ALP, traditionally the wife of HCE. Visit by visit, the figure of the captain becomes increasingly civilized, until, in the last sequence, the buccaneering Viking is very like a Dutch sea captain, a peaceful merchant. The Captain's story is among other things a record of Dublin's maritime history, of colonization and conquest and of commerce. It is the tale of man's coming or the taming of the sea and of man's subjection to woman and the social necessities: his loss of freedom. It concludes on the note of childbirth or fruition. The next tale takes up somewhat later and records the experiences of the Irish in the church or at war: that is, serving stranger lords. In it an Irish "wild goose" (soldier or missionary monk) reports how he (or someone with whom he identifies) has shot or otherwise embarrassed the hero-figure, a Russian General in the Crimean War surprised while answering the call of nature. After commerce and seamanship, war and religion, come politics and law which Joyce treats by describing the trial and conviction of a public figure (HCE). The last tale takes drunkenness, the favorite Irish vice, as one of its themes and defeat as another when the rollicking King Roderick O'Connor, last high king of Ireland, tipples his way into eternity with a heavy heart.

If we are to preserve the structure of our models, the staging of the first tales must be elaborate. Thus the Captain's tale will be staged like a flattened-out three ring circus.

At least three levels of activity are implied by Joyce's treatment of this sequence, though attention need be focused on only one level at a time and on only one aspect of that level. Briefly, here is how the first act might be played. From his position behind the bar HCE broods upon the implications of the tales being told in the pub and creates in his mind the second scenic level with its mirror clients. On this second level the tale is told by a second set of clients, but its action must be mimed and acted, partially at least, on a supplementary level by actors in period costumes. Much broad fun can be had through the presentation of the Captain's comings and goings, the rage of the repeatedly outwitted landsmen, and the final jubilee celebration on the occasion of the marriage to ALP as well as through the mimed reactions and the general behavior of the Host: "the pilsener had the baar." There should be evident physical resemblances between the Host, the principal landsman (or "Ships Husband") and the Captain; for they, like the Russian General and King Roderick, are all aspects of HCE. As the action progresses in this and the following tales, the clients on both levels show signs of increasing drunkenness. The group ushered out by Siggerson in the third tale is almost out of control, in open revolt; it is full of latent chaos in anticipation of the chaos to come.

The second piece follows after an interlude designed to recall the pub-keeper's married state. Materializing from behind a calendar picture of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," the "television" skit reenacted by Butt and Taff is a manifestation of the dramatic impulse in man. The narrators of the tale are counterparts of other antagonistic couples appearing throughout the *Wake*: Mutt and Jute, Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau and of course Shem and Shaun: the twin sons or two sides of HCE: his inner and his outer consciousness. Here, the two men may be variously seen. In one sense they are soldier-veterans (wild geese) reminiscing about the Crimean War and the Battle of Sevastopol. The

tale they tell or rather the tale Butt tells, for he claims to have witnessed the event, is of one Buckley, a common soldier, who surprised the general in full regalia praying or relieving himself in the wood. According to this account, Buckley was at first taken aback, then disgusted by the sight. Clearly he acted under provocation, but his action is equivalent to parricide. Butt and Taff may also be seen as penitent and priest of the Catholic faith, as two friars or jackpriests, as priests of some pagan fertility rite, as the sons of Noah, or as two music-hall clowns. In the detailed stage directions which precede each of their dialogues, Joyce describes their posturing. Actually the tale of Buckley's behavior is told mainly through the gestures of Butt; its significance is made clear by those of Taff.

The dramatic situation involves the two clowns more intimately than it does the protagonists of the tale they tell. In a social context these two sons of the land are preparing to accept the responsibility for overthrowing the leader, mesmerizing themselves into action. We are moving from an autocratic to a democratic period; the plebes are banding together. In the course of the narrative therefore subtle changes take place. Butt, who plays the penitent and identifies with the voyeur-killer, Buckley, begins by describing the event. His description becomes a boast and then a confession; and Taff, whose sympathies at the start are with the victim, gives vent to feelings of outrage. But gradually, as the tale advances, Taff finds his sympathy wavering, falls under the spell of the narrative and joins in the condemnation of the General, thus by association implicating himself in the murder. At the end of the recital, the two clowns are of one mind and are indeed joined in their rather timorous hatred of the semimythical hero-figure—the ineffectual leader or the aging father. A new age, that of the people and the sons, is dawning within the larger context of the chapter. Only at such a time would the pub-keeper feel compelled to identify openly with the overthrown and discredited Russian.

The staging of the dialogue should be relatively simple. As though projected upon a television screen, the two men play their provocative skit on a small spotlight area located somewhere between the mirror group and the primal group of clients. Though their appearance is heralded by comments from the mirror group only, their exit elicits chorused remarks from both sets of clients. The behavior of Buckley and the General is presented entirely through the mime of the brother pair. The two clowns should be broadly music hall — their dialogue is accompanied by much attitudinizing, by an occasional two-step, by blows and falls; while in the background we hear medleys of cheap tunes. Joyce had for one of his models for the chapter and particularly for this dialogue the traditional Dublin Christmas pantomime as he remembered it from his own childhood. It must be borne in mind, however, that every aspect of *Finnegans Wake*, every scene, action and gesture reverberates through the ages: The music-hall mime is for example a debased form of religious ritual. Its formulas are timeless. The skit is punctuated by interludes designed to point up and deepen the action: a horse race, the General's last rites, the "abnihilization of the etym." On the stage these effects might best be produced with the aid of film strips.

The two remaining episodes are more closely linked to the Hero's present, that is to his status as an enfeebled ruler. We have left the realms of the folk memory and the heroic and autocratic past. The next sequence shows HCE judged and condemned not by some shadowy storytale figures but by his own guests, his former subjects, now his peers. In this connection it is interesting to explore the etymology of the word "host" which Joyce applies both to his hero as scape-goat-pub-keeper and to his hero's enemy, Hosty, the author of the "Ballad of Persse O'Reilly."

The action of the third tale is varied: While HCE, his position having been exposed by his own testimony, looks on in dismay, his judges and jury hear new evidence through the medium of a radio broadcast reaffirming the circum-

stances of his crime. Once again he feels obliged to speak, this time in defense of his own character rather than that of the Russian. His plea of "guilty but fellows culpows" leaves him at the mercy of the underdogs, who, after Siggerson expels them from the pub or locks them in the jury room, deliver their verdict amidst overtones of Old Testament law and the popular justice of Hosty's ballad.

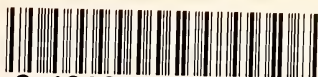
The staging of this episode involves a subtle diminution in the number of the characters on stage, and equally subtle changes in the aspect of the hero. As the story progresses the mirror group of clients mixes in with the primary group to form one set of twenty-four people (or hours), all accusing the hero. But before pub-closing time, their number will have dwindled to twelve, so that the group expelled by Siggerson suggests a jury. Only two people are left on stage at the end of this sequence: HCE and Siggerson. Also in the building and audible, though not visible, are the four old men of the *Evangel*, whose presence on the premises after closing time suggests paradoxically that HCE, like Noah, is selected for individual salvation. Though there is a considerable amount of choral dialogue in the third tale, most of the action is mimed with descriptive comments from either the on-stage narrator or an anonymous radio announcer. The verdict of the clients, for example, is pronounced off-stage and broadcast over the pub radio which also carries the tale of the (mock) execution of the victim. With the aid of such mechanical devices the involved behavior of the democratic personae can be made clear to a theater audience.

It is Siggerson who openly introduces and recounts the final narrative or fourth tale against the sound of rain heralding the deluge and of distant thunder signaling the theophany of the Hero and the advent of a new age. Throughout the second half of the chapter HCE is aging rapidly, taking on aspects first of the Norwegian Captain, then of the Russian General or of a Noah betrayed by his sons, then of a fallen politician, and finally of King Roderick

O'Connor broken by the disaffection of his vassals. This last figure is of an age with Siggerson whom he resembles closely though the Viking serving-man must wear clothing reminiscent of the costume worn by the first Norwegian Captain. King Roderick's demise takes place on a dramatically empty stage, littered with vestiges of the night's feast. HCE's part should be completely mimed. Here, amidst the props of his past, he is seen dissolving his misery in drink, succumbing at last to the night or the spirit. A feeble vestige of male power, he is drowning his consciousness.

The final curtain falls. HCE as mankind has relived his past, faced his present and been transported into his future. The chapter that opens with the statement: "It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinesses but," closes with a reference to the eternal repetition of types and events, a return to beginnings and the night: "As who has come returns . . . Now follow we out by Starloe."

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